

Minnesota pioneer sketches; from the personal recollections and observations of a pioneer resident

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MINNESOTA PIONEER SKETCHES

Frank G. O'Brien

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DEDICATION TO HON. JOHN B. GILFILLAN

It is a source of special gratification to dedicate the volume of "Minnesota Pioneer Sketches" to a Territorial Pioneer whom I have known intimately for nearly half a century; one, who, through his manly worth, charitable deeds and progressive spirit, has commanded and still commands the highest respect of the community, in which he has lived so many years.

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The name of John B. Gilfillan, of Minneapolis, stands out prominently in religious, educational, legal, and financial circles,—and it is to him, the, schoolmaster of the “Old Black School-House” in my boyhood days,—I inscribe these pages.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE

The many readers of Mr. Frank G. O'Brien's newspaper sketches of pioneer life in Minnesota, will be glad to see them preserved and much extended in the present volume. He writes with authority, as his own life here reaches back to 1855, and has been closely connected with what he describes.

His books shows us the early settlers in their daily work, their Sunday worship, their homes and holiday amusements. It gives interesting and varied views of the farm, the lumber camp, the lakes, the Mississippi navigation, the Fort, the Falls, the Government Mills, St. Anthony when its streets were still quaint with the Red River carts, the old schoolhouse, the religious meetings, the revivals, the early musical activities. Through all these sketches, Mr. O'Brien shows his well-known genial and joyous spirit,—with sympathy for the hardships, but with full perception of the humorous side of pioneer life. His pictures are not only in bright and lively prose,—but sometimes in the poetic form, by which his name has become still more familiar to the public.

The book's abundant reminiscences of places and persons will make it especially interesting, of course, to the older residents. But its pictures of pioneer society should interest all readers, and be of lasting value in the records of Minnesota. Indeed, such reminiscences often outlast more elaborate histories;—and an old diary or account-book or song may become more important than many a stately volume.

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Minneapolis is fortunate in having a writer who has so patiently recalled and so pleasingly recorded these early scenes, that are fast fading from memory, and would soon be hopelessly lost.

HENRY M. SIMMONS.

Pastor First Unitarian Society of Minneapolis, Minn. Minneapolis, June 8, 1904.

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IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

In days of the long ago, when but twelve hot summers and as many cold winters had marked my brief mundane existence, my father, after mature deliberation, decided that the overcrowded East was no place in which to rear his numerous progeny. So, after consulting the large map of the Western States and territories which adorned a wall of our living room, he became fully convinced that Michigan held out many natural and other attractions—not the least of these being the fact that some friends and relatives of ours had located at its chief city.

After carefully considering the situation, father made up his mind to seek a new home for his family in Detroit. So we disposed of our worldly belongings in the dear old Pine Tree State, and with many hopes and some misgivings, started on our Western journey. This was in 1849.

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When such “goods” as we had concluded to take along had gone forward, the muster-roll of the family was called. Five boys and one girl responded, “here!” and with father and mother made up the little company. Detroit, a very pleasant city, had in those days one great drawback—fever and ague. After living there six years, we found the flesh nearly shaken from our bones and our stock of “Cologouge” nearly exhausted. Hence an early departure from the Peninsular State was deemed advisable.

Father again consulted the map. Among its brightly colored Western States and territories, the one that loomed up in the most gorgeous hues to my boyish vision, was Minnesota. Father and all the rest shared my artistic preference, and on studying up the advantages of this remote region, father learned in the first place that it had 18 about the same latitude and temperature as our dearly beloved Miame. Secondly, it seemed another Miame in its abundant pine forests and immense water-power; thirdly, we learned from our Mitchell's Geography, that the Rum river of the North was in this territory; also the celebrated Falls of St. Anthony, which were graphically depicted on the atlas with several Indians in birch bark canoes forcing their prows under the spray of the cataract.

These varied attractions had a magnetic influence which overpowered father. While under their spell, he made all necessary arrangements for his family to remain in Detroit while he sought out a new location in Minnesota.

In the spring of 1855 he came to a halt at Anoka, and at once purchased a quarter-section, bordering on that beautiful sheet of water, Crooked Lake—we knew it in those days as Round Lake—three miles from the prosperous lumbering village. On this section he began to build a house for the family. When the house was fairly under way, he returned to Detroit to dispose of his property, and remove the family to the new home.

“All aboard!” shouted the conductor at the Michigan Central Railway station. So all aboard we scrambled, and giving the city the “shake” that it had been serving us with for so long a time, we were soon whizzing westward.

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How plainly I can hear the ringing voice of the brakeman as he called out the prominent cities on that popular line of travel—"Ypsilanti," "Jackson," "Kalamazoo," "Michigan City," etc.

What a wretched city Chicago was in those early days, with its terrible streets, rickety sidewalks, and ramshackle buildings! Newsboys were using their vocal powers to the best advantage calling out "Ballou's Pictorial" "Flag of Our Union," "Waverly's Magazine for next weeks." Nothing was said about the "Inter Ocean," "The Times," "The Tribune"—no, no!—they were not yet born, nor would their time come to incarnate for many a day.

When we had become sufficiently rested, the landlord of 19 the hotel said he would go down to the station and find out when a train was going West. He was informed that we must be in readiness to start that evening.

Father purchased tickets to the end of the line, which was then Dunleith, Ill.—opposite Dubuque, Iowa. It is now called East Dubuque. We arrived at the "city under the hills" on schedule time; if indeed it had a schedule time. We found a few houses struggling hard to retain a foothold on the hillside, and the hills making a frantic effort to dump them into the Mississippi. The luncheon we had provided ourselves with at Chicago having long since disappeared, father contracted with the landlord for two meals each, at three bits apiece. We learned a month later, that our appetites, on this occasion, had caused the poor man to commit suicide by jumping into the river from the ferry boat.

That we might all look "spick and span" when we took the steamer for St. Paul, father made arrangements with the tonsorial artist to give us each a "straight, around cut" with plenty of bear's oil, highly perfumed with bergamot. When he had finished the contract, we were subjects fit for an artist.

At eight o'clock p. m. we heard the welcome whistle of the "War-Eagle," one of the best steamboats that ever plowed the currents of the Father of Waters. Soon she was at the

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landing; and such a scurrying and hurrying,—loading and unloading, getting ready for a fresh start. “All aboard”—“ding dong”—in goes the gang-plank—tinkle, tinkle, goes the pilot's bell—swash, swash go the immense paddles, and away we sail on as delightful a trip as one could possibly wish—at least it was so considered in those early days. Such entrancing scenery I do not believe can be found anywhere else.

The tables on the Mississippi steamers could not be excelled. We had four days of Heaven while on this trip from Dunleith to St. Paul; and I shall not regret this supreme felicity even though it be discounted from our quota of bliss in the celestial Paradise.

We found St. Paul perched upon a bluff, and ready to receive us, as it had received many pilgrims before. After we had breakfasted at the unpretentious “Merchant's,” we made preparations to proceed on our journey. Mother and sister were put aboard one of Burbank's stages, while father loaded “the boys” on a good-sized farm-wagon that was drawn by a magnificent horse which he purchased at Dubuque when we were waiting for the steamboat.

After leaving the boat we had a charming ride through the delightful country—a ride rendered still more joyous by the prospect of soon reaching our new home. We passed Desnoyers, the old landmark between St. Paul and St. Anthony; the two “Half Way Houses,” and “Cheever Tower;” through beautiful and picturesque St. Anthony, whose lively Main street was bustling with business. No language at my command can fitly describe the grandeur of the Falls or the beauty of their surroundings. On the west side there were but a few scattering houses, and not a thing in the way of improvement in the waterpower. The unsightly, tumble-down relic of a government mill alone was visible.

I will not at this time enter into a further description of St. Anthony and Minneapolis, but will leave this for another paper. We had our dinner at the “Turner House,” which was located near Fifth avenue N. E. and Main street, after which we renewed our journey toward Anoka. At six o'clock p. m. we put up at the “Farnham House,” as father had known

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Si Farnham "way down in Maine." Lufkin kept the hotel on the opposite side of the street, and consequently he felt much discouraged when he saw us all "put up" at Farnham's.

The following morning we were off bright and early for our home on the farm. We passed "Twitchell's," "Wheeler's," "Joy's," and dimly through the trees we could see 21 our own steep-roofed, half finished abode located on the bank of Coon Creek.

What an enthusiastic crowd we were at having reached our destination! As soon as we boys could strip, we were plunging, in divers places, into the clear waters of the creek that came rippling along, singing a sweet Chippewa song on its way through th meadows to the Mississippi. After we had been in the "swim" sufficiently long, we became anxious to see what the new homestead looked like. It was a story-and-a-half structure, with a roof so steep that the flies held "sliding bees" every Wednesday afternoon, coasting down the roof. The doors and windows would not be ready for some time; the mason was so busy in town, he could not get out to the farm for a week to put up the chimney; while the furniture was somewhere between Detroit and St. Paul. Fortunately with an ample supply of bedding, and an immense elevated oven cookstove, and with what tableware we had picked up in Anoka, we were ready for housekeeping. Quilts were hung for doors and windows; sheeting was tacked over the ceiling to prevent dust from sifting through the loose flooring in the rooms above; the stovepipe was temporarily run through the side of the house; and bunks were constructed for beds. A crosslegged dining table large enough to accommodate all the family with space to spare for struggling claim-hunters, was made of matched flooring, while benches served as substitutes for chairs. With this outfit we began our pioneer experiences.

When September had slipped by, and the chilly nights of October came, we grew uneasy about the non-appearance of the household goods, which Mr. John Mayall, the faithful transporter of freight, assured us had not yet arrived in St. paul.

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October passed, and in November the mason came to construct the chimney, and the carpenter to put the windows and doors, thus excluding the direct initial breaths of as cold a winter as was ever experienced in this latitude.

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We had provided ourselves with ten cords of tamarack from the woods across the creek. It oozed with crystallized gum, that made fascinating morsels for the flame, thus aiding it to emit extra heat.

Tidings now reached us from Lake City that several upbound boats loaded with household goods and merchandise, were frozen in at Lake Pepin. Nothing therefore could be done until the ice broke up in the spring.

When the news of the "freeze-up" of the household goods reached us, our step-mother rebelled at the desperate state of affairs and having packed up her personal belongings, went home to her mother in Detroit. As she was an inexperienced young woman, only twenty years of age, a few years older than her oldest step-son, this move on her part is not surprising. In time her place was filled by one better fitted by years and experience to cope with the situation.

Weren't we in a dilemma? All of us youngsters sick with fever and ague, and no one to care for us but a faithful father, who administered liberal doses of boneset tea, backed up by fervent supplications. These combined restored us to health and strength sufficient to battle with the adverse conditions of that winter.

Father had engaged with a lumber firm to work at one of the camps in the woods; and in order that some one might care for the family in his absence, he employed a Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCray to keep house for us. Three of us boys walked to school into town, which was about three miles distant; to get there on time we were obliged to start from home at seven o'clock. Education under such circumstances was dearly purchased. The severity of

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the weather prevented us from taking the full term. Hon. A. B. Robins of Minneapolis was one of the pupils who ate of the “tree of knowledge” in this primitive school.

The McCrays gave us more religious than physical food. Our menu was corn bread and molasses, and for a change, corn bread with flour gravy. One slice of fried pork would 23 suffice for a gallon of gravy. There was still another change in food. We had corn meal mush fried in pork fat, and molasses. Our rosy cheeks attested the success of this diet as a flesh producer.

The work required of us boys was to carry in the wood. Our amusement—when not fighting, was to hear Mrs. McCray tell stories, play on her two-octave melodeon and sing such soul-stirring hymns as “Mary at the Savior's tomb,” “Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,” and the old familiar song, “Lily Dale.” These hymns and songs were sung only as bribes to get us off to bed before it was time to light the candles.

The thermometer that winter plunged to forty degrees below zero, and stuck there until spring thawed it out by slow degrees. Fortunately sister was making her home with the Twitchells since mother went away.

Imagine this kind of weather with five promising “kids” stowed away in two bunk beds with sufficient comforters and feathers to defy a Klondike double-header. All heads were ducked under the bed clothes for protection, as it was not safe to leave even a “peek hole,” so intense was the cold. When the morning's dawn had burrowed through the heavily frosted window panes, it found the rafters beautiful decorated with work from the brush of Jack Frost, and not only the rafters, but the bedding as well. Ye of steam-heated flats, can you imagine what it is to crawl out of a warm nest like this, into an atmosphere such as I have described, and thence into trousers that feel more like hollow icicles than garments for protection? After making ourselves presentable, we would hustle down to the big red-hot stove. We first proceeded to thaw out our boots, specially the heels, so we could get them on. When these preliminaries had been gone through with, we would sing and have

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morning prayers; then partake of nourishment for “these frail and decaying bodies.” Our hymn for evening devotion was: 24 “We lay our garments by— Upon our beds to rest, So death will soon disrobe us all Of what we here possess.”

I used to think that death would get mighty slim pickings around where we were.

This condition of affairs went on through the winter without much variation. We had the chores to attend to, which did not amount to much, except bringing the water from the creek. This we found considerable of a task, especially when every time we went for water, we were obliged to take along the axe to cut a new hole.

There was abundance of game, such as deer, foxes, rabbits, and pheasants; but no one about the premises dared shoot it, notwithstanding we had the wherewithal in the house for that purpose. Father had purchased a double-barreled shot-gun in Dubuque, and had it “loaded for bear;” but he never dared to shoot off the “plaguey thing.” So, for fear the boys would kill some one, he sent the team to town and brought Brother Hoover, the Methodist preacher, out to the farm to discharge the load, and thereby give him peace of mind. After singing “A Charge to Keep I, Have,” and prayers—as was the custom whenever the minister called in those days, we all withdrew to a safe distance to watch the preacher lie upon his stomach and rest the gun over a fallen tree, while he aimed into vacuity, as a preparation for “blazing away.” Pa said: “Brother Hoover, your faith is in God, therefore you need fear no danger,” but before the words were fairly out of his mouth, both barrels were emptied at once—unintentionally, of course. The brother's shoulder was nearly dislocated, but hot applications of goose-grease, which we always kept in the house for sore throats, prevented inflammation setting in, and the following Sunday the towns-people said that the preacher pounded the pulpit worse than ever.

Father served his time in camp, and came home to his

HOUSE OF WETMORE O'BRIEN AND FAMILY. As It Appeared June, 1904—Erected 1855 at Coon Creek, Anoka County, Prior to the Days of Screens and Screen Doors.

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25 “brood” downcast. The fond anticipations he had cherished were melting with the spring-time sun. He gave his winter's wages to the McCrays for services rendered, and bade them “good bye.”

The following Sunday father counceled with Brother Hoover as to what was best to do, put the boys to grubbing the farm, or pack up what was left and move to St. Anthony. The latter was decided upon, and within a week from that time “Mayall's Express” was on its way to the City at the falls with as chubby a set of boys as one would wish to see; whereas in the fall they had been a sickly lot of urchins, loaded with Michigan fever and ague.

When Lake Pepin was free of ice, our household goods came forward “with readiness and dispatch.” Dr. Giddings was a young physician in Anoka at that time; and if his memory is not impaired by old age, he will verify all that I have narrated of our first seven months in Minnesota Territory, and in Anoka County.

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MINNESOTA (Tune—“The Old Oaken Bucket.”)

How dear to our hearts is our own Minnesota, This fair North Star State, of all States first and best. Whose lakes, hills and forests, and prairies and rivers Have made her the jewel of all this broad West! Her skies are the brightest, her days are the rarest. Laden each with its treasures, her seasons pass by. In soil she surpasses the rest of creation, And proudly may boast of her corn, wheat and rye.

CHORUS:

All hail to thee, Minnie, Our loved Minnesota, Our beautiful home-land, The pride of the West!

Our butter is famous, our cheese is perfection, Our products we ship to the South land and West, Our beef and our mutton are tender and juicy, Fit food for a king, were he here as

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our guest. Our mills and their output are known the world over, Our mines hold vast layers of treasure in store, But better than these are our temples of learning That ope their broad gates both to rich and to poor.

CHORUS:—

All hail to thee, etc.

Our cities are great but these acres are grander Whence come all that keeps up the mill, shop and mart, Where gather the heroes of business and labor, Whom our mother State bears first of all in her heart. The Star Spangled Banner waves proudly above her, The symbol of Freedom and Justice and Right, Her Moccasin flower catches morn's early kisses, And wears on its breast dewy gems of the night.

CHORUS:—

All hail to thee, etc.

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A RECEPTION TO THE OLD PIONEERS

The fourth anniversary reception to the Old Settlers of Minnesota was given by Judge and Mrs. J. B. Gilfillan at their residence, 400 Tenth Avenue S. E., Minneapolis, Dec. 3, 1898. The spacious and beautiful rooms were handsomely decorated with chrysanthemums, roses, palms and ferns; while the library table had for its sole ornament the moccasin—the state flower.

Judge and Mrs. Gilfillan were assisted in receiving by their daughter, Miss Janet Gilfillan, and their sons, James, John and Robert. The times was mostly passed in social converse. In the early part of the evening Mrs. W. N. Porteous sang a dainty Scotch ballad, "The Red, Red Rose," and at the close of the evening she sang "Auld Lang Syne." As the full, rich gladness of Mrs. Porteous' tones rang out the chorus of "Auld Lang Syne," a murmur

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in reminiscent undertone joined the singer from all parts of the room. The response was so subordinated, and so evidently unpremeditated that the effect was like the soft toning of some rare old picture. It struck a reverent chord, as does the "Angelus." On the table where the names of the "old timers" were registered there were a number of newspapers printed in the early days. One of the issues was the St. Anthony Falls Evening News, Nov. 6, 1860. This paper was the first daily published in the city, and Lincoln's election was a most interesting item. A head-line read, "New York, 50,000 for Lincoln."

Many regrets were received from old settlers who were unable to be present, but the register still showed the following names with the date of their arrival in Minnesota:—

Mrs. Mahlon Black, 1848; O. C. Merriman, 1858; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Chamberlain, 1857; Mr. W. S. King, 1858; Mrs. W. S. King, 1858; Mrs. Delia Morgan Woodward, 1857; Mrs. S. C. Robinson, 1858; Mrs. Charlotte O. Van Cleve, 1819; C. H. Pettit, 1855; C. M. Cushman and wife, 1856; D. M. Clough, 1857; R. J. Mendenhall, 1856; Abbie Mendenhall, 1858; Mrs. D. M. Clough, 1856; H. H. Brackett, 1857; Mrs. H. . Brackett, 1862; Mrs. F. C. Barrows, 1877; Mrs. S. H. Chute, 1857; S. H. Chute, 1857; F. C. Barrows, 1855; P. D. McMillan, 1872; O. T. Swett, 1856; Mrs. O. T. Swett, 1857; William W. Folwell, 1869; J. C. Oswald, 1857; J. A. Bowman, 1865; O. E. and A. M. Greely, 1855; O. B. King, 1856; Mrs. O. B. King, 1852; C. B. Chalmers, 1851; C. B. Heffelfinger, 1857; Mrs. H. G. Sidle, 1859; Mrs. Lydia R. S. Woodbury, 1855; Miss Sarah L. Shepard, 1879; Miss Augusta Connor, 1857; Mrs. O. A. Pray, 1858; Solon Armstrong, 1857; James S. Lane, 1852; C. M. Loring, 1859; Florence Barton Loring, 1859; S. B. Lovejoy, 1854; E. Louise Morgan Lovejoy, 1857; Julia M. King, 1854; E. C. Chatfield, 1869; J. W. Eastman, 1854; Susannah Kodusky Hicks, 1870; T. K. Gray, 1855; Julia Allen Gray, 1865; Joseph Hawes and wife, 1857; Eliza Bostwick, 1850; Mrs. Jonathan Chase, 1854; Jonathan Chase, 1854; S. D. Todd and wife, 1856; Frank G. O'Brien, 1855; Lizzie E. O'Brien, 1850; A. H. Young, 1866; Mrs. A. H. Young, Meribah Pettit, Mary F. Stough, 1849; Simon P. Snyder, 1855; Mrs. S. P. Snyder, 1855; Henry G. Hicks, 1857; M. P. Hayes, 1854; Mrs. M. P. Hayes, 1855; C.

D. Lougee, 1857; Harriet L. Lougee, 1893; Mrs C. B. Heffelfinger, 1864; Mrs. J. S. Lane, 1856.

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GOING TO SCHOOL IN THE EARLY DAYS

“What were the early educational facilities of our city?” Probably not many among us, now actively engaged or interested in teaching can answer this question, but if my memory does not play me false, I may be able to impart some information that will open the eyes of the average student of to-day, and make him realize his superior advantages.

My own school days were confined to three months of the twelve,—December, January and February. During the remaining nine months, I was obliged as well as the other members of my family, to get a “hustle on”, and do my part towards keeping the larder supplied.

My experience is but a reflection of that of many a kid, offspring of the sturdy pioneers of the New Northwest. I will relate some of the occurrences of these three months,—December, 1856, and January and February, 1857,—which are but a fair sample of conditions prevailing for two or three decades, including years prior and subsequent.

When the saw mills had closed for the season, I was released from manual labor until spring should again put in an appearance. We boys were expected to pay our expenses with some kind of work during these school months. We found that the most convenient way of accomplishing this, was to enter some home where we could do chores for our board. For the winter of 1856-57, I secured a place as cook for two bachelor brothers, Kenneth and John McCrimmon, one a blacksmith, the other a carriage-maker. Their shanty was located in the rear of their respective shops.

The work required in this humble domicile was simple enough, but it consumed every one of my spare moments, so that the fifteen minutes usually allotted to school-boys 30 before

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the ringing of the bell, had no place on my program. But I was not to be cheated out of my share of the fun, even if it had to be extracted from hours supposed to be devoted to study.

Just as surely as water seeks its level, will a boy's penchant for amusement find means of gratification in un-thought-of places and at unseasonable hours.

A real live chap will never stagnate for lack of fun.

The "little black school house" as it was called in those St. Anthony days, was not an up-to-date institution of learning. It has not to my knowledge, served as an architectural model for any progressive city of recent date. It had one entrance to a lobby into the walls of which were driven nails for the hats, caps and wraps of the pupils. This lobby had two doors of entrance to the school-room, that to the right being for the boys, and that to the left for the girls.

The yarns that are told nowadays about the weather away back in the '50's and '60's are considered quite "chestnutty," and very little credence is given them; but had some of these "doubting Thomases" been numbered among the pupils of this school at the time which I now so vividly recall, their incredulity would cease.

Those of the pupils who were fortunate enough to get to school early, had time to "thaw out" around the huge box stove, which consumed cord after cord of wood in an effort, often vain, to raise the temperature to a degree approaching comfort; but those just on time were obliged to go directly to their seats, and suffer and squirm until after roll call, singing, reading of a psalm and prayers. Previous to this, the raising of hands would not be recognized, even though the request were so urgent as paying a visit to the stove.

Boys in those days did not have overcoats or overshoes—indeed, many of their fathers possessed neither; but as a rule, they were warmly clad. In addition to their jackets, which were well lined and wadded, nearly all wore two 31 flannel shirts, while their feet were

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encased in good, long-legged boots or moccasins, large in size to accommodate from one to three pairs of home-knit woolen socks.

The girls wore jackets or shawls and had fur tippets and muffs. In lieu of overshoes they had warm leggings and some would pull on woolen stockings over their shoes.

Just think of it, reader! A school-room crowded to the number of 150 with only one teacher, usually selected to come within the limited finances of the school board. Such teachers were good at psalms and singing—but not “worth their salt” when it came to business in the way of government. I was about to say these teachers allowed the pupils to ride over them, but in exact truth, I should say they allowed the big boys to ride them out of school. This occurred so many times that muscle and agility came to be considered prime requirements whenever a teacher applied for a position, or as oftener happened was asked “to take the school.”

The A, B, C class, taught in the good old-fashioned way, immediately followed the opening exercises. Then came in due succession, First, Second, and Third Reader. When the “King's English” had been sufficiently mutilated and murdered, recess time had arrived. At its close, we were recalled to a room as cold as a barn with the hay-mow window left open.

Next in order came the Geography class, which was delayed until George and Charley returned with a pail of drinking water from the well two blocks distant. The time that could be utilized for this purpose seemed miraculous. When they did at last return, other precious time was consumed in passing the water; so nothing could be done until the chronic school thirst had been quenched and the pupils quieted down.

Then came a vigorous shaking of raised hands demanding the teacher's attention. Some wanted to go to the stove, others wished to borrow knives with which to sharpen pencils; many begged permission to “speak.” When these 32 demands had been disposed of, the geography went on with but little interruption, save the throwing of spit-balls and the calling

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of several boys to time for producing excruciating noises by sharpening slate pencils on their desks.

The pencil sharpeners were simply admonished not to do so any more; the throwers of spit-balls were ordered to remain after the afternoon session, and all well knew what this meant. Boys larger and stronger than the teacher were exempt from this sort of discipline. By this time noon was drawing near, and any were eagerly gazing at the old-fashioned clock behind the master's desk, which served the double purpose of marking the hours and the joyous time of our singing lesson.

When twelve distinct notes range out announcing the dinner-hour, "Daddy-Walker" would declare school dismissed. While he was donning his out-of-door apparel, there would be a wild scramble down the aisles, a leaping pell-mell over the benches, a rush after hats, caps and lunch-baskets. Comparative quiet was soon restored, as about half the pupils went home to dinner leaving those who remained to eat their luncheons in peace, and "have fun" until school was called at 1 o'clock sharp.

What a sight it was at this lunch hour in the school room! Boys in groups sitting on the top of their desks with feet on the benches, and a promiscuous array of baskets and boxes of dinner, consisting of bread and molasses, or bread with fried pork sandwiched in between. Butter was a luxury then. Occasionally a long, twisted doughnut would be seen, and rarely a piece of pie. The possessor of the pie, as a rule, never had the satisfaction of eating it, as there were genuine Yankee traders among these boys—those who had inherited the "down East" trait of "swapping" for anything and everything, including pie and doughnuts. Pencils, knives, brass drawer-knobs, gum, etc., were legitimate articles of trade.

Whatever odds and ends of dinner were left, were sent flying about the school room, or shied at the blackboard.

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What a sight the school room presented when the teacher returned! Fire out; doors left open; floor covered with bread crumbs and snow tramped all over it in a half melted condition; an occasional Mitchell's Atlas of Davies' arithmetic sprawled out upon the floor, with a broken back. A few minutes of vigorous work on the part of teacher and scholars soon got things into liveable condition again, and as the clock struck 1, a favorite of the master's was permitted to ring the old brass bell that had formerly been noted for its fine quality of tone, but at this particular time was suffering from asthma or some like malady. Some vicious boy in attendance the previous winter had thrown the bell into the stove, so I was informed in payment of a grudge he held against the teacher. It was rescued, however, and still served its purpose, although its intonations were not such as would be likely to charm those whose ears had become attuned to sweet vibrations.

When everything was in order for the second session, the storm having lulled, copy books were fished out from under the desks, as writing was first on the program for the afternoon. I should very much like to take a good look at some of those copy-books, as they then appeared, blotches and all. I can see in my mind's eye, the many hands raised for permission to go to the stove and get ink bottles, which had been placed under it to thaw out. While some careless youth had forgotten to take this precaution, had to abide the result, a "busted" bottle.

Many of the copies that were set for us to imitate are now flitting through my minds; a few were like unto these:

"Many men of many minds, many birds of many kinds."

"Penmanship is the art of writing."

"Do unto others as you would wish to be done by."

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The first few lines of the average books were written fairly well; but those toward the bottom of the page and further from the copy, would indicate that the pupil had progressed backward quite rapidly.

What a siege we used to have with our mental arithmetic? 34 In reciting the multiplication table down and up, we nearly always got stuck on 11 times 11, or nine times seven. (No trouble was experienced in getting a solution to "seven times nine.") There was not a pupil attending school that winter who could not go through the "ones" without making a mistake, which was a flattering report to present to the board of education.

Following afternoon recess, spelling was in order, when all the advanced pupils, boys and girls, would form in line and have it hot and strong with McGuffey; the one leaving off at the head at night, for we spelled orally and "took places above," was enrolled for the spelling-match that was to take place some evening during the winter.

On account of the large attendance and the one teacher, the higher branches were dispensed with; but parents were assured that the time would surely come, and in this little town, when their sons and daughters would be privileged to reach out far beyond the "three R's" and embrace not only the living but the dead languages. There was good reason for speaking with such assurance for it was founded on a knowledge of the hauling of a large quantity of stone and the dumping of the same on the hill at Cheevertown. It was know that these stones were to be the foundation for that great University which is the pride, not only of our own city and state, but of the whole Northwest.

The embryo of knowledge which manifested itself in such a crude form this year of the birth of our state, has developed far beyond the anticipations of the most sanguine; among those who were bold enough to five expression to their prophetic ideas, we are glad to mention the names of our honored citizens and educational promoters, John S. Pillsbury and J. B. Gilfillan.

A REMINISCENCE OF EARLY TIMES

It was in the year 1863 when we had served our apprenticeship bottling squills and compounding lotions, that friends suggested that since our early education had been sadly neglected, they would advise a year's study—not in the public schools, but under the instruction of a private teacher, to which we assented. The only difficulty we had to encounter was that of finances. We had sufficient funds put aside to pay the tuition, but there would be nothing left to exist upon, and as we could see no good in an education without existence, we concluded to find out what could be done in the way of procuring fuel to feed the fire.

At that particular time in our history there was a clamor for news—war news; and as the Fall's Evening News had suffered untimely death, there was but that slow-coach weekly, the Minnesota State News, to fall back upon. St. Paul was well equipped with dailies,—the Press, Pioneer and Union, but the citizens of Minneapolis and St. Anthony were compelled to “look to the East” for their daily intellectual pabulum, and it was important that the news should reach St. Anthony by breakfast time, rather than wait for Conductor Rice and his nine o'clock train.

This being the case, we placed our sealed bid in the hat; it was found to be the lowest—the bid, not the hat—and in consequence of this we were awarded the contract, which would not conflict with the hours we were supposed to be at school. The duties as prescribed were as follows: To see that the St. Paul Press was delivered on or before seven o'clock every morning of publication at Dr. Murphy's office, South Main street; otherwise the contract was to be annulled. The price agreed upon for performing this duty faithfully, was one dollar a trip.

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We could not walk this distance, hence we must purchase a pony. We searched all over St. Anthony and Minneapolis, but without avail, to find such an one as would follow the

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trail in the event we should wish to take a nap by the way. In our search we were informed that Sam Sloan of St. Paul had just what were looking for. She was a daisy, and proved a bargain at \$60. We made a number of trips horseback, and carried the papers in saddle-bag fashion, until the circulation increased from 150 to 200 copies for Minneapolis and St. Anthony, when we were obliged to hire a sulky.

We did not find it very comfortable or restful, after traveling two hours, and reaching St. Paul at 11 P. M., to lie down upon a lot of waste paper until called by the pressman at 3 a. m., to crawl out and fold up our quota of papers and get out of the way, so that he could attend to his mailing list. There was not much room to spare in the little old brick structure that was located by the bridge at the foot of Wabasha street.

The losing of our rest was telling upon us, so much so that it was noticeable, and we spunked up courage to ask Mr. Fred Driscoll if he would give his consent for us to place a cot in the little room off from his sanctum, we agreeing to keep it in good condition. To this he assented. The following day we provided ourselves with a cot and bed clothes and held a key to the situation, this being as we supposed the only key, until there were manifestations which convinced us that we were not the sole occupants. We proceeded to investigate, and found that two "devils" also had a key and were adding to their comfort at our expense, and not only this; but they were adding to our misery and expense in the purchase of vermin exterminator.

The journey between the cities was not always a pleasure trip, especially during the rainy season, when we were obliged to go at a snail's pace for fear of plunging into some gully or going over the embarkment into the Mississippi, as the only road in those days was the old territorial

INTERIOR FORT SNELLING, 1863.

EXTERIOR VIEW FORT SNELLING, 1858.

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37 road. Many a night we waited for nearly half an hour for a flash of lighting in order to see our way out of the dilemma, in mud up to the axle and drenched to the skin.

One incident we shall never forget. We were jogging along at a fair gait, and when near the "Half-way House," ran into a cow that was quietly sleeping in the middle of the road. The moment the sulky wheel struck her, she rose up in very much of a hurry, and away we went and away went the pony, sulky and papers, where we knew not. After skirmishing around the country for an hour or more, suffering from skinned knees and elbows, we concluded to get home as best we could. When we reached Doc. Murphy's office, we found a dozen or more of the "early birds" who had come down town for their drinks and morning news, and as they had accomplished the first portion of their errand, they felt inclined to sympathize with us. We soon had a horse and buggy, and, accompanied by a friend, instituted a search for the missing property. We did not experience much trouble in finding fragments of the sulky all the way over that portion of the prairie traversed, and we finally found the pony in the vicinity of what is now the experimental farm, securely lassoed to a scrub oak by the trailing strips of harness, from which she was unable to extricate herself.

Another time we got lost during a blinding snowstorm, and our wanderings ended in a farmyard near Lake Como, something like eight miles out of our way. For all this pleasure (?) we were receiving one dollar a night.

You may inquire, "How about the education?" Well, when we were in school, we were so completely fagged out that we could not keep awake; the teacher understood the situation, and furnished lodgings instead of instruction. It made no difference to him, as the pay went on just the same.

When the year's contract had been fulfilled, we were 38 ahead in experience, behind in finances and easy on education.

It is not necessary to ask whether the circulation of papers in the Twin Cities has increased to any great extent during the past thirty-five or forty years. The sworn statement of several dailies in Minneapolis and St. Paul, reaching way up from 65,000 to 85,000, answers this question. Truly we have progressed and no mistake.

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OUR OLD TIME MAIL SERVICE

I have just had a good look at "Uncle Sam's" new rig for collecting the mail. Marc Wanvig was kind enough to give me a good many points regarding this auto that has so recently come into public favor and has been adopted by our government as the correct thing for saving time, which is very important in this progressive age. Not only is the auto a saver of time, but of money as well, when one compares its methods with those that have been in vogue for many years.

Why, bless your soul! while I was taking a good look at the rig, out came Jack Ayres from the post-office and before I could say "Jack Robinson" he was on his auto and speeding away—the Lord only knows where—leaving me filled with amazement at what this inventive age is doing for the present generation.

I was just going into the postoffice to buy a postal card, when I espied George Plummer—you know George, of course—been in the city since Col. Stevens staked out his farm, and has been in the postoffice nearly ever since he returned from the South, where he fought "Johnny Rebs" for four long years—well, George jumped off the platform and caught me by the coat collar, saying: "Old boy! there have been some changes in the mail service since you came to St. Anthony in the fifties."

"That reminds me," I said to George, "of the early days when our people considered themselves fortunate if they got one mail a week from the East, and that not on any stated day. There were no railroads in the State then, and we depended on the steamers that

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piled up and down the Mississippi river, and poor dependence they were, for there was no telling how long the boat might be laid up high and dry on one of those shifting sand-bars, here to-day and somewhere else tomorrow, which have been much in evidence ever since Mark Twain gained the experience that has since won him fame and fortune.

“Don't you recollect, George,” said I, “how old friend W. W. Wales, the postmaster, after having sorted the week's mail, added by his corps of clerks, which consisted of his daughter Maria, would deliver to the waiting crowd their long-looked-for letters and papers, after which he would take off his capacious Quaker hut and deposit therein such mail, uncalled for, as belonged in the neighborhood where he resided, or on the road?”

“It was no uncommon thing, George,” said I, “to see at least five or six persons waiting for their mail on the street corner or in the grocery store, expecting, of course, to receive their letters from the hat of this obliging postmaster”—

A signal from the mail department caused Mr. Plummer to leave me at this very interesting point in our reminiscent talk, but various other as yet unmentioned incidents, are flitting through my mind. By the way, no old settler can have forgotten Uncle J. M. Shepard, the mail carrier—old “Trusty,” he of the one-horse rig, who in the '60's, was as faithful in the discharge of his duties as the shadow on the familiar sun-dial,—carrying the one, and sometimes two mail bags to and from the station. The postmaster-general could not have felt a greater responsibility with his official duties than did this faithful servant of the government. The sign on his wagon, U. S. Mail, gave him the right of way, and everyone who knew Mr. Shepard realized that no obstruction must retard his onward movement. Unlucky was the boy who made an effort to “catch on behind” when there was a mail sack in the rig, for he was very sure to feel the sting from the snapper of the lash which was always ready for business.

Our late postmaster, S. B. Lovejoy—“Stevey,” as he was called—must have remembered to his last hour that

FIRST FRAME BUILDING AT ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS. Erected 1848 by R. P. Russell.

41 time when as a boy he tried to steal a ride on Uncle Shepard's United States mail wagon. Others now living will never forget it. Cranky as Mr. Shepard appeared in his official capacity, I never saw a more genial soul or a greater lover of children, to whom he was always giving rides on ordinary occasions, but never when he had the responsibility of a mail sack.

Among the wonderful improvements our city has seen inaugurated and carried out in less than half a century, none is more noteworthy than that in our mail service.

The "Auto" has been discontinued for the present in this city as a means of conveying the U. S. mail.

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A VIRGINIA REEL CUT SHORT BY A HURRICANE

"Head lady balance to foot gent," swing right hand," "left," "both hands," "do-se-do!" These were the calls that blended with the musical strains furnished by the band of colored brothers for the "Territorial Pioneers," June 28, 1901, on board the barge accompanying the steamboat "Lora" down the picturesque St. Croix river. In keeping with the music, these old settlers were vigorously putting in the quick steps of their old time favorite dance, the Virginia Reel.

Do you imagine those gray heads were slow in keeping up with the music? Not they! Those who were not in exact time, on account of impaired hearing, were a measure or two ahead, sufficiently so to give the onlookers an opportunity to refresh their memories regarding the extra steps that were considered, "away back in the '50's," the fancy touches of the Terpsichorean art.

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Had it not been for the hurricane, with accompaniments—a feature which the committee on arrangements had failed to place on the program—the Pioneers were to have had “Money Musk,” “Lady of the Lake,” “Varsouvienne,” “Fisher's Hornpipe,” “Durang's Hornpipe,” “Schottische,” and wind up with the “Tempest.”

Though it came a little ahead of schedule time, we had the “tempest,” and don't you forget it—for it proved to be the last dance, and the most lively one of the day—music furnished without stint by the elements and female voices that “beat the band.”

The rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that barge and boat with a fury that was truly demoniacal, as though the “seven spirits of the air” had taken unto themselves even seventy other spirits 43 more wicked than themselves, all bent on destruction dire, the foreshadowing of which appalled even the war veterans of the old Minnesota First—they who had never flinched before the enemy at Fair Oaks, Gettysburg, or in the seven days' battles of the Wilderness.

What a commotion there was for the space of about fifteen minutes on board the barge and steamboat! Chairs and other portables were being washed overboard, side curtains, which had been hastily lowered, were flapping in the gale like wings of some uncanny, ill-omened, gigantic bird belonging to the early history of our planet. Vivid flashes of lightning in rapid succession, revealed by their glaring brightness a river not unlike the sea in a storm. The blackness of darkness enshrouded all, while sheets of rain increasing to a downpour, nearly equaled Niagara in volume. All these contributed their share towards a scene no word-painting can portray. Some of the ladies were completely unnerved, and, if truth be told, so were some of the men; though they doubtless will deny it openly, yet they have acknowledged to the intimate few that things did look a “leetle skeery-like.”

While I was bravely doing my best to soothe a pioneer lady in nervous distress, a sudden lunge of the boat led me to believe for the instant that it was not only “all day with us,” but all night as well,—that we were surely doomed—and—

Into the waters' depths, Into the jaws of death, Were to flounder the "Six Hundred."

But it was not to be; our time to leave dear old Minnesota—and the remaining portion of this mundane sphere—had not yet come; the Lora and barge were not to be our bier, nor the waters of the angry St. Croix our winding-sheet, for God spake to the storm and it subsided. When we realized the improved condition of things, we found that 44 the boats were safely aground, that all danger was past and Stillwater in sight.

The Pioneers who participated in this Taylor's Falls excursion, eventful and dangerous as it was, have occasion to rejoice at the outcome, and, now that it is all over, there is added to the reminiscences of the past a fresh happening. A new picture in vivid coloring is painted on Memory's canvas—one that it will take long years to obliterate, and we may confidently expect that some of the younger portion of the excursionists will tell their children's children, "how we were nearly drowned in the great cloudburst of 1901, between Taylor's Falls and Stillwater."

When another year rolls around, such of the old Pioneers as have not been called hence, will be again on their annual excursion. Those who joined in the dance, among whom were Mrs. Frances A. Pray, Mrs. O. S. King, Mrs. M. L. Kettle, Mrs. R. C. McCleary, the Misses Berrisford, George H. Hazzard, Henry Hoyt, R. A. Plummer, H. D. O'Brien and others, we can see in imagination, finishing up the undanced portion of the Virginia Reel of the previous year, which was so abruptly terminated, and we can distinctly hear the final call of the dance, "All promenade to seats!"

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JIM FROST, THE DUTCHMAN AND THE BEAR

"Jim Frost" was one of those typical pioneers such as "Uncle Sam" likes to employ to do his special service. It was he who held the responsible position of mail carrier northward

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from Anoka. Many are the thrilling stories he was able and willing to tell, and in a manner that enchanted the listeners, more especially the children.

The following happened on one of his weird pilgrimages while riding behind his spanking span of roadsters, of which he was justly proud. He spied in the distance, and directly in the road, an immense black bear. Thinking that this might be a good opportunity to try the speed of both horses and bear, he let the ponies out, giving them the free bit, and so enthused was Frost with the wild chase, that the animals became imbued with the same spirit. On they went, gaining surely, and becoming more excited at every stride, until, when close upon the bear, he having kept well in the middle of the road, the team parted and ran completely over him, much surprising Frost, the ponies and even the bear, who no doubt, believed that a double and twisted eyelone was after him, in hot pursuit.

When "Jim" had gotten his team under control, he looked back and saw Bruin leisurely picking himself up from the dusty road. With bewildered look he started for the ditch made by a railroad grade. It was filled with water in which he was soon floundering in supreme satisfaction, as it was just at the wind-up of "dog-days," and a rapid race in hot weather was not conducive to comfort.

While Jim was debating the best way to secure the animal, along came a double team which contained a haying-crew. As they had nothing with them but scythes and forks for weapons, it was deemed unwise to make an attack, but advisable, rather, that one of their number should go to a camp a short distance away, and have one of the men come with a rifle and secure the prize, which was valuable.

Before the return of the party, the man left as guard became restless, and possessed of the opinion that he was physically equal to the game,—if aided and abetted by his well-sharpened scythe. With this thought uppermost in his mind, he went to meet the enemy, his warlike blade glistening in the September sun.

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This party was a thoroughbred Dutchman, and had but little knowledge of the English language. In height he was nearly six feet, with a stomach not unlike that of a metropolitan alderman; his apparel consisted of a red shirt and duck trousers, the last mentioned having "seating capacity" for at least two of his size, which fact proved to be his salvation.

The bear, cooled in body but not in temper, and ever on the alert for new developments, saw his would-be slayer coming towards him. Naturally he did not wish to show the white feather, and since the odds were evidently against him, he concluded to meet his adversary in the best position possible. Rising on his hind legs, he faced the Dutchman in true pugilistic fashion. While the Tenton was getting a good swing of the scythe, the bear, quick as lightning, let fly one of his paws, catching the baggy portion of his antagonist's breeches, and tearing them completely from his person. Then holding fast his trophy, he went scampering off toward the woods.

Almost immediately two men from the camp appeared, and were somewhat at a loss which to shoot at—the b-a-r-e or the b-e-a-r. This uncertainty did not last for any great length of time, and soon the enemy who had taken to the woods with the breeches between his teeth, slackened his pace as two well aimed rifles sent minie balls into his agitated brain.

Upon drawing lots as to who should claim Bruin, the

MINNEAPOLIS SOCIETY GENTLEMEN. Photo Taken in 1888 by A. H. Beal. Standing—left to Right— Wm. B. Fiske. Edward Harrison. Armstead Brothers, James and Henry H. W. C. Ambler. John Miller. Sitting—Left to Right. David H. Wright. V. G. Hush. Thomas Lowry. William Crump. Albee Smith

47 prize fell to one of the campers. He, in turn, presented the "bare" who was not shot, with a pair of blue jeans which fitted him so admirably as to give him to the appearance of a New York dude.

It is not necessary to state that Frost was found on schedule time, despite the delay, at the postoffice in Princeton, where the good-natured postmaster was awaiting the mail-pouch which contained not a few letters from the folks “Way Down East.”

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HOME LEAVING FOR A YEAR ON THE FARM

It was in the year 1858 that my father impressed upon my mind the necessity of starting out from home and becoming independent—of cutting loose from the parent tree that had nurtured me for fourteen years. It was a trying ordeal. Nevertheless I engaged to work for Winthrop and Stella on their farm, which was located near the then promising rival of Minneapolis—Industrianna.

This prospective “metropolis” was in Brooklyn township, Hennepin county, a few miles up the river from Shingle Creek; and I may further add that this city of ours might have been located there, if the boiler in the saw mill had not burst and blown the cylinder head out of the glowing prospects that were then in embryo.

The morning of Aug. 10 dawned brightly; not a cloud was visible in the sky; but a good sized one lowered on the outer rim of my mental horizon.

After singing and family prayers, and a good substantial breakfast at home, I packed the old patent-leather valise—that Sam Knight brought from Maine—with an extra hickory shirt, a pair of blue overalls, a Testament, with my name printed thereon in gold letters, which had been presented me by my Sunday school teacher for reading the Bible through from Genesis to Revelation, including the first chapter of Matthew, and also for being the only one in a class of twelve boys who could correctly spell Nebuchadnezzar. In addition to this luggage, both material and spiritual, I was supplied with several copies of back numbers of the “Northwestern Christian Advocate,” which was at that time to the Methodist religious world what the New York Tribune was to the political world. Divers copies of the

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"Sunday School Advocate" with the important adjunct of a good wholesome luncheon, completed my outfit for a struggle with the world.

The 'bus did not call for me at the door; nor was a train in waiting at the station to speed me on the way. Oh no! for there was not a railroad or station in this infant State.

I grasped my shiny grip with my right hand; with my left I carried my comparatively new boots, that were tied by the straps with a leather string, and started barefoot for a seven-mile tramp over a dry and dusty road.

Father had provided me with plenty of pocket money with which to defray my expenses on the way; this was five cents for the ferryman, Peter Poncin, to transfer me safely to the "other shore" of the Mississippi. The ferry was near what is now Twentieth avenue north.

Fortune did not smile upon me in enabling me to steal a ride, as all the teams were going the wrong way; but the good-natured farmers had a kind word for me, and cheerfully imparted information in regard to the right road, the distance to my destination, etc. Some of the inquisitive ones wished to know "where that carpet bag was going with that boy?" and I very courteously gave the desired information.

I was entertained on the road by the antics of squirrels and the flight of many pigeons, and was given an occasional start by the sudden appearance of a black stump that had the semblance of something I had read about in the Bible, where the bad boys told the old bald-head to "go up."

When I reached "Jock" Estes' farm I felt at liberty to crawl under the fence and get a fat turnip; after cleaning it with a cabbage leaf, I peeled it with my teeth, not having in my possession a pocket knife. This added to the luncheon I had brought along, greatly refreshed me, and I resumed my journey. At 11 o'clock I reached my destination, and was greeted with a welcome such as only farmers can give. I was introduced to the rain barrel, and with a tin wash-basin and plenty of home-made soft soap, made myself 50

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presentable, and was then invited to the dinner table. I must say it was as good a dinner as I ever sat down to. New potatoes with their jackets on, turnips, cabbage, fried salt pork, biscuits, milk and tea. I can truthfully say that at this moment I recall the taste of those new potatoes and that fresh churned butter.

After dinner I took a survey of the surroundings. The house was a one-story structure, with two rooms, and a very small attic, access to which was gained by boards nailed for stairs to the studding, and leading up through a hole in the ceiling. This was my room—not only mine, but that of the mice also, and later in the season, of seed corn, dried rings of pumpkins strung on a pole, bunches of sage, boneset and tansy. My bed was on the floor, as the roof hugged the floor so closely that the room would not admit of the luxury of a bedstead.

The parlor chairs were ingeniously made from barrels stuffed, and covered with “copper-plate.” Other articles of furniture were decorated with the same showy material. The family bed occupied half the kitchen, and was separated by a wall of the gay-colored dry goods that served for unholstery. The family was not numerous, hence the difficulty of “stowing away” was not insurmountable. There were but three, father, mother and baby boy one year old.

To my boyish eyes everything looked prosperous, but new, and strange. I saw large piles of sawed and split hardwood, that showed the effect of the bleaching summer sun; a long stable constructed of tamarack poles, and covered with the previous fall's crop of straw, a corncrib, a grindstone and an ash leech. I was about to describe the well, but will not, as that belonged to a neighboring farmer, a quarter of a mile distant, where we were obliged to go for drinking water; for other purposes water was brought from the river, a short distance off, but up a steep and tiresome bank. What I have mentioned was about all 51 there was, except the fence and a fair display of stock and fowls.

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I was initiated into the mysteries of "life on the farm" without much ceremony. The first of them was a repetition of the old maxim: "Early to bed and early to rise," if I followed it I should be "healthy, wealthy and wise." My duties were diversified—from dish-washing to keeping away the tailings from a threshing machine.

How plainly I can hear the tinkle, tinkle of the bell in the pasture, locating the long-looked-for cows; and I can well recall how rejoiced I was when I found them, after having skirmished through the bushes, and waded many a marshy meadow, till my mosquito-bitten legs and tired feet were unwilling to transport the weary little body any further; but the joy over having found them, infused renewed vigor into my wasted energies.

"Won't the butter ever come?" I have many times exclaimed when I had been pounding away with an old dash-dashed churn for an hour, while for a full half hour symptoms of butter had been adhering to the churn-dasher, which had furnished numerous refreshing licks during the back-breaking siege. I was admonished "to have patience, add a little more warm water, and churn away a little longer." Sure enough, the long-looked-for made itself manifest; and thankful I was that churning came but once a week.

Notwithstanding the lapse of forty years, I still hold a grudge against Winthrop for the way he bore down on the scythe and axe when I was turning the grindstone. I may see the time when I shall become charitable enough to forgive him; but I fear not in this incarnation. I can distinctly see the old axe and scythe spitting fire at me, and cruelly mocking, while I am making the crank go round. I used to think, "wait till I grow up, and see if I don't bear down upon the person who not only grinds the temper out of the axe, but the life out of the poor youngster."

"Cold?" I should say so, standing knee deep in frigid 52 October marshwater, raking hay for ten successive days! But was it not fine at noon-time on the sunny side of the haycock eating a good substantial dinner?

There may be an abundance of poetry about a farm, if you only have, time and inclination to rhyme it, especially in picking up potatoes as fast as a muscular farmer can dig them, with the ground icy cold; also in pulling and stacking beans, with nasty little black flies getting up your nostrils or into your eyes—taking advantage of the soiled condition of your hands. There may likewise be poetry in husking corn on the stalk in the field in dead winter in a foot of snow, when you wear the old gentleman's discarded boots stuffed with bric-a-brac made up of old odds and ends from the “remnant counter,” and have stockings on your hands for mittens, with a husking pin stuck through to assist in removing the shucks. There may also be poetry in making, during stormy weather, rag carpets from strips of discarded garments; in sleeping a week with the boarding around schoolmaster, who snores loud enough to shell from its cobs the seed corn that is hanging overhead!

Here is material for an epic:—Hurry up with your chores and go two miles to a 12x14 school house when the only thermometer in the school district has been frozen solid for a month, and remain there six hours trying to thaw out around a huge box stove filled with half-seasoned scrub oak wood. All these hardships are an offset for the square meals and profound slumber the professor has obtained at our several houses.

“The good times on the farm” that we hear so much of, were about to dawn when I felt. I was present at the closing year of the last cycle, hence know nothing whatever of the “new birth.”

This one year on the farm for my board, clothes and schooling, will, by me, never be forgotten, but will ever remain a depressing “souvenir” in my life's experience.

53

GATHERING IN OF THE HAY-CROP

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I have often been importuned to write on the harvest of the old territorial days, and tell of things that came within my own experience—I will respond with a narrative of what fell to my share in gathering the hay-crop.

The first duty assigned me was to go to the upper loft of the barn and removed with rake and and pitchfork, the last year's hay that had grown musty with age. I sweltered in the heat and choked in the dust while getting the loft in proper condition for stowing away the supply of fresh hay, which would be needed by the dozen or more horses and cattle that must mainly subsist upon it during the long winter.

When my duties here were ended and everything was made sweet and clean, I sauntered to the storage room where the husky farmer and his two hired men were taking down the scythes, rakes and pitchforks that had hung securely against the wall since last haying season. Then the indispensable whetstones were hunted up. Half of one day was consumed in these and other preliminaries. Then the the scythes had to be ground, and to me was assigned the hard labor of turning the grindstone, that creaky, wobbling old grindstone which had been idle all winter save for the minor duty of sharpening knives at hog-killing time. Its stony heart had been exposed to the summer's sun and showers, which had been made it more cranky than ever.

A fresh supply of water was placed in the receiver under the stone with which to cool the fevered blade while it underwent the sharpening process. Fire flashed from the rusty old blades during the trying ordeal, and fire flashed also from my eyes, telegraphed thither from a brain angered beyond endurance, by the thought that I was obliged 54 to turn that detestable stone, which I knew would grind the life out me if I kept at it long enough. One half day sufficed to get the blades in order for the cutting, save that the whetstones had to be applied at frequent intervals. This little instrument gives forth a peculiar grating music, as it is manipulated up and down the blade of the scythe with quick, even strokes, in order to give the requisite keenness, thus making merry the otherwise silent meadow.

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Despite the hard day's work, a good night's rest put us all in trim for more work, and when the old, big-weighted clock that stood in the niche in the wall by the stairway, rang out the hour of four, we were all ready and "away" to the meadows, away!"

The sun came up betimes and smiled merrily over the broad expanse of nearly forty acres of meadow, whose grasses waved in a manner not unlike the rhythmic movements of a partially tranquil sea. It was unlike the water that flows on and on forever, in that it was soon to be cut down and withered and put into stacks and barns, there to remain until needed,—a valid representation of the assets of one branch of the thrifty farmer's industry.

Almost immediately the labored and methodical "swish-swish" of the scythes could be heard, and soon a swath was cut, followed by others in rapid succession, while I, the boy, was actively engaged in spreading the new-mown hay, that the drying winds and sunshine might cure it sufficiently to be cocked up ready for the stackers, or else loaded on the hay-rack and hauled to the barn, or stacked in close proximity thereto.

When noon time came around, we all sought the shade of a spreading oak that waved its branches invitingly, and nodded with satisfaction, as we approached, and sat down to partake of a sumptuous dinner, steaming hot, brought from home by one of the boys. There was also a bountiful supply of cold tea, and that was a most agreeable change from the "ginger drinks" with which we had come supplied, as thirst quenchers.

55

Usually about half an hour was devoted to the noon-time nap. This gave us renewed strength for our afternoon's toil; and the reader can well imagine how satisfactory and refreshing these little snoozes were, as we were obliged to "pull out" so very early every morning.

Following the day of cutting and spreading, was that of putting the hay in cocks. Unless these were intended to be removed early in the fall, they had to be stacked, and hauled

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away in the winter when the meadow was frozen. The ground whereon we stood was not always perfection as regards dryness, for on many acres of it we were obliged to work standing in the water—that green-scummed, stagnant, slimy marsh-water, breeder of innumerable things that crawl. This, continued for several days at a time, detracted materially from the romance, if there was any, which I failed to see, usually connected in the mind of the unsophisticated with “hay-making.”

The main satisfaction from all this laborious work came later on, as I saw the cattle and horses during the following winter, eagerly watch and wait for me to climb into the loft to supply their respective racks, with hay sufficient to last them many hours.

The surplus hay, of which every thrifty farmer had several tons, was disposed of in the city at the fabulous price of from eight to ten dollars a ton.

How I should enjoy one of those rides to town again, mounted on a load of fragrant hay! But I would not care for the old novelty of being a “stowaway”—the lot which used to fall to me—when the load was sold. You, who in the past have had an experience in this capacity, will, I feel sure, have sympathy in your hearts for the poor lad who is compelled to crawl into a pigeon-hole of a stable window, where the roof is so low down that the protruding shingle nails scratch his back. Here, from the front to the rear part of the loft, he must tug away with armful after armful of hay, packing it close, so there will be room for the entire load. You must bear in mind that this little 56 window the hay is being poked through, is the only means of ventilation; hence I was obliged to hustle in order to get fresh whiffs of air for breath, or suffocate.

I sincerely hope that no one will be deterred from engaging in the honorable, lucrative and healthy vocation of farming, by anything I have narrated of my experiences. I would have you all investigate the many fascinations pertaining to farm life, upon which I have not touched—the early songs of the birds, the hearty appetite, the fragrant freshness of nature, the sweet, refreshing, well-earned sleep—all these and others. If you do this I am

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confident that ere you have gained a foothold on the virgin soil, there will rise to your lips the old, familiar ballad of my youthful days: "The farmer's life is the life for me; I own I love it dearly—"

Since writing the above article, I have attended the State Fair, and there learned, from observation of "ways and means," that the gathering in of hay crops now-a-days has lost all the irksomeness of forty years ago. I found there machinery for cutting, raking, loading, and also happy devices for baling, thus removing most of the discomfort that fell to the lot of the "stowaway." All these were interesting indeed to one who has not kept sight of the wheels of progress along agricultural lines.

It seems that all the farmer has to do now, is to seat himself comfortably in his gaily painted chariot and hold a guiding line on his spirited team, while the ingenious mechanism in front and under and all about him does all the "work," from the grasshopper kickers of the rakes, comical enough to make a horse laugh, to the stackers and presses.

Possibly at the next coming of the State Fair, I shall find that the services of the faithful horse have also been dispensed with, and that several farmers have clubbed together 57 in the purchase of an "automobile" with which to do the farm work; this certainly would make the farmer's lot one to be envied.

He would hardly be recognized as a "tiller of the soil," so freed would he be from the hardships of former days, with ample time to visit the circus and State Fairs and the displays on daily exhibition in our Twin Cities. He also might share the advantages of the city residents who now patronize the musical entertainments at the parks, and the excursions to outside points of interest.

58

MINNESOTA (Tune—"America.")

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This is the State we love All other States above, Smiling and bright. Its golden sunbeams shine Over rich groves of pine, And over field and mine, Shed their warm light.

Hail to the pioneer, Who without doubt or fear Sought this broad West! Who blazed the way to fame, And left an honored name. His sons with pride we claim Our first and best.

When 'mid grim war's alarms The country called "To arms!" That day of woe Saw our boys join the fight, In the great cause of right, And conquer, by their might, The rebel foe.

We have lent helping hands To those in far-off lands, Crushed and downcast; Fired them with new-born zeal To work for future weal, And from the tyrant's heel They're freed at last.

Contented let us live, And of our bounty give With generous hand. May God our fair State bless With peace and happiness, And save from war's distress, Our native land.

59

A VANISHED LANDMARK

How few people in our bustling city realize what kind of a hotel we had here at the Falls previous to the war! Many have heard of the Winslow House that was demolished to make way for the Exposition building, but further than this, they know nothing.

If you could look back, for instance, to the summer of 1859 you would see located on the present site of the Exposition building, as fine a hotel as there was in the West, and furnished throughout with the best that could be procured, regardless of expense.

Here were office, parlors, ball room, dining room, bar and billiard room, bridal chambers, and hundreds of sleeping rooms, in fact everything that could be found in first class hotels, East or South. This elegant hostelry was erected in 1856 by J. M. Winslow, and was leased to M. V. and D. J. Mattison for a term of years, for a consideration of \$131,000. In

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1858 Mr. Winslow sold the building and its contents to C. W. McLean, a Boston capitalist, for \$160,000.

We have seen this immense hotel crowded from cellar to attic during the summer, with wealthy Southern families who had come here on the elegant Mississippi steamers to escape the heated term in the land of cotton.

They brought with them their colored man and maid servants, as well as their bands of music, whereby youth and beauty might trip the "light fantastic" to their hearts' content, and after their own peculiar style.

The hotel at this time was kept by J.F. Darrow, who was considered second to none in the United States. The steward was A. A. Clement, father of our former deputy sheriff, Edward Clement.

The primitive scenery about the falls was surpassingly 60 lovely; hence the reason for the liberal hotel patronage. Nicollet Island had not as yet been desecrated, but was in its pure, virgin state; Hennepin Island was fairly well utilized for manufacturing purposes, although its banks to a great extent unmolested, were a mass of wild flowers, grapes and raspberries.

The rejuvenating qualities of the Mineral Springs were recognized, and many a wasted form was toned up by quaffing their invigorating waters.

Little was then known of Lake Harriet, Lake Calhoun or Lake Minnetonka, nor was there need of them since at the door of the hotel there existed a veritable Eden.

We of the present time cannot conceive of such conditions, but they did exist. The hand of man, with the assistance of ponderous machinery, mills, foundries, railroads, etc., has drawn a veil over the beauties we once beheld. Minnehaha and Fort Snelling had some attractions, but not as many as one would suppose.

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When these visitors were ready to depart in the early fall, they would carry away a goodly supply of views of St. Anthony's Falls, taken from various vantage grounds; also views of Minnehaha, Fort Snelling, the Suspension bridge and of the hotel.

The cruel war played the mischief with this popular hostelry, and the day of official announcement of its close was a sad one for our citizens. But this dreaded day came, and with it all the express and dray teams that St. Paul could scare up. All the furnishings were carted down there, and nothing was left us but the bare walls of the hotel and a gloomy prospect for the future. But nothing could take away the glory of that past which was impressed in a series of indelible pictures on our minds.

At a later period the Winslow House was inhabited by sepulchral shadows which were often seen about the premises, much to the discomfort of timid citizens.

Stories in regard to these visitants from other spheres gained credence not only in this city and St. Paul, but all 61 through the East, full accounts of them being furnished leading dailies by a special correspondent. The perpetration of this canard was finally traced to one McCabe, a practical joker of those times.

During the first year of the war, the hotel was used as a water-cure establishment for "bran-eaters," as they were familiarly called. This was conducted by Dr. R. T. Thrall. These bloomer freaks were a decided contrast to the Southern occupants of a year previous.

The ball-room in this building was the scene of many a good time, when Miller's string band discoursed sweet music for those who joined in the hilarious "Tempest," "Durang's and Fisher's hornpipe, Virginia Reel, and Money Musk, or the more dignified Waltz Quadrille and Varsouvienne." Two-step was not thought of then; in fact it would have been too tame for those times.

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Everybody who could dance and furnish the wherewithal, was considered eligible to appear on the floor, and “merry make till morning's break.”

This was the situation for one or two winters. There was a great revival going on in Minneapolis, and all the girl dancers were caught in the meshes of the revivalists; but the young men were not susceptible to religious entreaties; the result was, they were obliged to take up with the irreligious St. Anthony girls, if they wished to continue their merry pastimes.

The following winter the Minneapolis girls began to realize that they were not only missing considerable worldly fun, but losing their beaux as well. The inevitable result was that they made their religion sufficiently elastic to resume, in a small way, their former pleasures.

The old Winslow that we saw in its construction, its occupancy, its destruction, is of the past. There remains an unwritten history of the good old times of church festivities, balls and entertainments for the benefit of soldier's families during the war—welcoming home the remnants of the battle-scarred veterans from the field of strife, that must surely have a place in its sacred pages.

From its steps we listened to the giants of the two political parties of Lincoln and Douglas times, and also to the prophecies of that grand statesman, William H. Seward, as to the future possibilities of the Northwest—prophecies which many of us have lived to see fulfilled.

It was at this hotel in 1862 that the women and children were to seek protection, should the Indians put in an appearance, of which there was at that time an alarming prospect. Pickets were stationed all about the town, to give the alarm; and should the signal—blowing the whistle and ringing the bell—be heard from the hotel, it would be sufficient notice to abandon homes and seek shelter within its walls. The West-siders put up a barricade composed of lumber, boxes and barrels.

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What a sight it was to see refugees coming into our town by the hundreds at all times of day and night, having been driven from their homes by fear of the Redskins! Fortunately these places were not needed for the purpose, as the Indians were being closely followed by home militia and troops; but it took many weeks for our citizens to become assured that all was safe.

The grand procession that was inaugurated in the interest of the five-million-dollar railroad loan, started from this hotel, and wended its ways to the old courthouse, preceded by bands and pyrotechnic displays.

There they listened to orators of the day who were favorable to the issue. Every window in the hotel was brilliantly illuminated on this occasion, as well as every business block and dwelling along the line of march.

And it was here that the 500 or more excursionists from the East were entertained after having visited La Crosse, celebrating the completion of the Milwaukee railroad to their city in 1858. From there the trip was made by steamer to the landing below the university, known as Cheever's 63 Landing, and thence to the hotel, by the citizens with all manner of conveyances.

In 1872, Rev. E. D. Neill, president of Macalester College, leased the hotel for a short period; after which it was used as the Minnesota College hospital, until its final abandonment.

The final blast from the trumpet of the Angel Gabriel, that surmounted the staff of the cupola, proved the death knell to the old historic structure.

Years ago we bade farewell to this ancient landmark which, "Though lost to sight, is still memory dear."

THE GOVERNMENT MILLS AT THE FALLS

In addition to what is contained in the poem, "The Government Mills at the Falls," we would note the fact that the Second Territorial Judicial District Court held a session August 20, 1849, in this old-time structure. The presiding judge was Bradley B. Meeker, for whom Meeker's Island was named, and the foreman of the grand jury was Franklin Steele.

THE GOVERNMENT MILLS AT THE FALLS.

From the dim, distant, they appear;—those old mills That stood at the brink of the Falls;
The saws and the burrs and the workmen are gone, Naught is left but the moss-covered walls.

The swift rushing cataract flows through the flume, That shows signs of age and decay.
The bats and the owls are sole occupants now, And none come to scare them away.

Yet both of these mills of the pioneer days Did service for our Uncle Sam. One ground for
the soldiers the wheat and the corn— That primitive mill by the dam.

The other old mill sawed the lumber to build The ferries and homes on the claim, And
turned out the timber to rear that stronghold,— Fort Snelling,—How famous its name!

In the river we bathed at the foot of these mills Where the water was cold, clear and calm,
We fished from the rocks till their breaking away, Gave cause for distrust and alarm.

The mills, those old mills long since faded from view, The site whee they stood time
has changed, Yet we see them to-day:—Is it fancy, dear friends, Or are our wits slightly
deranged?

GOVERNMENT MILLLS AT ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS. Erected in 1821.

MINNEAPOLIS IN 1857. Suspension Bridge and Nicollet Island in the Distance—Taken from the Site of St. James Hotel.

65

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN IN 1876

While sitting in my room the afternoon of Memorial day, after having viewed the parade down Nicollet avenue, my curiosity led me to look over some old letters and clippings I had found put away on a shelf, and tied with a piece of faded ribbon. The letters proved upon examination, to be mostly specimens of my own characteristic peumanship, and were addressed to my wife, who was, at that time—over a quarter of a century ago—absent in the East.

I thought it could not be either legally or morally criminal for me to read my wife's letters, especially as they had been written by myself.

I found during the hour spent in looking over these old missives, much to interest me, and I reasoned thusly: If they have so contributed to my entertainment, why not to that of others who still cherish fond memories of those by-gone days?

These items that were considered “news” when written I will give to the reader regardless of consecutiveness, citing simply rambling “bits” as they present themselves.

“June 18, '76. This is dreary cold day; the thermometer indicates 47 degrees. It has been this way for nearly a week, and we find it a difficult matter to keep from congealing. It snowed at Duluth yesterday—”

“I have taken my first street car ride to the university. The road was pretty rough, but we got there in reasonable length of time, notwithstanding the car went off the track twice.”

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"June 12, '76. Ties are being distributed up Hennepin avenue and down Twelfth street to the Quaker church on Portland avenue. It is reported that the cars will be running on this line in July—"

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A clipping without date reads as follows: "Commencing with to-day, the Motor line will run six trains daily between this city and Minnetonka."

"June—,'76 Three bands are playing in my hearing this evening;—one in the interests of the Fourth of July circus; one for the cadets, and one for the open air concert—"

Here is a faded membership ticket of the Choral Society, which was organized April, 1876. It is signed by George W. Lyman, president, and A. W. Krech, Secretary. There is also a receipt signed by M. P. Hawkins, secretary of the "Silver Gray Club." This was the fashionable dancing club of twenty-five to thirty years ago, and its first meetings were held in Marrison's hall on Bridge Square, and later in Warner's hall, corner of Fourth and Nicollet.

"July 2, '76. A grand time is expected on the Fourth, weather permitting. It is estimated that the procession will be over three miles long, and made up principally of exhibits from the business houses and manufactories."

"Sept. 2, 1875. Major and Mrs. E. B. place gave a party at their home a few evenings ago. It was a brilliant affair." Major Place's home then was at the south end of what is now Loring park, but was at that time simply Johnson's lake. This letter mentions the marriage of George Marchant to Miss Brigham, Dr. Tuttle officiating.

"It looks lively to see street cars passing our store, (center Block) every ten minutes, on the way over the river, and returning. Most of the people prefer to walk, as there is no assurance that they will reach their destination without experiencing considerable difficulty,

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since it is hard for the cars to keep the track, especally it going faster than a dog-trot. When the projected lines are completed, it is thought that the road will pay.”

“July 14, ‘76. A thief or thieves appropriated our beautiful hanging-basket of flowers last night; he—or they—were ‘penny wise’—after ‘scents’ instead of dollars.”

A detailed account is given in one of the letters written 67 in 1875 of the tin wedding—tenth anniversary—of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Wilson.

“June 18, 1876. Next Sunday I dine with Z. T. Mullen (Wyman &Mullen), who makes his home with Mrs. Peck, (now Mrs. Byron Sutherland) in the Gale block.” This block was recently demolished, but was located between the North Star Boot and Shoe Company and Wyman, Partridge buildings on First avenue north.

An item of personal, as well as religious and worldly nature, reads as follows:

“Sept. 5, 1875. I rose this Sunday morning at 7:30, breakfasted at 8:30, read “Tribune’ half an hour, and from 9 to 10 a.m. did various duties about the house, and then dressed for church. Dr. Tuttle gave us a practical sermon on ‘Economy;’ the church was well filled.” The church here mentioned was located on the corner of Fifth street and Fourth avenue south.

“July 2, 1876. Next Sunday our church (church of the Redeemer,) is to be dedicated, Rev. Miner of Boston is to preach the dedication sermon. Among the prominent divines who are to be present will be Dr. Robert Collyer.”

In this interesting budget, I came across an invitation to attend a reception to be given Messrs. N. B. Harwood & Co., upon the opening of their wholesale dry goods house in this city. It was to be given at the Nicollet house the evening of Jan. 15, 1877, by the merchants of Minneapolis.

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There were many items which I found exceedingly entertaining, as they brought to mind the times when this city was making a struggle for a footing in the commercial world&striving to convince the growing Northwest that our possibilities were good for a jobbing center, the fact that it is a manufacturing city being already established.

Many of those who were active promoters in the destiny of this metropolitan city have passed away, but the influence they exerted lives on. This is demonstrated by our rapid growth, which can be easily seen if we compare the past with the present.

68

OUR NEIGHBORS

“Who are our neighbors?” is a question that often arises to the lips even before we are fully conscious of its conception in the brain.

Time was, when each house stood on a good-sized lot, with shade trees that nearly embowered the cozy cottage we called “home.” Every tree had its bird's nest, from which peered tiny, fluffy little fledglings, and the early morning air resounded with sweet notes from Heaven's minstrelsy of song.

On the other side of the white picket fence that marked our grant of land, was the Home of Our Neighbors, from whom we always expected and received a cheery word, whenever one of the household passed back and forth on the graveled walks, or at such times as we saw them frolicking upon the lawn with the children.

The rollicking songs of the young people in this home, as happy and care-free as those of the birds in our trees, made glad our hearts, while the raised curtains—bless those who keep them raised at eventime!—revealed by lamplight, the comforts of a well ordered and happy household, wherein dwelt love of the purest and most sanctified type, welding its inmates together by the warmth of kindred affection.

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When sorrow and sickness were ours, who was it that quickly responded to the ring of the midnight bell, glad to lend assistance, and with soothing caresses and cordials of love imparted consolation? It was "our neighbor." Rejoicing in our joy, sorrowing in our sorrow, in this and many other ways, the Neighbor of the past filled as important a place, and was as indispensable to our life's comfort as one of our own household.

69

In contrast to this past condition, we, the inhabitants of a now great city, may answer the query: "Who are our neighbors?" Strangers by the day, strangers by the week, strangers by the month,—and at the end of the year we heave a sigh, and pathetically exclaim, "Strangers yet, strangers yet!"

Today's occupant of a flat is not the tenant of a month ago; the ring of the bell last week at Flat "D" called up Mrs. Jones; today it calls up Mrs. Smith; next week,—who? We grow weary in our efforts at guessing, so intangible the data.

The new directory domiciles Mrs. W., of whom we have lost trace, in flat "E," but when we seek for her there, we are informed that she became discontented and has taken up her abode in Compton Court, flat "C." We continue to search early and late for our neighbor—a tangible neighbor—but fail in our endeavors. "Water! Water!" cry the castaways at sea, dying from thirst, with "oceans of water in sight and not a drop to drink," so we, surrounded, crowded by oceans of people, have not one neighbor to quench our thirst for friendship.

If we would again come into the companionship of neighbors, we must move down from, and out of, the sky-scraping flats, and setting our feet firmly upon God's footstool of solid earth, push out into the suburbs, where the ozone of an uncontaminated air will revivify, strengthen and fill out the emaciated form, bringing bloom to our cheeks, elasticity to our footsteps and joy to our souls. In this way shall we be made stronger and more kindly disposed, better enabled to serve God and man by enlarging our ideas of humanity and

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expanding our hearts to harmonize with the greater room for our bodies. So may we better our conditions, both mental and physical, and fit ourselves to be neighbors, and in God's neighborhood of Brotherly Love, fulfill our grander mission, and thereby make life really worth the living.

70

PRINCETON, OLD AND NEW

"Princeton! Princeton!" shouted the brakeman as we were nearing the objective point of our few days' outing, away from the noise of street cars, the ice man, the cry of the "newsey" and the quarterhour stroke of the clock in the courthouse tower.

Friends were there to greet us as we alighted at the station, which, by the way, is one that any place outside the very largest cities, might be proud of. We were escorted to a lovely cottage home—not the rural home of our boyhood recollections, but one in close touch with everything pertaining to an up-to-date town.

But for the millions of mosquitoes that had somehow heard of our coming and had, for many seasons, longed for a taste of pure Irish blood—had these not shown such affection for us, our outing would have been a merry-go-round of pleasure. We taught, when we left the great bustling city, that we should be free from "bills," but we were doomed to disappointment, as the bills were presented thick and fast. The only difference we found was this: in the city it is "Your money or your life!" while in the country it is "Not your money but your life-blood!"

We had formed an imaginary picture of Princeton, but the reality was so widely different from our conception that we are impelled to make a written comparison of our ideas of it, past and present,

Our first recollection of this busy little city goes back to the winter of 1856-57, when father drove a "tote" (supply) team for "Jock" Estes, from St. Anthony to the lumbering camps

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on the upper Rum river. While making these semi-monthly trips, he passed through this primitive 71 settlement, and in so doing formed acquaintances among the few who were religiously inclined, with whom he could have “a season of prayer” or the privilege of “speaking in meeting.” Not only these, but others were ever ready to greet him and extend a welcome to the comfort of their firesides, which, after a long, cold journey through the wilderness, was highly appreciated. These kindnesses were related by father on his return home, and they became so indelibly impressed upon our minds as to leave no room for contemplation of the changes that had been taking place everywhere during the more than forty years, now past and gone, and which must have left their impress here as well as elsewhere.

We did not have a city directory for reference, whereby to locate parties whose names were registered upon our memory; so we began questioning our host regarding Samuel Ross and Thomas Goulding, with whom father usually made his home while there, “Hi” Cowles, “Ben” Soule, W. F. Dunham, B. M. Van Alstine, Wallace Hall, C. H. Rines, F. M. Campbell, and of a later date, S. M. Byers and his wife Nancy, Arthur Woodcock, “Johnny” Berg, R. G. Dunn, of the Princeton Union, and others. We were informed that many of the old-timers were yet on God's footstool, but some had “passed over.”

Whom did we find here, and what did we learn of Princeton and its surroundings at the present date? Listen and we will tell you.

A very wide-awake little city is Princeton—named after Col. John S. Prince, of St. Paul, who, with Richard Chute, Dorilus Morrison, Samuel Ross and James W. Gillam, “platted” the townsite in 1855. At the present writing Princeton numbers 1,500 inhabitants. It is located in Mille Lacs county on the picturesque Rum river, a river that floated millions upon millions of logs upon its bosom to be transformed into lumber at the mills in Anoka and also at the Falls of St. Anthony. Here are found stores well stocked with goods, not “hand-me-downs,” but strictly up-to-date 72 in style and quality, the equal of those that are found in the larger cities. The town can also boast elegant churches, schoolhouses, hotels,

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banks, a courthouse, two papers, the Princeton Union and the News, and in addition to all these, it has city water, electric lights, telephones and sprinkling carts to lay the dust on the eighty-odd feet wide boulevarded streets, shaded by elm, butternut and other varieties of trees.

The industries of the town are varied. The large starch factory located here does not make the people stiff-necked and unyielding; but it does help them to “keep a stiff upper lip” for any contingency which might arise. Then again, there is the brick industry, which was to us a great surprise, as its output aggregates something over 20,000,000 bricks each season. These plants are located about two and one-half miles north of Princeton, and give employment to about 160 men during the brick-making season. This station is very appropriately called Brickton. It boasts a general store operated by several firms, and also a post-office; but these are side issues only; for the main results are conceded to Princeton.

It seems to us that we never in our life saw so much cordwood; more especially is this noticeable in the vicinity of Brickton. At the rear of nearly every home there was visible a systematically piled, well seasoned lot of this king of cordwood, and we imagined there could be seen engraved on the exterior of each individual stick, lines of defiance to old Boreas, daring him to do his worst. Creameries play a very important part as wealth producers, and the industry is steadily growing.

On Sunday, July 19, S. M. Byers hitched up “Kate” to the canopy-top, and invited us to accompany him on a short drive through the agricultural regions of Mille Laes county. We were only too ready to avail ourselves of this opportunity. While on the trip we were astonished beyond measure at the vastness of the resources of our great Northwest. Potatoes! potatoes! potatoes! There were 73 acres upon acres of them, many tracts of from ten to fifteen acres containing nothing but potatoes. These were cultivated as well as any garden patch in the rear of our homes. Then there was corn, the finest of which

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measured seven feet in height. Oats and wheat were also doing splendidly, though not on so large a scale.

How few of the citizens of Minneapolis, or Minnesota even, realize to what an extent the raising of potatoes has advanced in this state and the income it brings to the farmers! This is a crop that never fails, with a production of from 150 to 400 bushels per acre, and prices ranging according to the plentifulness or scarcity of the crop.

Everything grows well in this garden spot of the state, as has been proven time and again by exhibits at the State and county fairs; 156 varieties of grain and vegetables, excellent in quality, furnish an array of incontrovertible facts.

Had it not been for the superabundance of pesky mosquitoes, we should certainly have forgotten our dignity and waded out into one of the charming lakes, of which there are many, and gathered an armful of lilies from the thousands that so temptingly invited us. But discretion is often the better part of valor, so we felt obliged to forego what was a great source of delight in our younger days, and to allow our shoes and stockings to remain in position and the lilies to bloom and fade in their native haunt, while we contented ourselves with a contemplation of their beauty, the remembrance of which will be a delight for all time to come.

It was while on this little trip that we were permitted to view homes much like those of the pioneer days. We saw the familiar pump, the corn-crib, the hog-pen, the well-eaten straw-stacks that were nearly ready to topple over, the rusty plow and harrow by the roadside, the bench and wash-basin in the rear of the kitchen, the piece of broken looking-glass tacked to the side of the shed, where hung a towel which was in condition for the Monday wash. 74 Sheep, cattle and horses could be seen everywhere. There was one feature that impressed us much more forcibly than any other; it was the forests of pine, maple and other kinds of timber that abound throughout this section. Much of this timber has never been disturbed, and presents a sight seldom witnessed within the bounds of civilization.

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We feasted our eyes and palates on wild raspberries and blueberries, and saw where the cranberries grow; we also had the pleasure of gathering an abundance of flowers from the garden of Mrs. John Goulding, where was a most beautiful array of hollyhocks, larkspur, zinnias, sweet alyssum, maid-in-the-mist and almost ready-to-bloom balsams. We likewise feasted our eyes upon a large field of seed onions in full bloom—a picturesque sight, indeed, and the property of Thomas Coley.

If all those taking their summer outing can derive as much pleasure and profit from two brief days as we did, they will have good reason to be very, very thankful.

ST. PAUL IN 1857—LOOKING UP WABASHA STREET.

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“DAT REVIVAL”

We were spending our outing time with friends in an Iowa town, not long since, and one of the gentlemen with whom we were visiting, was at his wits' end to devise means of entertainment; so one evening he suggested that we attend a colored folks' revival meeting that was holding full sway in the old church on the hill. We assented to the proposition, and at the appointed hour, set out for the dilapidated structure that in bygone days had been a passable house of worship.

Shouts heard long before we came in sight of the church, prevented our missing it, and getting into the wrong pew at another house of worship.

We were met at the outer door by one of the brethren, who, with beaming countenance, ushered us to within three pews of the anxious seat. We soon learned the reason of this unexpected courtesy, and found that the pew was reserved for visitors, especially for white folks, and had a cushion, while all the others were as hard as those provided for our Puritan ancestors.

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We soon found out that we were a little late in arriving. Mr. Clancey, the preacher, was in his shirt sleeves, although it was not very warm, and was preaching from the text, "What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety-and-nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it." He seemed to be mastering the subject fairly well—at least we judged so from the frequent "amens" and "hallelujahs" that arose from different parts of the house. He said: "De white bredren ben striben to pull de wool ober he's eyes and make him belebe dat it war a black sheep; dey don't know no more bout it den you does, bredren; and you 76 hasn't seen dat sheep—dat pertickler sheep, for he's ben long time ded." At this juncture, Elder Clancey was obliged to send Deacon Johnson out in the hall to keep order, as some unruly boy was playing "the juba" on a mouthorgan, thus diverting the attention of many worshippers from their spiritual devotions.

The argument presented by the preacher was convincing until he began to give quotations from Scripture to sustain his position. The evening before he had delivered a powerful sermon on the sin of Ananias and Sapphira, and had omitted to remove the bookmarks; the result can well be imagined. The congregation could not get it through their heads what the land possessions of Ananias and Sapphira had to do with the "lost sheep"; but before he finished reading the chapter that he had been laying so much stress upon, it dawned on the preacher that he was commenting on the Scripture lesson of the previous evening; at this discovery he apologized in the most becoming manner for so sad a piece of carelessness.

The possessions of Ananias and Sapphira were undoubtedly pasture lands, and the ninety-and-nine had just been safely led into the fold, which possibly had something to do with the blunder.

The sermon gave us considerable light, though not sufficient to satisfy us in regard to the missing sheep; but we took it for granted that it was finally captured.

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At the conclusion of the sermon, the pastor announced to the congregation that the society was considerably in arrears, adding: "As long as I've jurisdiction ober dis flock, dere shan't be no dunnin' bills flouted befo' my face." He requested Brother Brunson and Brother Jones to take seats inside the chancel and hold the plates for contributions. He said he never would "dun nobody fer de Lord's sake," but the people must give freely and as a duty, and he requested that while the choir was singing, the congregation should march round, "jes as if takin' a last look ob a corpse at a funeral." After depositing their mites in the 77 plates of the deacons, all were to resume their places, while he gave announcements for future services and made known the result of their liberality.

My friend suggested that we join the procession, and deposit our nickels. To this I assented. It was decided that I should drop my "coin of the realm" into Deacon Jones' plate, and my friend allow his to jingle in Deacon Bronson's.

We were greeted with smiles and "God bless yous," and were taken by the hand and assured we would always be welcome at the sanctuary. This was the ceremonious way of acknowledging the contributions of all visitors.

While we were marching round, many of the zealous sisters shouted "Glory to God!" keeping time to the music with swaying feet and bodies.

The first performance had so highly amused and entertained us, that we concluded to march around again, and make another deposit. We did so, and were received in the same gracious manner as before. My friend dared me to "go it" a third time, and not wishing to back out, I said, "It's a go!" and on we marched—at least I supposed it was "we," until I glanced back and saw him skipping out at the door, convulsed with laughter. I was not in a position to crawl out, and had to keep on to the finish."

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The receipts of the evening amounted to sixty-two cents, of which my friend and I contributed twenty-five. Never before or since have we derived so much enjoyment both worldly and religious from money expended, as at this meeting with the "cullud folks."

I have not yet got even with my friend for giving me the slip, but only await his coming to Minneapolis.

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A PLEASANT MEMORY

All Hennepin county pioneers cherish pleasant memories of Judge Norton H. Hemiup, who died in New York city, September 22, 1900. During his long residence in Minneapolis, he was active in all social and public affairs. For the first twenty years of our growth as a city, his name appears conspicuously in everything that pertained to the betterment of society and to our material progress.

Judge Hemiup was well versed in the law. He was successful as a jurist and was an honest and able counsellor in whom all—rich or poor, black or white—had the utmost confidence.

The probate records bear testimony to his qualifications as a judge of this court and to his faithful service during his term of office.

For several years, late in the fifties, he was senior member of the firm of N. H. Hemiup & Co., whose place of business was Stanchfield's Block, St. Anthony. He also served a term as postmaster, and was secretary of the Minneapolis Board of Trade.

During the Civil War he conducted a drug store in Martin's block, lower St. Anthony, under the same firm name as when engaged in a like line of business up town.

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The judge was a very active and conscientious man in church work, and was the chief promoter in the erection of the first Universalist church in this city, located near the Exposition building and now owned by the Catholic Society of Notre Dame de Lourdes. He gave liberally of his time and means for its support; he was perfectly at home as a preacher, Sunday school superintendent or leader of the choir, and was a general favorite with the young people of the community.

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The legal enfranchisement of women and other progressive movements found in him an enthusiastic supporter. My memories of him extend over a period of forty-five years, some of them years of close business association, and I remember him as a good, able and upright man.

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A LONG AGO CHRISTMAS

"Well, if this don't seem like old times!" These were the words we heard from our old friend Felix, the other morning as he waded briskly through the snow on his way down town.

"You seem greatly elated this morning," I said as I hustled up alongside. "You appear to have a full head of steam on."

"Bet your life!" he answered. "Don't this remind you of the wayback days when we were boys? Everything covered up with the same dear, old snow—lovely snow—that used to cover the house and barn and wagon-shed; yes, and was so nicely poised on fence-post, wagon-stake, hen-coop and well-sweep!

"This same snow that during the winter would pile itself in huge drifts high above the fences, and then pack and freeze solid so that he traveled roads ran over those same fences, and nobody knew it! Why, bless my soul, Frank, I feel as though I had awakened from a long sleep and suddenly came into a full realization of this precious gift of nature!

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I am so intoxicated by this bracing air that I can hardly restrain myself, and I don't know what minute I may be shouting out and testing my lung capacity to its utmost, so jubilant am I over this snowy counterpane that has been so carefully let down in fleecy folds over our poor shivering earth. Welcome, feathery flakes! May your stay with us be long enough to revive in memory the youthful pleasure we enjoyed in your company!"

"Hold on to yourself, Felix!" I remarked; "you are becoming sentimental, and—"

"Sentimental," he interrupted; "not by a long shot," and before I had time to realize what he was about, there he was, sprawled out on his back by the roadside, arms stretched out, legs well apart, making an exact impression of himself. Then he jumped up, shook off the snow, and, pointing to the snow image of himself, said:

"That little reminder of a trick of my boyhood days is worth of me, this minute, a straight five-dollar bill, and as true as I'm digging the snow out of the back of my neck, I would not take an X for this realistic taste of youth."

"I know just how you feel, old boy, for you are well aware I've been there myself, and—"

"What's this?" he suddenly chimed in, grabbing me by the elbow, "Christmas doings in the shop windows! Well, if this isn't a contrast to what Christmas was when we were boys."

"I well recollect," he went on, musingly, "the last Christmas week we spent in dear old Maine in 1849. I can see the big fireplace and its rousing fire, spitting the glowing sparks all about and sometimes dropping a coal on the stone hearth. Yes, and there is the settle standing within five feet of the warmth-giving blaze, and containing no less than four expectant 'young ones,' who were seriously contemplating and questioning how Santa Claus was going to gain entrance to the room by way of the chimney with all that fire and smoke and heat, to fill the blue yarn stockings which mother had knit, and which were hanging in a row

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@.'by the chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there,'

that is, as soon as they had been snugly tucked away in bed. I can faintly hear mother's voice as I heard it that Christmas night after she had kissed us and bade us go to sleep, singing sweetly, While shepherds watched their flocks by night'—By the way, Frank, where are we? This all looks strange!"

"O, I had about lost my bearings, too. This is the Tenth avenue bridge. Never mind where we are, Felix, let's go 82 on with our reflections and reminiscences and forget the present for awhile to revel in the past."

"All right; just as you say!" and he continued: "As I was about to state, when I was dropping off to sleep, I heard a noise on the roof, and in spite of my determination to keep awake and find out all about it, the next thing I knew it was morning, and I assure you I was not the only one who raced out to the fireplace in abbreviated garments to get my stockings and scamper back to bed, which was rapidly approaching an icy coldness."

"Can you guess," he queried, "what those stockings contained? It may be that you can. You were a boy, too, about time, and probably your experiences were similar to mine."

"I had two long, twisted doughnuts, an apple and four cookies in the shape of animals that must have come into existence before Noah's time, and to worship whom would have broken no commandment, as they were not made in the likeness of anything in the firmament above nor on the earth beneath, nor the waters under the earth.' The shape did not affect their sweetness, however. This was the sum total of our Christmas gifts, but I would be ready to scream with delight, right here and now, if I could once again feel the joy experienced at having been so generously remembered by dear old Santa!"

"Why my dear boy," Felix went on to say, "if I could only enter into the spirit of an old-time snowball match, a slide down the hill on bobs' or hogshead staves, a 'catch-on-behind,' or be crowded into an ox-sled on the way to singing school—if I could only for one winter,

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and only one, realize all this, I sincerely believe I should feel as if my cup were full to overflowing.

“Sentimental, you say? Not a bit of it! Yet how I would enjoy listening to those sweet old songs, ‘Bonny Doon,’ ‘Do They Miss Me at Home,’ ‘Do They Miss Me,’ ‘I’ll Chase the Antelope Over the Plains,’ and ‘Lily Dale,’ 83 sung as they were among our companions in singing school, or even in the quiet of the home!”

“Well, well, Felix, Here we are at the old City Hall—pretty long walk for two kids of three-score years, hey? It’s not yet nine o’clock, but what a distance we have traveled over Memory’s road, and yet we are not very weary, are we?”

“Weary? I should say not! I may be a crank, my boy, but neither you nor any one else can turn my head from the sweet memories of the past.

“Good-bye; come over and see us when you are out our way.”

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A SAW-MILL OF OUR TERRITORIAL DAYS

“Well, young man,” said the good-natured foreman of the “new gang,”—that means of the improved gang which would at once cut a whole log into boards of an inch in thickness,—“want to go to work sluicin’ by nights in as dandy a mill as is chewin’ up logs at the Falls? If so, yer can have a job, and guess we can give yer a dollar a night if yer can sling an axe well, and keep the edgin’s away from the trimmer.”

A job was what I wanted, and I assured the foreman that I was equal to the task, as I had inherited my father’s expertness in wielding the axe, and thought I should be acceptable to him in the required capacity.

I was instructed to be on hand promptly at seven in the evening, as the day crew “shut down” at six o’clock. This gave time to clean up, and have the filers change the gang-saws

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which had been doing duty all day long, for a new set that had received the attention of the experts during the day.

At seven o'clock I was on hand dressed in my new blue overalls and frock. In my hand was a bright shiny dinner-pail containing my midnight supper, which consisted of bread and molasses, a slice of cold fried pork, and a goodly sized piece of old-fashioned gingerbread. In the upper chamber of the pail was a supply of prepared tea sufficient to wash down my youthful throat the solids with which I had been provided. On top was the handy little dipper which also served as a cover to the cupola to my dinner house, that sometimes contained prune or applesauce, which gave the climax to the appetite of a healthy hard-working youth of the fourteen summers.

"All hands on deck!" shouted the foreman as the immense 85 wheels began to revolve with a deafening roar. In a few moments all the workmen were at their posts of duty, as much in their places as were the saws in that giant frame, keyed up to perform what was required of them.

The two men in charge of the gang, with cant-hooks in hand, rolled onto the gang-carriage a monster log recently drawn from the mill-pond, still dripping with water, and appearing like a huge leviathan of the deep ready to be placed on the sacrificial altar. It was but a moment when the log was on the carriage and the trained eye of the boss, satisfied that it would cut to advantage, placed his foot upon a lever. At once those sharp teeth, numbered by the hundreds, were biting methodically from that unwieldy log, those clean-cut, shapely boards, that were immediately turned over to the trimmers, who place them on a long table, on rollers,—about four of them at a time—and walking beside the table, by pushing along its load of boards against a swiftly revolving saw, edged them beautifully. As soon as this was done they were turned over to the "trimmers," who performed their part by cutting off the rough ends, with a "cut-off" circular saw. This having been finished, the boards were run out of the mill onto the lumber-pile, where they were sorted and put in shape for the

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lumber wagons to load up and deliver to the yards. Here, piled up sky-high, they formed that spectacle so familiar in all lumber manufacturing towns.

When the trimmers and edgers had performed their part of the work by trimming the edges of the boards, and cutting off the jagged ends, it was my duty to dispose of the leavings. I was supposed to keep the coast clear, and there was no time for napping—it was a case of push, from the man on the board-piles to the man in the mill-pond getting the logs ready for the “slip.”

I was provided with a light-weight, keen-edged axe, and by placing these sixteen or eighteen-foot edgings on a block, I could cut them in two, then gather them up by the armful and “chuck” them down the sluice-hole, where the swiftly-running 86 running water would convey them a long distance below the falls, to be floated down the Mississippi or drifted upon the shores, there to be gathered up by the flat-dwellers and used for their winter's supply of fuel.

My duties would not have been arduous, had it not frequently happened that the sluice would become choked, sometimes by a sharp edging sticking into the sluice-way, then again by a short one getting cross-wise and effecting a lodgement. Life then became a misery to me, until the lodgement had been detached, as I was forced to leave my position and with a pick-pole or pickeroon, get a move on it. This state of affairs would sometimes happen every night for a month; then weeks might pass without the least hindrance.

When I returned to my post, it was discouraging to see the immense accumulation that had occurred in my half hour's absence. It was not at all pleasant to have the men at the edgers go for me red-hot, telling me to keep the edgings clear, or get out, and let some one who could do this take my job. The men were not to blame, as their work was impeded, and furthermore the gang would not be allowed to shut down for an instant, as its quota of thousands of feet must be cut in order to make the mill profitable.

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A welcome sight it was when I glanced into the filing-room, and saw the lazy minute-hand, and the lazier hour-hand of the old round clock creeping to the hour of midnight. If a log on the gang-carriage had not been fully cut up, it would sometimes necessitate continuing our work a few minutes past twelve to enable the expert thoroughly to inspect the saws and attend to things of importance in the machinery, such as oiling, tightening and cleaning up, so as to insure good work for the rest of the night.

What a lull come when "shut down" was declared! It is a wonder to me that I am not deaf after undergoing several summers of this Bedlam of noise. As proof that I am not, is the fact that I can distinctly hear words of 87 reproof from the my better half, although I try to turn a deaf ear to her timely admonitions.

An hour's nooning is a good long time when one is not obliged to go home for meals; so our crew improved these moments to the best advantages. Twenty or thirty of these sons of toil would gather in the filing-room, which, by the way, was a room set apart for the purpose of what is called the "filer," who cares for the saws. It was also a place for the storage of chains, cant-hooks, pickeroons, bolts, wrenches, and such other necessary utilities as are required in all well-regulated mills.

In this room the crew of the "new gang" would devour their midnight meal with a relish that indicated an entire absence of dyspepsia, and showed that they had brought to the territory sound constitutions and stomachs that were proof against all these modern ailments for which newspaper advertisements of patent medicine offer infallible remedies with "sure cure or money refunded."

It took about twenty minutes for us to finish our meal, leaving some forty for the story-teller to get in his work. This particular crew was blest with a number of gifted narrators, most of whom dealt more with facts than fancy, and graphically illustrated the saying that truth is stranger than fiction.

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Among these might be mentioned honest old Mike Smith, the politician and reformer, whom all early settlers at the Falls will remember. Mike always had a good, true, thrilling story relating principally to his army life in Prussia, and his final escape to this free country. Then there were Sam Knight who came in 1850 from "way down in Maine," and Pete Bushway, and Joe Jamme, two as good whole-souled Canadian Frenchmen as ever breathed, and both "chock full" of French lore gathered in historic Quebec and Montreal.

Another workman from Maine told a story which made such a vivid impression on my mind that I can repeat it 88 after the passage of more than forty years. It was as follows:

"My mother was a widow when she married my father, and she owned five acres of land. She rented her place and removed with my father to Noel, Hunts county, Nova Scotia to a farm my father's father had given him. The next year father raised quite a large crop of oats and potatoes. Not feeling contented to remain longer on the farm, he sold it for a vessel, the 'Sarah Jane,' which was quite old and had undergone many repairs. My father said that as a woman couldn't understand men's business, he didn't let my mother know anything about the trade.

"Before she heard of it, she had a dream in which she saw a vessel coming up the bay. When it reached a point opposite the center of the farm, the anchor was thrown out, a boat lowered, and the anchor placed in it. The men landed from the boat, taking the anchor with them to the middle of the farm, making it fast to the ground. They then went back to the vessel, hoisted sail and started, taking the farm with them, which, with the vessel, was soon out of sight. Mother then woke, and told the dream to father, who said, 'Just like you to be always dreaming something awful!'"

"In a few days father came into the house with a lawyer and requested mother to sign some papers. 'What papers.' she asked in surprise. 'I have sold the farm for a vessel,' he answered, 'and I want you to sign the deed.'

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“She signed it, but reluctantly!

“Father said to her: ‘Mother, I am going to load the vessel with oats, potatoes and plaster of Paris, and take the cargo to St. Johns and sell it. We will then go to Calais and live upon your five acres, and I will run the vessel a coasting.’

“The vessel was loaded, and the time for sailing set. The night before she started, my mother dreamed another dream. It was this: ‘The vessel leaked at the bow, and sank to the bottom.’ She awoke, told father the dream, 89 and said, ‘I will never go aboard the Sarah Jane.’ Father tried to quiet her fears by explaining that the vessel had been thoroughly repaired, and was seaworthy; but as another boat was to accompany the Sarah Jane, mother could take that since she was under the influence of her dream, and he would go with her on this boat instead of their own.

“He did so. The vessels started together, and when they were out of sight of St. Johns, father said to mother: ‘Come on deck quick, and see how lovely the Sarah Jane is skimming over the water!’ As they were admiring her, they saw a commotion on board, and heard cries for help from the crew. Their vessel ran alongside, and rescued all on board except the cook and an old colored woman, who went to the bottom with the ‘Sarah Jane’ and cargo. Everything of value that my father owned on land or sea was swallowed up.”

“There was something in mother's dream after all,” said the story-teller, taking a good drink of cold tea from his dinner-pail just before the hour-hand of the clock had reached the figure one on the dial.

Such stories as this—mostly true ones—were sandwiched in at midnight and told to eager listeners while they were waiting for the boss to call out, “All to your places.”

The big wheels would again move, ever increasing in velocity, and we all once more went on hustling with our work until relieved by the daycrew, who put in an appearance at six

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o'clock in the morning. We then proceeded to our homes and partook of a hot breakfast, after which we went to bed, there to dream and snore away the summer day, until we were awakened afresh for the toils of another night in busy and noisy hive of industry—a saw-mill of the Minnesota territorial days.

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A PIONEER EXPERIENCE

Many are the narratives we might give of the pioneers' experience with the Indians, but by far the greater portion of these are of too blood-curdling a character for general perusal. Hence, we have stored them away, not only in memory but in manuscript form, simply for the satisfaction of knowing that they did actually occur, and that we are in possession of the exact facts.

The following interesting account is not of this character, and it affords us much pleasure to reproduce it in the author's own words. It was furnished us by Earl Hossington of Delano, Wright county, Minnesota.

"I came to Minnesota in the spring of 1855, from Ohio, via railroad to St. Louis, and thence by boat up the Mississippi river.

"The boat which brought us from St. Louis was the second after the opening of navigation is the latter part of April. A sad trip it was indeed, as we had on board a dozen cholera cases, nearly all of which proved fatal. The danger that my turn might come next was a serious and unpleasant subject for contemplation.

"After reaching St. Paul without the realization of my fears, I resumed my journey by land to St. Anthony's Falls, and was welcomed to the home of an old-time friend and neighbor, Amos Clark.

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"Mr. Clark was a lumberman and employed help; this being the case, I had no difficulty in obtaining work up the Mississippi river getting out timbers to be used in the construction of the suspension bridge at the Falls of St. Anthony, which was the first bridge to cross the Mississippi from its source to its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico.

"While we were engaged in preparing this timber, which 91 was to be put in rafts and floated down the river, there was a large band of Winnebago Indians encamped on the north side of the river not far from where I was at work. Not knowing much about Indians and their customs, I was not unduly fearful that my life was in jeopardy; yet, as I kept at work, I would occasionally raise my hat and try the condition of my scalp, not quite sure how soon it and I might be called upon to part company.

"We had not been here many days when the glad announcement came that the Indians were all to be removed to their new reservation in Nebraska. A picturesque sight it was, indeed, to see eight hundred braves, squaws and papposes embarking in canoes with their belongings, singing their weird strains while they rapidly floated down the 'Father of Waters' on the way to their new hunting-grounds.

"When our timber contract had been completed, I returned to St. Anthony, where I remained until June, when I went up to what was then known as the 'Big Woods,' in the western part of Hennepin county, and pre-empted a claim.

"At this time there were no roads and I was obliged to follow section lines to the forks of the Crow river. I camped in the woods over night, and after building a fire to toast a partridge which I had shot, and eating the same, I lay down to sleep, but was unable to court the 'sweet restorer,' on account of a severe headache.

"It was about ten o'clock when I was startled by the sound of something stepping stealthily along and gradually nearing the spot where I was lying. Suddenly I rose to my feet and a

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big buck deer leaped several feet into the air with a snort which might have been heard for a mile. It was a question with me which was the most frightened, I or Mr. Buck.

“The claim I pre-empted was in what is now known as Independence township, on the Watertown road. I built a cabin in January and my wife and I moved into it, lived 92 there until spring and then built another cabin, which I covered with ‘shakes,’ the first one having been covered with poles and hay.

“We greatly enjoyed the maple syrup and sugar which I obtained this spring from the abundance of sugar maple in this vicinity. This meant much to us when there was so little to be had in the way of luxury, as we were so far from a market, and had no money to purchase even though the article was close at hand.

“One day it was necessary for me to visit a neighbor a mile distant, and my wife was left alone. I had not been gone long when she heard strange noises near the cabin, and, looking out, beheld a company of twenty-four Indians coming towards it. She was greatly frightened, not knowing what was to be her fate. They proved to be a band of Sioux who had been on the warpath for Chippewas, a tribe with whom they were to deadly enmity.

“They entered the house and made a raid on everything in sight. They stuck their fingers in the syrup, cleaned out the cupboard of everything in the eating line, taking from one of the shelves a bottle of aloes, a remedy we always kept in the house and considered, with the accompanying peppermint and castor oil, as indispensable to the health of the family. Nothing escaped their notice, but my wife was thankful that they did not offer to molest her, but only left a frightened woman and an empty larder.

As they were leaving the place they gave an ear-splitting whoop, which meant, undoubtedly, that they might call again. I learned a little later that these same Sioux encountered a band of Chippewas at or near Shakopee. The firing could be distinctly heard at our home, eighteen miles distant.

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“‘Whisky, whisky; toback, toback,’ is what they asked for when they first entered the cabin, but not finding any whisky, they took the next best thing in liquid form, according to their judgment—the bottle of aloes. If they had not been possessed of cast-iron insides, they surely 93 would not have been in condition to do battle with their deadly foes after partaking of this well-known drug, as they doubtless did.”

Such was the simple experience of this pioneer; yet how tragic were those experiences of seven years later in these same big woods at Glencoe, Sumter, Hutchinson, Forest City, Mannanah and throughout the Northwest. There are many now living, who were then young, and can vividly recall the horrors of that time, and can also remember when hundreds of these savages were made prisoners and marched under guard through the little towns of their way, my boat and land, to Fort Snelling. There they were tried and those found the most guilty expiated their crimes on the scaffold at Mankato.

The monuments at New Ulm, Birch Coolie and other points in Western Minnesota tell of the awful sacrifice of life among our pioneers before the foundations were laid upon which has been built a commonwealth that is celebrated, far and near, for its progressive citizenship, its vast agricultural resources and institutions of learning, surpassed by but few of the States over which floats the Flag of the Free.

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THE PASSING OF THE PIONEERS

A feeling of sadness and loneliness comes over us, as one by one of those who were prominent factors in the early growth of our city, are snatched from its busy life, and the places which once knew them know them no more forever.

Among these who have of late passed over to the majority, are two with whom the writer of this was intimately acquainted—Mrs. Sumner W. Farnham and Charles Robinson.

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The pioneers of the fifties all held Mrs. Farnham in high esteem. Her home was the Mecca to which philanthropic women of her own and other churches made frequent pilgrimages, and never in vain. Her warm interest in the soldiers of the Union and their families, led to the important part she played during the Civil War. Her personal efforts in behalf of the destitute often supplied them with timely and needful assistance, and it is impossible to estimate the number who received aid and comfort through her cheerful, motherly presence, advice and ministrations.

When the cruel war was over Mrs. Farnham still remained in the ranks of the indefatigable workers, welcoming home the small fraction left of regiments which went forth from our state with their full complement of patriotic men in the flush of manly pride and vigor.

The memory of this good woman will always be held dear by her pioneer associates, and especially by the old soldiers and their families.

Surely a crown of glory awaits all such benefactors of the race. Of Mrs. Farnham it can be truly said that the world was better for her having lived in it. We still 95 realize how much she did to disperse the clouds of gloom that hung over our beloved country during the years of its greatest trial. If—

“To live in hearts we leave behind, Is not to die.”

for such as she there is no death.

The other to whom we would pay tribute, is Charles Robinson, an associate of our boyhood. Our first acquaintance with “Charley” dates back to the time when he was an apprentice in the daguerrean gallery of A. H. Beal previous to the Civil War.

At the time of the breaking out of hostilities, he had acquired sufficient proficiency in his art, to secure a permit to follow the regiment as a civilian, and take the boys' pictures.

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Charley underwent many hardships and many narrow escapes. But for his civilian clothes and his camera, he would often have been in serious danger. Once he would certainly have met death at the hands of an infuriated rebel. The incident is as follows:

At Fort Pillow, when the rebels had overpowered our forces, compelling many to surrender, Charley found it necessary to conceal himself in to prevent being captured or killed. So he lay down close to a fallen tree, hoping that the enemy would pass him by unnoticed. This probably would have happened, had a soldier not been discovered who was attempting to hide beside him. This soldier was instantly shot, while Charley escaped with being robbed of what valuable he had on his person, and the greater part of his clothing. When asked to hand over his boots, however, Charlie demurred, saying that he would die with his boots on rather than give them up and live. Any one acquainted with this section of country can appreciate Charlie's good sense in this matter.

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After his return home, Charlie conducted on Washington Avenue South an establishment known as "The North Star Daguerrean Gallery." His advertisement in our old city directory stated that he was "prepared at all time to take Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, Sphereotypes, Melaneotypes, Ambrographs, Pictures on Leather and Photographs which for durability could not be excelled."

The Robinson family was prominent in the social functions of these early days, Charlie being perhaps the greatest favorite of them all.

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COL. FRANCIS PETELER'S MOUND CELLAR

It is no uncommon thing to hear of "skeletons in the closet," and there is a saying that no house is exempt from at least one, though it is kept a dead secret from the world. It is a rare thing, however, to hear of a mound constructed as the burial-place of some distinct

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tribe, and kept for this exclusive purpose a sufficient number of years for trees to have grown to a gigantic size upon it, and then be converted into a vegetable cellar.

Such an one there was, located but a short distance from the enterprising and beautiful city of Anoka in this State.

Col. Francis Peteler, now an honored and prosperous citizen of Minneapolis, lived on a farm adjacent to Round lake, in 1862, and upon this tract of land was one of those mounds so frequently seen in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys. This mound was located in an ideal spot—for the deceased—and equally so for the contemplated root cellar, being “high and dry” in all kinds of weather. Workmen were engaged to excavate, little thinking of the gruesome spectacle that was to be laid bare by the pick and shovel. Soon, very soon, there was indisputable evidence that it was the resting place of some unknown tribe. When placed there it was no doubt believed that the remains would lie unmolested until the resurrection morn, when all good Indians would be gathered to the happy hunting grounds.

Had Col. Peteler known that this mound was a sepulcher, he would not for a moment have entertained the project he was about to undertake. He had looked upon this mound simply as one of nature's artistic touches meant to relieve the monotony of the landscape. The work having once begun, curiosity led him to continue it. He found the skeletons 98 systematically arranged in layers, with earth between, showing that much regard ad been paid to the dead.

The Minnesota State Historical Society has many valuable relies taken from mounds throughout the State, which to the antiquarian will prove of great interest, not only at the present time but along down the ages yet to be.

THE HISTORIC SIBLEY HOUSE AT MENDOTA, MINN.

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THE SIBLEY HOUSE

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The Sibley house, Mendota, is the oldest stone building in Minnesota, except Fort Snelling, having been erected in 1835. It was beneath this roof that Alexander Ramsey, Stephen A. Douglass and many other dignitaries found shelter and transacted business pertaining to the founding of the new Territory, and here they also formulated their treaties with the Indians.

It was in this crude structure, which was then considered palatial in comparison with the log huts and wigwams which were in evidence, that Governor Alexander Ramsey and family made their home for about a month, when they first arrived from Pennsylvania in May, 1849. They were unable to secure a habitation in St. Paul on account of the public houses, or which there were comparatively few, being already overcrowded, and became the guests of Henry H. Sibley who, for nearly half a century, was a prominent figure as a statesman and soldier.

Without being removed from its original site, this house, first located in Michigan Territory, was afterwards in Wisconsin and Iowa, until Minnesota was created in 1849.

A photograph of the old building and a group of the "Native Sons of Minnesota" and their friends was taken June 11, 1904, while they were on an excursion down the Mississippi river from Minnehaha Falls, via Fort Snelling, Mendota and up the Minnesota river. Returning, the party, numbering 125, was left at the foot of Jackson street, St. Paul.

These same "Native Sons of Minnesota" are making strenuous efforts to have this historic building, as well as the Faribault House, similar in construction and of historic value, purchased from their present owners to become the property of the State and thereby preserve to posterity that which otherwise might be lost through neglect and natural decay.

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WITH THE INDIANS IN THE BAD LANDS

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Thrilling indeed were the experiences of many in the early history of Minnesota! These were due to a variety of causes; first come the privations incident to the lot of the pioneer, wherever that lot may be cast. Here it was intermixed with financial panics which called for the strictest economy in food and clothing; scarcely was a start made on the road to success in the farming line, when the grasshopper pest made one grand waste of this fertile Northwest country. There was also the distress brought about, directly or indirectly, by the Civil War, and the Sioux Indian outbreak came still further to cripple our fair domain, while its inhabitants were driven nearly to desperation in the attempt—Which was eminently successful—to muster able-bodied men and boys to help save the Union.

While this medley of conditions was at fever heat, an expedition was organized right here in our midst to penetrate the regions still further west in search of gold, which was supposed to be hidden in the rocks and crevices of far-away Idaho.

How clearly the scene comes back to me after all these years! I remember distinctly when Captain J. L. Fisk succeeded in gathering into his ranks for this perilous trip, a little band of adventurers, men, women and a few children. The story is not all told in Mr. Sims' narration, which follows, for there is much, very much that has been left unsaid of the terrible sufferings, not only on the march, but while the party was entrenched for sixteen long days and nights before the savages, expecting that at any moment they would swoop down and scalp them.

I forego imparting what I have learned from other members 101 of the expedition, but will leave it to the reader to let his mind run riot during and after the perusal of the following report, which is authentic in every particular, having been compiled from notes kept from day to day by the narrator, who was, in the early history of our Territory and State, a St. Anthony druggist.

Before proceeding with the account, I will give names of several who joined this expedition, some of whom returned, while others were the victims of the redskins.

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Charles F. Sims, Erwin W. Sims, William E. Harris, Robert G. Shuler, Isaac P. Lennan, Jefferson Dilts, A. A. Clement, Lewis Nudick, Walter Fewer, Charles Libby, Mr. Larnard and his son Horatio, Henry S. Dow, Lloyd Dow and Dr. William D. Dibb.

Captain J. L. Fisk was at the head of the expedition of 1864, and Mr. Sims, one of the party, gives a graphic account of a battle with Indians in the Band Lands of the western part of Dakota. In 1862 Capt. Fisk secured an appropriation from congress to lead an expedition to Bannock City, Idaho, which is now located in the state of Montana, where gold has been discovered in large quantities. Capt. Fisk made a successful trip in that year with fifty-three men. In 1863 he headed a second expedition and in 1864 he secured another appropriation for the purpose of laying out the best route to the new gold country. This expedition started from Fort Ridgely, in Minnesota, and numbered about 175 people, men, women and children. Mules, oxen and wagons were used to transport the supplies. The route taken was south of the one by which Capt. Fisk's former parties had reached Bannock City. When the expedition reached Fort Rice, twenty miles south of Bismarck, the Missouri river was crossed. From there Gen. Sully's trail of thirty days before was followed for seventy-five or eighty miles, when the party started due west. One hundred miles beyond the point where the Sully trail was left, the Indians were encountered. The story is well told in Mr. Sim's letter, which follows: 102 Sioux City, Iowa, Nov. 6th, '64.

Having at last reached a place that claims, in part at least, the character of civilization, I take great pleasure in being able to transmit to you a short narrative of the events connected with the expedition of Capt. James L. Fisk, from the time of our departure until we began our disastrous retreat.

I frankly admit that I am badly beaten in the result of what I so fondly anticipated in early spring, but I will not yet admit that I am discouraged.

Our expedition has resulted in a most miserable failure, and every man connected with it has met with great financial loss. Many also have lost their lives.

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I am sorry to say that I can easily reckon the discount without knowing the price of gold in Wall street; but on the contrary I am well pleased that I still exist, that the Indian arrow, scalping knife, or tomahawk has not harmed one.

On the fifteenth of July we left our place of rendezvous—Fort Ridgely, with every prospect of a speedy and successful journey to Bannock City. Our train was quite respectable in size; in fact it was large—consisting of eighty-eight wagons and carts and nearly two hundred men, women and children, with one small piece of artillery, together with a military escort of cavalry sufficient to ensure the safety of the train to the Missouri.

We were also well organized and—with the exception of the pretty troubles that will always occur in such a crowd—everything passed along harmoniously.

We proceeded up the beautiful valley of the Minnesota to its source, Big Stone lake, turning west on the dividing ridge that separates the waters of the Red River of the North and those of the Minnesota. Standing on an elevation near by, it is easy to see the head-waters of each, and here involuntarily the imagination will follow the course and termination of the one away down in the sunny south to the Gulf of Mexico, while it traces the other in an apposite 103 direction far into the cold regions of the north. I could but wonder at the vastness of the country in which we live, and think how little we appreciate its real magnitude when at home.

I have seen but little to admire during my short experience on the plains, except the valley of the Minnesota. The soil is rich and the valley is very extensive—capable, if well cultivated, or sustaining millions of people. I imagine, however, that many years will elapse before this upper valley is settled to any extent; there is much good land nearer market that will be occupied first. I have seen vast and desolate plains, high and rugged bluffs—only fit for the elk, antelope and buffalo—but I cannot imagine what beauty there is in the appearance of all this, which so many admire.

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One thing we have learned by sad experience—that the Indians make capital use of the Dakota hills, in hiding behind them to insult and shoot the immigrants.

After leaving Big Stone lake we proceeded in a westerly direction and soon began crossing what is termed the “Coteaux des Prairies,” a high and hilly section of country about forty miles in width, stretching along from north to south a distance of nearly on hundred miles. By gradual ascent we reached the summit, and in crossing we found a fairly good road, excepting the number of small rocks which inflicted much injury on loaded wagons. This inconvenience, however, was more than made up by the beautiful lakes of sparkling water which we found very numerous on this elevation. In crossing the plains the greatest object of interest to all is the water. When good water is found, it is fully appreciated, though we often have to content ourselves with that from muddy bog holes. We enjoyed these lakes which often reminded us of Minnesota.

Near the western slope of this plateau is situated Fort Wadsworth, which on our arrival there, had been but just begun—in fact, we followed the trail of the expedition that a few days before went out to construct it. Its location is beautiful, being almost surrounded by lakes. Here we halted one day, and then resumed our journey having no path of the white man to guide us.

Our object was to strike the Missouri at Fort Rice, but as this fort at that time barely existed save in name, we were obliged to travel much by guess.

To locate this fort was one of the objects of Gen. Sully's expedition this summer, and its erection was begun the middle of July. We made a good march, and on the fifteenth of August arrived at the Missouri, opposite Fort Rice. We were delighted, and felt well satisfied with our trip so far.

We had been on the plains one month—a month of excessive heat, such as we never before experienced. We were glad to see the great Missouri, and although it is a muddy

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stream filled with sand-bars, we were pleased to see it has a strong current, for we had become disgusted with the many pools of stagnant water.

Here we found it necessary to halt for a few days to await the completion of the ferry or the arrival of a steamer, which was expected, to take us across the river. Our wagons, in consequence of the extremely hot and dry weather, were in bad condition.

We were detained here a week, and in the meantime made all preparations to pursue our march. At length we heard the familiar whistle of a steamer. Immediately on her arrival, she began taking us over, and in one day our train was safely landed on the opposite bank.

After a day's delay we started out—not, however, with the brightest prospects. At the outset we had been assured that we would have a sufficient escort from this point through the Sioux country to the Big Horn river. In this we were disappointed, for though our course would lead us through the most hostile Indian country in North America, we were obliged to start out with a small squad of forty-seven men, and some of them poorly armed.

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Gen. Sully had preceded us nearly a month, taking with him his entire available force.

We ought to have had—looking at it in a military sense—at least five hundred men to ensure the safety of our trip. Sully had with him 3,500, going through the same country—only a little farther north—and according to accounts from his officers, he had all he could do to protect his train through the Bad Lands. We had forty-seven men, in addition to our own strength, and here the “winter of our discontent” began.

We all, however, remained with the train and moved reluctantly along. We followed Sully's trail about eighty miles, when we found it bearing too far north for our purpose.

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Our object was to march nearly west, strike the mouth of the Big Horn as near as possible, cross it and also the Yellowstone, and proceed up the valley of the latter on the west side to Bannock. At this point the captain determined to leave the trail and make his own road. It is proper, here, to remark that this determination was formed and executed without the advice or knowledge of any one in the train. Most assuredly the proper officers were not consulted.

It is also proper to note here that Capt. Fisk, from the beginning, did not care whether he had an escort or not; in fact, he told me at Fort Rice that he had not the least fear of being attacked by the Indians, and really preferred to go without an escort, and to the colonel in command at the fort, insisted on only a few men to please the immigrants. The captain was determined to make a road of his own, and did not anticipate any trouble.

The action of the captain in leaving Sully's trail was not well received by the thoughtful of the party, and the result shows that he had to atone dearly for his mistake by the loss of reputation as a leader through an unexplored country.

In my opinion we ought not to have left Fort Rice under 106 such unfavorable auspices. Capt. Fisk should not have permitted it, but he relied on his former good luck—he was too confident and not cautious, as he should have been. The captain is a noble hearted and generous man; intelligent, has large experience, and is a good leader in such an expedition, when there is no danger of Indians. I respect the captain highly, and hope to have the pleasure, if I ever attempt to cross the plains again, of going with a command led by him—with a sufficient escort.

We passed along, making good marches and selecting a good road, when in the afternoon of the second of September we had reached a point about one hundred and sixty miles west of Fort Rice and about twenty-two miles east of the Thick Timbered river, which is the eastern branch of the Little Missouri. Here we were attacked in our rear by a large band of Sioux Indians, and in less than one hour we lost twelve men, in killed and wounded.

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The section termed the "Bad Lands" is an extremely rough country, stretching along on each side of the Little Missouri river and its two branches. It serves most admirably the purpose of the Indians, and is made use of by them as a natural fortification to dispute the passage of the white man. Had they let us alone for a short time till we got well into this place, we should have been an easy prey—and but few would have escaped.

At the time we were attacked, we were passing through a sort of valley with an occasional deep ravine and with hills on either side. These hills were thickly covered on the top, and a portion of the way down, with a reddish stone of small size, thus giving the hills a red appearance. Our battle here has been appropriately termed "the battle of the Red Buttes."

The day previous to the attack we had made the longest march of the trip—twenty-four and one-half miles—and camped after dark without water. The captain had determined on an early start the next morning and to continue the march until we found water, which we discovered after 107 going a distance of ten and one-half miles. We halted for breakfast and to rest our jaded animals. At noon we started out well pleased with the progress we were making.

In starting, we were obliged to cross the ravine in which we found water, and in doing this one of the teams belonging to Capt. Fisk's party, driven by Walter Fewer of St. Anthony, by accident upset; but instead of halting the train until this wagon was reloaded, we kept on the move, and two men and another team were left to assist Walter in starting again.

The rear guard of nine men also with them. The train, after proceeding about a mile and a half, came to another deep ravine which we had to cross. We were marching in two columns. After getting over this place, the train halted for a short time, and during our brief stay an Indian was plainly seen near our camp.

I saw this Indian myself, and informed the captain of the fact. He replied that "he saw him, but he was only looking at us to see how we looked." He rode down to within a quarter of a

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mile of our camp, stopped a short time—no doubt discovered the two teams in the rear—and then rode back at great speed.

The train soon started, and had proceeded more than a mile when the battle began. A messenger rode hastily forward and informed us of the attack. Lieut. Smith, commander of the squad, hastened with his men to the conflict, but before he could assist them, every man in the rear was killed except two. The Indians came from behind the hills down this ravine last mentioned, and attacked our party while in it. Here eleven men were killed and wounded.

Mr. Nudick, one of our party who was killed, had gone back to our camp on his mule to find an ox left behind and was, no doubt, the first victim. His revolver was recaptured by our old scout, Jefferson Dilts, in a hand-to-hand fight with the Indians.

All was excitement. Guns, which before had hung in the 108 wagons, were now eagerly sought for. The train had proceeded but a short distance when, after much delay, a corral was finally formed. Fighting in the rear continued till sunset, with what success in killing the redskins is not exactly known. Before dark all the dead and wounded who could be found were brought in, and six were buried that night. The Indians took the wagons and confiscated the contents. A part of the cattle were saved.

A strong guard was placed around the corral and intense darkness covered the earth. Our situation was critical, and gloomy forebodings filled every heart.

Our friends had been murdered by the savages an hour before, and we knew not their number. Uncertainty prevailed, while we most solemnly rolled the blanket around the dead and heard with deep feeling the burial service read, and then carefully laid them in a soldier's grave. The wounded were suffering and their moans were most heartrending, but it was only a part of our music that dreadful night. A storm was to all appearances

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imminent. It came; the rain fell in torrents, the wind blew a hurricane and the peals of thunder and continual flashes of lightning made it a scene not soon to be forgotten.

This awful night at length passed away, and a beautiful day succeeded it—but not a pleasant one for us. The train started out, expecting another attack—which soon came.

We were surrounded by Indians, who fought us with great bravery all day, but their charges in the advance and rear were promptly repulsed, till at length we found a good camping ground, halted, formed a corral, fed our stock, and prepared for another dismal night.

On the following morning we again moved, but in less than ten minutes we were again surrounded by an increased number of Indians, who appeared more daring than ever. To-day they were to all appearances vastly reinforced, and doubly desperate.

We marched two miles and concluded that a halt was 109 the better part of valor. The Bad lands were in sight. This country did not look to us like good fighting ground. Here it was determined to form a corral, fortify the same and dispatch messengers to Fort Rice for assistance. We could not make any progress with such an obstruction in the way. Our condition was fearful. It would take two weeks, at best, to get reinforcements from Fort Rice, and in the meantime, with Indians all around us, it would be impossible to feed and water our stock. It addition, we feared the Indians would send out their scouts, and gather sufficient strength to take us even in our fortification.

At ten o'clock that night Lieutenant Smith started with a squad of thirteen men for Fort Rice. This was a dangerous undertaking, but it was far less dangerous than remaining. We went to work with a will, and in a few days we had a strong fortification thrown up around our wagons. We also went to work to dig a well, but fortunately we found water not far distant. The great rain was our salvation. Had it not come, all would have been lost. We were well employed during our imprisonment in this place. It was our custom to drive out the stock two hours in the morning and afternoon. Towards the last we kept the

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animals out longer, and when we started on our return home they were in good condition. We all led the lives of soldiers in front of the enemy; doing picket duty, digging, herding, etc. We tried to forget our real situation, but at times, when thinking of our prospects and friends at home, it pressed heavily upon us. We remained in this uncertain position sixteen days. The next day after forming our last corral the Indians all came out and stationed themselves about a mile from us, and sent us a note written by a Mrs. Kelley. In that letter, which they compelled her to write, she stated that she had been taken prisoner July 12th, and that they demanded as her ransom four wagons and forty head of cattle, and for the train to move on off their land. As we would give them nothing for peace, 110 because they would soon violate their contract, a second note was received, which is given later.

The captain tried hard to rescue the woman, and made an arrangement for her delivery, but instead of bringing her forward as they agreed, they came themselves and wanted the pay first.

On the fourteenth day of our incarceration, Capt. Fisk determined to push ahead and not wait for the reinforcement, which he thought would not come—and even if it did might not grant him an escort for the rest of the journey. The emigrants persuaded him to wait two days longer—to which he reluctantly consented. The sixteenth day soon came, and with it in the forenoon appeared at a distance of about three miles, objects resembling men. In looking through a field glass, ten men in blue overcoats met our anxious gaze. They were the advanced pickets of Colonel Dills, of the 13th Wisconsin regiment, of 750 men feeling their way towards our position, fearful that we were all massacred. Seven hundred and fifty men had come to relieve us! Think of our enthusiastic delight! Soon the long lines of our friends hove in sight, and then how we wanted to be attacked by all the Sioux nation!

General Sully had just returned from his expedition, as our messengers arrived at the fort, and without delay he sent us this relief. As I feared, when I heard that so large a force had been sent out, it proved not to be an escort to protect us on our journey, but to relieve us and take us back home, if we wished. I assure you we were not long in deciding what to

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do. In fact, if this escort had not reached us that day, not one of the emigrants and only a few of our guard would have gone on. We all thought we could fight on our way back, where we knew the ground much better than through the Bad Lands. All the best fighting men were among the emigrants.

During our stay at Fort Dilts, we buried the three wounded men. Poor Dilts, our old, brave and faithful 112 was from three to five hundred, while our fighting force, when on the move, was only about sixty.

These Indians were all on good ponies and they are certainly the best riders I ever saw. One wagon taken by them was loaded entirely with fine liquors. Of these, no doubt, they imbibed freely and were more brave in consequence. I believe that if after the first day they had not been drunk, they would have let us alone until we got into the Bad Lands.

Yours, most respectfully, CHARLES F. SIMS.

Second Letter of Mrs. Kelley.

I am truly a white woman, and now in sight of your camp, but they will not let me go to you. They say they will not fight, but don't trust them. They say hon-no-no. They say they want you to give them sugar, coffee, flour, gunpowder and ball, but give nothing till you can see me first. They are not very strong; there are many squaws here.

They want four wagons; then they will stop fighting. They want forty cattle to eat. I have to write what they tell me. They want you to come here. You know better than that. His name is Cha-toun-ca, and the other's name is Porcupine. (Read to yourself.) One of them can talk English. They say that this is their ground. They say go home, and come back no more.

The Fort Laramie soldiers have been after me, but the Indians run so fast. They say they want knives and axes and arrow irons to chase buffalo. Tell them to wait and go to town,

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and then they can get them. I would give them anything for liberty. Induce them to show me before you give them anything. They are very anxious for you to move. (Read to yourself.) He says he wants spirits.

FANNY KELLEY.

Formerly of Geneva, Allen Co., Kan.

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Reply of Captain Fisk.

Mrs. Fanny Kelley:

Dear Madam—Your second communication convinces me that you are what you profess to be, a captive white woman, and all of my party are eager for your release, but for the present I cannot accede to the demands of your captors. We are sent out on an important trust, or mission, by the President and Secretary of war westward to the mountain country, with a party of well armed and determined men, feeling entirely confident of defending ourselves, but we are not a war party.

The President gave me plenty of powder and lead for our rifles, and instead of presents to give hostile Indians, he told me to give friendship for friendship and enmity for enmity.

I am an officer of the government, but am not authorized by my instructions to give anything but destruction to Indians who try to stop me on my march, but as an individual, I will, for your release, give three of my own horses and some flour, sugar and coffee.

Tell the Indians to go back to their camp for to-night, and tomorrow at noonday, if they will send you with five men and deliver you to my soldiers on the mound we occupy to-day between us, (their main body not to advance beyond their position of to-day), I will

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deliver them the horses and provisions, which they will be permitted to take away to their headquarters.

Should there be occasion, the same opportunity and means of communication will be observed tomorrow.

The Great Spirit tells me that you will be safely returned to your friends and home, and that all wrongs that have been committed on the defenseless and innocent will be avenged.

In warmest sympathy, I am, madam, JAMES FISK.

Capt. and A. Q. M., U.S.A.

We are happy to add that, although Capt. Fisk was unable to offer the price the Indians demanded for Mrs. Kelley, later on the ransom came from another source, and she was restored to her husband.

THE FIRST LITERARY SOCIETY

The first literary society formed at the Falls of St. Anthony by young people, was organized March 13, 1859. It was called the "Band of Hope." Its first officers were L. P. Foster, president; Hattie Heaton, vice-president; Frank G. O'Brien, secretary and treasurer. The charter members, aside from the officers, were Aggie M. Day, Rachel M. Chaffee, James Fall, Robert and Wm. S. O'Brien, Charles H. Slocum, Sam A. Lewis and George B. Whidden.

The place of meeting was the basement of the First M. E. Church; the object was self-improvement and temperance work.

OLD BETS. A Friend to the Whites During Sioux Outbreak, 1862.

SONG TO MINNESOTA (Tune—"Beulah Land.")

This is the State we highly prize; A home where we have kindred ties;— Far in this distant great Northwest, With all surroundings of the best.

CHORUS:

O "North-Star" home! Our "North-Star" home! No wish have we further to roam; Content we'll be, and sing with glee, Thanks for this home for you and me,— Our Minnesota, fair and blest, The garden spot of all the West.

All honor to the Pioneer, Who left his Eastern home of cheer, And sought the West, imbued with zeal, With trust in God for future weal.

CHORUS:

Secession caused us great alarm; A pall was over shop and farm; Our soldiers brave, joined in the fight, And triumphed in the cause of Right.

CHORUS:

We've met in conflict stalwart foes, And dealt them many timely blows; Our victories on land and Sea. Have set the shackled bondmen free.

CHORUS:

Rejoice we all for Peace once more; Forever cease the cannon's roar; May Love henceforth be all we need, To settle wrongs of State and Creed.

CHORUS:

O "North-Star" home! Our "North-Star" home! No wish have we further to roam; Content we'll be, And sing with glee, Thanks for this home for you and me,— Our Minnesota, fair and blest, The garden spot of all the West.

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AN OLD-TIME WATCH-MEETING

In the early of our city, there was not very much to interest the people, and anything out of the monotonous routine was gladly participated in by nearly all the citizens.

I distinctly recall one of the old-fashioned watch-meetings that I attended away back in the fifties. This meeting was looked forward to by the devout ones of the church as an opportunity to clinch with renewed religious zeal the revival efforts that had been going on steadily for a month, and thus gather more sinners into the fold. The younger and less seriously inclined, looked forward with great expectations to a general good time. It was announced from the pulpit the Sunday previous, that a watch-meeting would be held in the church New Year's eve, and all who felt like leaving their sins on the altar of the old year and starting aright on the broad highway of the new, were invited to be present.

The revival preceding this meeting had been, the elders say, "very fruitful;" many an old sinner who had scoffed at religion and bad in fact known naught of its saving qualities, had been gathered in by the logical entreaties of the revivalist imported for this special work. Hence the spiritual zeal was a that could be desired to make the meeting a success.

After the Sunday service referred to, committee were appointed to see that sufficient tamarack wood was hauled to the church, so that religious fervor would not congeal. An extra quantity of whale oil was also procured, so that the oil lamps might be refilled at ten o'clock—the time they usually began to wane. A couple of athletic church-goers were selected to "see to the boys," who were known to possess pent-up mischief for any and all occasions. The expected evening arrived, and with it came one 117 of those "rip-snorting"

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blizzards that not only had the power of twisting the religion out of saints, but knew how to get a double-action grip on sinners.

On either side of the church, in the very front, were two immense Dubuque box stoves with drums. To these drums was attached seven-inch stovepipe which extended the whole length of the church and entered the chimneys on each side of the pulpit. Stokers on ocean steamers never worked harder than did those brave fellows who kept the stoves going that terrible night to prevent the congregation from freezing.

Enthusiasm ran high till the lamps began to go out. By the time they were refilled and ready to relight, the ardor of the workers could not be revived by any threats pertaining to the present or the torments of the future.

The wind continued to howl on the outside; the nails in the clap-boards and shingles snapped like pistol shots, and they kept up this fusilade the whole evening, with prayer and song interspersed. The boys in the back pews at length became so unruly that the ringleader was taken into the basement of the church, there to remain in solitary confinement till the services were over. This had a salutary effect on the others.

When twelve o'clock was announced, few of the fervent ones who had enough vitality left, after having nearly frozen for the last hour on account of the fires going out—the wood having all been consumed—wished each other a “Happy New Year, and many returns.”

But there was one home that was not happy, one of its inmates was missing and no one could give any information as to his whereabouts, till five o'clock in the morning, when it dawned on the mind of a certain deacon that he had been instrumental in having a certain unruly youth incarcerated in the basement of the church, but had neglected to have him liberated. When he sought to do this he found Robert sound asleep on one of the benches, with half a dozen imaginary quilts over him. When urged to “be up and doing,” this lad rebelled furiously at being obliged to leave his comfortable bed and make his exit into the

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chilly embrace of the outer world. An officer of the church armed with a bench warrant had the desired result.

There have been "watch-meetings," several of them, since this particular one, but I have invariably steered clear of them, being well satisfied that one, such as I then experienced, is sufficient for a lifetime of three-score years and ten.

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A LONG AGO CHRISTMAS

The father and mother of five boys and a baby girl, had been struggling for an existence on a farm near one of the seaport towns of Maine, and had come to the conclusion that it was not the place to rear their brood, but that they must seek some spot in the West where they could sink the plow into the earth without striking a boulder. Although they had been informed that such a land did exist, they were somewhat incredulous, as they had been born and brought up in a country where there seemingly was a freshly grown crop of stones every night, sufficient to build their cellar walls, curb their wells and fence in their farms.

The old peninsular state of Michigan was suggested as being all that could be desired, so arrangements were made to dispose of the little farm that had barely sustained the life, not only of this generation, but of several preceding generations.

The time finally came, and with it a purchaser for the old New England home. The sum realized was just sufficient to transport the little band of pilgrims from the far East to Detroit, as the facilities for travel in 1850 were not on the generous scale we see them to-day, and, in fact, it took quite a little fortune to travel a short distance.

When the father and mother had settled themselves and family in what was destined to become Michigan's proud metropolis, they were at their wit's end to know what to do in

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order to care for the little one entrusted to them, and see that they were provided with sufficient to eat, drink and wear.

The summer had passed, and the nipping frosts of autumn had begun to remind them that they were not fully prepared to battle with the formidable giant—Winter.

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The father had been successful in obtaining employment in one of the sawmills that loomed up on the banks of the beautiful and majestic Detroit river; but the cold in its yearly transit had caused the mills to close down for the winter, thus throwing out of employment, not only this father, but hundreds of others. What was to be done now that all avenues in the city had become blocked, not only to these few hundreds, but in fact to most of the wage earners, as industries then were nowhere so diversified as at the present time, and were more especially lacking in the new West. The only remedy that suggested itself was that the father should go into the woods for the winter and leave his family to struggle along as best they could under the care and guidance of a loving mother.

The time came for the father to go, and the home-leaving was pathetic in the extreme, as only a slim allowance remained in the larder, and nothing could be expected in the way of compensation until after the first month's work had been performed.

In th meantime Christmas was coming, and this was what caused the sleepless nights and bloodshot eyes of the mother. She was having a struggle that had not been anticipated on leaving the diminutive rock farm on the Atlantic coast, where every Christmas time had seen the little blue stockings of various sizes hung sympathetically over the fireplace, accessible to Santa Claus, and always well filled by him, to the overflowing joy of happy-hearted children.

The present Christmas time was to this dear mother a sorrowful one, as she kissed each of the little darlings and listened to the "Now I lay me down to sleep" prayers. She tucked them lovingly in their little beds, "while visions of sugar plums danced through their heads,"

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notwithstanding she had informed them that Santa Claus would be likely to forget them in their far western home, but would no doubt find them when another Christmas came around. With this assurance they quietly slipped off 121 into childhood's happy dreamland, leaving the mother to sit lonely by the fire, with the flickering rays of a tallow candle casting the shadow of six little stockings hanging all in a row on the wall, without the faintest hope of hearing even the footfalls or the merry chuckle from the good-natured Santa Claus of bygone years.

She wept and prayed that some angel would assist her in this trying hour; if this help failed what could she do? She remembered that she had put a rosy-cheeked apple into the bureau drawer a few days before, and thinking her prayer had been partially answered, she placed it in the stocking of the baby girl. Now what could she do for the five stockings that represented five bright, active, growing boys? She was certainly in a dilemma, but soon came out of it.

Before the father's departure for the lumber woods, he had provided all the boys with red topped boots which were to them a comfort and a joy. But wading with them in the early winter slush had destroyed the fine shop polish that was so charming when new. Some good angel whispered in the mother's ear to get the tallow dish and grease the boots and thus give them a finish as if new, also making the leather pliable and soft to the tender little feet. This she did, and when the old clock rang out—one—two—she had just finished the last pair and placed them against the wall in a row, looking as fresh and new as when they first came into the home.

Tired with work and weary with solicitude, she went quietly about the beds of her darlings to see if all was well, and when fully satisfied, she sought the solace of "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

At five o'clock Christmas morning, could be heard the patter of little feet on their way for the stockings which the little lads would take to be with them and look over at their sought

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their mother's beside for an explanation, when the mother said: "My dears, don't you know we are a 122 great distance from where goof old Santa Claus used to live? Perhaps he did not come with presents enough to supply all the children, especially those who have been here so short a time." Then she bade them go and see if there were not some signs of his having been in the house. Away they went, and the anxious mother did not have long to wait before she heard t he children shout with joy that Santa Claus had not forgotten them, since he had made their boots as good as new. They also found a letter on the table in which was printed so plainly that all could read: "Be good children, and I will surely see that your stockings are well filled next Christmas.—Santa Claus"

This assurance was sufficient to make them all happy, including the mother.

When the next Christmas time came round, other hands than those of this loving mother were there to administer to the wants of these motherless children; but her influence, no doubt, has ever been with them as a loving angel guide to help them on their devious paths along life's journey.

123

PIONEER HARDSHIPS

How little does the present generation realize the hardships and deprivations of the pioneers of this great Northwest! I myself can hardly appreciate the fact that I was numbered among them, though too young to understand what it all meant, or to comprehend my own disadvantages. But now, when I looked back over the vista of years to these territorial days, I can readily recall the conditions experienced and the hardships endured. I can also review with my mind's eye the picturesque and enchanting scenes in this new country at that early period. Incident after incident is constantly presenting itself, the remembrance of which at this time of life I find exceedingly entertaining. If these remembrances are so entertaining to me, how much more so must they be to younger

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generation who have seen but little of life's hardships, and therefore have no unpleasant reminiscences!

Instead of relying wholly upon my own impressions of those days, I will relate some incidents given me by my father, and as far as possible in his words.

"July 25, 1855, I felt my home in Detroit, Michigan, and four days later arrived at St. Paul. The following morning, I took, as I supposed, the stage for Stillwater. When we were nearly ready to start I asked the driver what time we should arrive at that place, and he replied, 'You are on the wrong stage. You will never reach your destination by this route; you can bet your old socks on that proposition, pardner.' 'All right,' said I, 'heave ahead! I'll go where the stage goes; it makes no difference to me!'

@.'By noon we halted in front of the Jarret House, St. Anthony. Here I came across several of my state of Maine friends, among whom were Silas Lane, Denny Hall, 124 John L. and James A. Lovejoy, John and Edward Brockway, Summer W. and Rufus Farnham. It was here I first met Rev. David Brooks, who came up with me on the steamer War Eagle. It was here I also first met the Rev. Creighton.

"Aug. 3, I took the stage for Anoka and put up at the Farnham House. While there I learned that an old friend of mine, Tinker Twitchell, was haying out on one of the meadows four or five miles distant. I set out to find him, hoping I could engage him to locate a farm for me. Being a stranger in these parts, it was quite natural that I should get lost while in search of my friend, and this I proceeded to do. I wandered about for some hours, seeing no human being, and it was well into the night before I came up in front of a 10x16 shanty; I found it occupied by a pioneer named Joy, and it was truly a 'joy' to me to find some one who might extricate me from this dilemma. Being unable to care for me over night, he put me on the right track to the home of Rev. Twitchell, who when I arrived, followed the biblical injunction, and took the stranger in.

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"The next three days, accompanied by my friend Tinker Twitchell, not the Rev., I traveled in search of a farm, and finally located on the bank of Coon Creek, Anoka County. I began at once to construct a habitation for my family, who were still in Detroit, awaiting my return to bring them to the West. My pocket money had given out, and I was obliged to go to St. Anthony and obtain a loan of \$100 until funds should reach me from the East. This accommodation cost me thirty dollars for thirty days.

"To this home I brought my family, consisting of a wife and six children. We arrived Sept. 12, 1855; the house was shingled and boarded only, and the few household goods we had expected did not come till ten days later. This necessitated our sleeping in bunks filled with hay, and submitting to many inconveniences. The greater part of the said household goods did not reach us until the opening 125 of navigation the following spring. The purchase, in town, of a cook stove and other such articles as were absolutely necessary, enabled us to 'rub along.' Fever and ague, bilious fever, a crippled son, and numerous other hardships taxed our utmost endurance through this terrible fall and winter.

"Nov. 1, 1855, I assisted in building a three-mile rail fence for the Woodburys; it was a mile from home, and as I had no means of warming my dinner, everything was frozen solid. Many times I had to take my ax and cut the bread in pieces small enough to be eaten. This particular winter the snow did not melt for three months, and the thermometer indicated from zero to forty below. A month later I hauled fence poles four miles by four-ox team over the Anoka prairie. I was obliged to rise at four o'clock a. m. and did not reach home till nine p. m.

"While at Anoka I attended church services every Sunday, going a distance of four miles, the older children and my wife accompanying me. Often the boys would walk. The first sermon I heard in Anoka was in August, 1855, on board the steamer Henry M. Rice. Captain Chas. Smith had her in charge, although the boat was not yet finished. The officiating preacher's name was Kemp, and he was of the Methodist persuasion.

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"The first quarterly meeting in Anoka was held late in August of this same year, Rev. David Brooks being presiding Elder. It was held in the first schoolhouse built there. This edifice was not finished, but we cleaned it up and used the workbench for a pulpit.

"The next sermon I heard was in Woodbury's flour mill. We stood two barrels on end and placed a board over the tops for a desk; Rev. Hoover preached.

"In the spring of the year 1856 I came to the conclusion that a farmer's life was not the life for me; so I removed with my family to St. Anthony and settled there. I well remember the first Sabbath after we came from Anoka to this place. I had all my five boys fixed up with white 126 collars, and we went to the old First M. E. Church on what is now University Avenue, and the present site of Hotel Windom. I was proud of my little men and marched them like soldiers into the church, where we took seats near the stove, Mr. Alonzo Leaming very kindly receiving us.

"What a sensation creeps over one when lost! If you don't believe it, try it! This happened to me in August, 1856, while making hay on Cedar Creek, near what was then called the Quaker Settlement, about six miles from St. Francis. I had cut, all alone, ten tons of hay on a claim I had pre-empted, and then changed hands with a man to put it in stack. One day I was looking for the oxen that were allowed to roam at will. Notwithstanding one of them had on a bell, the sound was not conveyed to my listening ears. The strain of ear and eye,—for the morning was exceedingly foggy,—coupled with a like condition of mind, served to bewilder me to such an extent that I considered it wise to return to camp, fearing that I might get lost. Sure enough, I was lost already. I traveled and traveled round and round, and straight ahead in one direction, then turning went straight in another, until I was in a web of entanglement and knew not 'where I was at,' nor from whence I had come. The scrub oaks were too small for me to climb to obtain a view of the surrounding country, even if the dense atmosphere had not limited my vision. There were no hills to scale; testing my voice, I found it was not of a fog-horn capacity so that it might penetrate where

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the eye could not. In fact I was in a sort of nightmare, lost to all but myself and doubting even my own existence.

"I waded through marsh after marsh of cranberries—I had not imagined there could be such an area of them in the State. It is possible that I may have doubled on the path and so doubled their extent. Deer in great numbers started up about me, gazing in wild-eyed wonderment at my invasion of their domain; rabbits and pheasants were numerous, yet each and every one was dumb when I would have sought enlightenment in regard to the points of the compass. Had the sky been clear, I should have needed no information as to my whereabouts. But after a time things turned my way. The sun had peeped out only for a few minutes, when I got my bearings and made a bee line in a southerly direction. I soon found myself in a logging camp east of Rum River, having traveled between fifteen and twenty miles. When I arrived at my own camp, two men were getting ready, with guns and trumpets, to hunt for the "estray."

"The winter of 1856-57 I drove a 'tote' team, or what would be better known to this generation as a supply team, from St. Anthony to the Pinerias. I made many families happy while en route, by supplying them with church tracts and Sunday school papers that were furnished me for the purpose by the St. Anthony churches, all denominations participating. The men in camp also looked eagerly for my arrival, when they might receive a Christian Advocate or New York Tribune, no matter what its date.

"Never shall I forget the first Conference which was held at St. Anthony; it was in 1857, Rev. J. F. Chaffee being the preacher in charge.

"In providing accommodations for the assembled clergy from all over the State, it fell to my lot to entertain two preachers, who proved to be Swedes. They understood and spoke the English language imperfectly, but I did my best to make them feel at home. Swedes were a novelty in our midst at this time, and these two, dropping down into a house full of boarders composed principally of Yankee lumbermen, furnished occasion for

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considerable chaffing from one of the prominent 'red-shirters.' Greatly annoyed, I begged him to desist, but he would not. Instead of yielding to my wishes, he made a drive at me; we clinched and had a regular non-sectarian, non-religious, rough-and-tumble after-tea set-to. Kitchen utensils, the tin washbasin, tea-kettle and sundry things of like character went flying energetically about the room adjacent to which the preachers 128 were. For a few moments it was 'nip and tuck' as to who would come out victor; but I fortunately caught the aggressive Yankee by his long, curly hair, which was the style of those days, and proceeded to put his head to soak in a tub of soap-suds which had been left standing from the day's wash, it being Monday. This having been placed ready at hand proved to me that the Lord was on my side and no mistake. It is quite possible that these preachers never learned the real English of this unpleasantness, but I fully appreciated its nature from being obliged to pay my respects to Dr. A. E. Johnson the following morning, to have a dislocated shoulder set.

"In the spring of 1857 friends in the East wished me to allow one of my sons to go there and learn a trade. This I consented to do, but as there were no railroads here at that time, it would be necessary for him to go to St. Paul and take the boat. There had been very heavy rains that spring, and the bridges over small streams between the two places had been washed out, so the stage could not run; I was therefore obliged to start on foot with my fourteen-year-old boy over this terrible roadway, the water and mud often going over our long-legged boot tops. When fording the creeks I had to carry the boy on my shoulders, as he was not strong enough to withstand the current. After several hours' plodding through this slush, one can well imagine the attractive condition we were both in when we arrived at the Saintly City. I saw my son safely aboard the boat, and then journeyed homeward, on foot and alone.

"In the spring of 1860 I contracted for the carrying of the St. Paul Press to St. Anthony and Minneapolis. I secured fifty subscribers and gradually increased my list to two hundred copies, my boys bringing them from St. Paul by pony express or on horseback. Later on I purchased the Pioneer route and superintendent the circulation of that daily also. My

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religious convictions would not permit me to distribute Sunday papers, but the community thought otherwise, and helped themselves. So it came 129 about that in order to retain my subscribers and profit thereby, I was obliged to shelve my Puritanic notions. The edict that resulted in this compromise on my part, went forth from Dr. J. H. Murphy, James McHerron, Al. Stone and James McMullen. After this decree subscribers were served on all days alike."

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KEEPING THE SABBATH HOLY

What a wonderful change has taken place since my childhood in regard to the observance of the Sabbath day! This change is brought vividly to mind as I recall a Sunday, or rather a series of them, when I was but nine years old, and meditate upon what I did and what I was expected to do, in order to keep it holy. It seems as if these Sabbath observances must have been contemporaneous with old Puritanic times, and that the writer of this must be considerably more aged than he would have his friends believe. In fact, the oldest inhabitant.

When Saturday night came round all preparations were so completed, that nothing worldly or savoring of work might interfere with the sanctity of the Sabbath. Wood was sawed, split and carried into the kitchen, where it was deposited in an immense wood-box; the sharpest jack-knife was brought into requisition to whittle shavings for kindlings, the same being carefully placed under the stove, ready for the one whose unwelcome duty it would be to start the fire in the morning.

What a dread we boys had of Sunday! We were not privileged to lie in bed the extra hour or more that we are sure to take now-a-days; but instead, were compelled to crawl out at five o'clock in the summer and six o'clock in the winter, Sundays and weekdays alike. Why on Sundays? you inquire. It will not be necessary to answer this question for those of my

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own age who fortunately or unfortunately belonged to families supposed to live close up to the chalk line of the church.

Our father was always called an enthusiast, not only in his worldly affairs, but in the work of the church. Whatever was expected of him he was going to perform, and also

MINNESOTA TERRITORIAL PIONEERS IN SESSION AT MERCHANTS' HOTEL, ST. PAUL, MAY, 1904. Standing — Left to right—E. F. Berrisford, Edwin Clark, W. P. Murray, E. W. Durant, Frank G. O'Brien G. H. Hazzard, A. T. Stebbins, Judge H. R. Wells. Sitting —Left to right—Mrs. H. E. Hazzard, Mrs. F. H. Potts, Mrs. F. G. O'Brien, Miss Carrie V. Stratton, Mrs. Julia Hill.

131 compel those over whom he had supervision to do likewise.

When the Sunday morning bell rang at the regulation hour, we all knew what it signified; it did not mean you can snooze five minutes longer, no! no! It had been emphatically proven to us many times that it meant, NOW!

When we of the household had washed and combed ourselves into presentable beings, we gathered in the large sitting room for breakfast, which meal, after the Yankee fashion consisted of pork and beans warm from the oven, where they were placed early Saturday morning and had remained ever since—brown bread, cucumber pickles, and sometimes pie. The old folks had tea or coffee, but the children were taught to eat first and drink afterward.

First in order, before we had our breakfast, was the reading of a full chapter from the Bible, the longer the better, whereas, on weekdays a psalm sufficed, shortened sometimes by strong pressure of manual labor awaiting attention. After this, all joined in a sacred hymn that was doleful enough to saturate one with the blues for all eternity. All were expected to sing, and fortunately we boys had good voices, or the discord might have disconcerted even our parents. Not one about the premises, man-servant or maid-servant, was exempt

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from the privilege of the family altar. After singing came prayers, and we were all taught to kneel while father offered up supplications which were of greater length than the weekday petitions, but we doubt if they were more efficacious.

When prayers were over breakfast was brought in, and after we all had been methodically seated, grace was offered, thus completing the preliminaries pertaining to the proper spiritual opening of the Sabbath day.

Our appetites were now fully ripe to partake of “nourishment for these frail and decaying bodies,” which we did, and no one made the mistake of getting up from the breakfast table hungry.

When the hour of 8:30 arrived, we all donned our Sunday-go-to-meeting best, and marched off to church with father, 132 to be in attendance at the class meeting that convened at nine o'clock, there to wriggle and squirm around on the hard benches, listening to the “experiences” of at least a dozen zealous workers in the church. To this day we can not forgive the old veteran class leader, “Brother Hart,” for rudely, though religiously, placing his large palm square down upon our “Boston”—the style of combing boys' hair in those days—thus flattering out that which was the object of our childish pride. The blessings we received on these occasions from the laying on of hands, may possibly, have compensated for the wound to our boyish vanity. If so we were unconscious of the fact.

After spending over an hour in the classroom it was time to “attend church.” I can not understand how we youngsters ever stood it, tired as we were, to listen to those old-time lengthy sermons that were always divided into firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, fifthly and sometimes mounted up to “twelfthly” before reaching “lastly,” which was or seemed longer than all the others put together. But we did endure it, and immediately after were ready for the less tiresome exercises of Sunday school.

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We were not then supplied with entertaining books, such as might appeal to the youthful mind; they were of the “goody goody” kind, and would be considered by the present generation very tame, if not undeniably dry.

Some members of our family was the possessor of “Mother Goose's Melodies” and “Jack the Giant Killer,” which furnished our youthful minds with digestible pabulum and were suited to our mental development. They were, indeed, a feast to our hungry, childish souls. The books above mentioned, it is almost needless to say, were rigorously excluded from Sabbath day reading.

Sunday school over, we wended our way homeward, not to have a jolly time, as you may imagine since there was no work to do, but to partake of lunch and then read our Sunday School Advocate and memorize a dozen or more verses for the next Sunday lesson. No excuse, however plausible, could obtain for us permission to leave the house during the afternoon, while every tendency to levity brought forth the solemn admonition, “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.”

Father made the experiment of having us attend evening services; but found it not practicable, as he was unable to keep us awake. When one poor little chap was aroused from sleep, another would drop off and have to be awakened; the result of it all was that our father's over-zealousness in what he supposed to be duty to his offspring, was the means of his losing the sermon, which he really enjoyed. I have a faint recollection of the difficulty he had getting the sleepy crowd home and ready for bed. To our great delight we were at last left quietly at home and allowed to follow our own devices.

I have been striving to recall something that I learned while in attendance at the old-time church, where, from the age of nine and twelve, my presence was constant and obligatory; but all that remains fixed in my memory is this text: “Cut it down! Cut it down! Why cumbereth it the ground?”—It was the emphasis given by the preacher to these words that has left the ineffaceable impressions—an impressions made not only upon my

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mind but also upon the pulpit cushions to their lasting detriment. For years after hearing this sermon, the familiar text haunted me and I kept wondering what it was the preacher wanted cut down. At last I came to associate this theme with that story best known to me—George Washington and his cherry tree.

The first “love-feast” I ever attended rises vividly before me, and for reasons that will soon be evident, it left a indelible impressions. The “love-feast” was held in the Sunday school room of the same church at the hour usually set apart for classmeeting. On this special occosion the classmeeting was dispensed with, so that all might avail themselves of the love-feast privilege.

The significance of this ceremony had never been explained ¹³⁴ to me and when the plate of bread was passed, I observed very closely what others were doing with the little cubes, and noticed that all present were taking but one piece, which I considered mighty small rations to be called a “feast.” For fear I might make a mistake when it came my way, I concluded to keep a sharp lookout on the old gentleman who sat directly in front of me, and whatever he did with his morsel I would do with mine, knowing full well that it would be the correct thing, since he was a recognized pillar of the church and well versed in love-feasts.

False teeth were not generally worn in those good oldfashioned days, and this old man had neither “uppers” nor “lowers”; so when he put the bread in his mouth the began to “munch” I supposed I must do likewise. I had not practiced on the munching process to exceed half a minute, however, before I received a severe cuffing and was led into the class-room by the ear, there to remain until church time and suffer for a sin of which I was innocent, though proof was wanting and appearances were against me.

There were times when we really enjoyed the long prayers in church. These were, when on the sly, we went provided with apples which could easily be eaten while all heads, like our own, were bowed in devotion. Though it sometimes happened that the apple was too

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large for the prayer, ordinarily we had ample time to eat it, core and peelings, and snap the seeds at an unsuspecting, devout sister a few pews distant; but she, not knowing the source whence they came, could not enter complaint. Had she done so it would not have taken our pa very long to hustle us down into the basement, where the hymnbook would admirably serve the purpose of the familiar shingle that was a permanent feature of our home.

Those times have gone by, and we of to-day have no grudges pigeon-holed against our ancestors, for we realize that they were striving to do their churchly duty to the best of their knowledge. If they erred in their conceptions of duty, we forgave them long ago. It is our belief, however, that the sons of the sons of the preaches and deacons now-a-days, who are much more leniently dealt with, turn out fully as well, if not better than those who were driven high-checked and curb-bitted on the salvation road of half a century ago.

When in those days we heard Heaven lauded as a place

“Where congregations ne’er break up, And Sabbaths never end,”

lurid descriptions of that other locality prepared for the impenitent were robbed of their terrors, for we felt that anything would be better than a perpetual church-going and an eternal Sabbath.

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“PHIL” AND THE MUSKRAT

“Phil,” as he was familiarly called, was a brother-in-law of the well-known Colonel F. Peteler, who resided at Round Lake, Anoka county. Being a young man blessed with a vigorous constitution and a zeal above mediocre, he came to the conclusion while still living in his old York State home, that he would follow Horace Greeley’s advice and “go west.”

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As Phil was exceedingly fond of his uncle Francis, he purchased a ticket for the Colonel's rural home, and, after a week's travel, found himself at his journey's end. There was much here to interest and amuse him during his leisure hours. Game was plentiful, all though the sixties, in this section of Minnesota, and Phil's greatest pastime was to shoulder his gun for a tramp through the country. Though he gave little thought to the direction he had better take, he was always sure to "strike it right" and bring home game sufficient to keep the family well supplied until such time as inclination spurred him on to restock the larder.

Phil usually had it all his own way while on these hunting expeditions, but "once upon a time" the tables were turned and he was forced to confront a situation considerably out of the ordinary. He was wandering somewhat aimlessly about, not very far from the house (this was in the winter season) when he discovered a full-grown muskrat near the lake. Thinking it hardly worth while to take the trouble of going for his gun for such small game, he decided to make a raid on Mr. Muskrat and dispatch him in short order with a good-sized stick which he found conveniently near. Phil's idea was that the muskrat would get a "move on himself" when he saw him coming and he (Phil) would have the exhilarating sport of a good chase over the glary ice of the frozen lake. He felt confident that victory would be his before the animal could possibly reach its home, which was on the opposite shore. Not so, however, for the muskrat turned upon his would-be captor, and defiantly dared him to "gather him in." Now that Phil had thrown at the creature his only weapon, without effect, it dawned upon him that something must be done if he would not permit Mr. Muskrat to claim the victory.

Without further ado Phil pulled off his number ten cowhide boots and let them fly, one after the other, at the irate muskrat. The shots fell short of their mark, and the animal, instead of running, immediately, took possession of the boots and persistently resisted all attempts of the owner to regain them.

As a result of this, Phil had to hurry home for his gun, in his stocking feet and with the thermometer down to zero. After warming his chilled feet and limbs, donning a pair of

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moccasins, Phil went forth to battle, armed with a weapon more effective and less liable to be placed out of his reach, than a piece of wood or a pair of long-legged cowhide boots. These latter he recovered, and the muskrat skin, well cured, brought him the sum of fifteen cents the following spring.

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THEN AND NOW

While taking a ride the other day on the Central avenue line to New Boston in one of Mr. Lowry's palatial coaches, my mind began to wander back, and still farther back until it had passed an interval of two-score years and reached the time when I was a mere lad plodding over this same route. Even by the greatest stretch of imagination, I could not if I would, have conceived the marvelous improvement the future years were to bring forth.

What we now have in this enterprising part of our city you all know; what it was then there are comparatively few to relate.

Ask of fancy that she lend wings to your feet, and follow me; if you feel that you can keep up, will pilot you over this route as it appeared in those early days.

Starting from the end of the East Side bridge on Central avenue—I mean that old rickety structure which would disgrace any stream a thousand miles from civilization, to say nothing of what our proud “Father of Waters” must have experienced in the way of shamefacedness—that bridge which swayed to and fro with every thirty-mile-an-hour breeze, and which on account of the continual war waging from above and beneath and around, necessitated an extra session of the city council nearly every other month to order repairs. The same bridge germinated profanity enough to debar the ever-faithful Captain Tapper from sitting at the communion table during his natural life.

Here we start with faces to the east. At the left-hand corner were Blakeman & Greenleaf's jewelry store and Wheeler's grocery; on the right-hand corner, Crawford's drug store and

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Peter O'Connor's dry goods store; on the opposite corners, Central Hall building with Z. E. B. Nash's 139 hardware store and Managan's fruit shanty. Up the hill, corner of Second street, was the home of Ed Lippincott, the popular blacksmith and city marshal; between second and University of the left was the little white schoolhouse of Mrs. Butterfield, from whose window peered the face of the tiny maiden who in time became my wife. At the right there was naught but scrub oak. On the corner of University avenue was the little story-and-a-half house of Sam L. Vawter, the druggist; directly opposite was the then mansion of a house with a whole block of city property surrounding it, the home of Dr. S. H. Chute. At Fifth and Central avenue was an attractive little white house with green blinds and beautiful surroundings, the home of Parson Secombe, pastor of the First Congregational church, which was located near by. In the next block lived Grandpa and Grandma Lane, with two of their unmarried sons, James S. and Leon M. Lane; opposite the Lanes lived Uncle "Billy" Brown, from "way down in Maine," and his sons, Lewis and Luther.

What is beyond us in our range of vision? Nothing but prairie, except the "calaboose" or jail, that was the temporary home of many a "red-shirter" who had imbibed too freely of what was intended for the Indian trade. We would state, in passing, that any sober river-driver like Steve Tripp or Hugh Cassidy could breathe a hole through the limestone walls. So in order to have subjects for Judge Bostwick's court, it was necessary to take the victims before they had sobered up, and by so doing keep said court from rusting out. On Monroe street was the home of "Brother O'Brien" and his raft of kids.

To the extreme left could be seen the suburban homes of "Widow Newell" and George A. Bowman, editor of the "St. Anthony Express," the first newspaper published in the city. To the right was Maplewood cemetery, and still further on, the Catholic cemetery and Sandy lake.

Possibly you may think you have had a tiresome imaginary walk with me getting out to Sandy lake; but were you 140 to have taken it in reality, in those "way back" times, you would never have forgotten it. There was nothing, seemingly, but sands, sand-burs and

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beggar lice. To show the estimation in which these were held by those who knew them best, it was said that many a pioneer, previous to taking his departure to the "other life," had been heard to remark that he would raise no objection to wading through purgatory, but he should certainly "kick" if the trip included being "toted" over this Sahara desert before reaching the final resting place.

This Sandy lake of olden times was the abiding place, in season, of numberless wild ducks and geese, and any one out shooting could easily overlook and contentedly over-walk the discomforts of the road leading there, since he was mortally sure that abundant reward awaited him at its end.

Many a time have I gone out there of a spring morning, with my single-barrel, old-fashioned shotgun, that would not stay cocked half the time, and have come home with several mallards which made a much appreciated addition to the family larder I have often since then, pictured the success that might have been mine had I only been provided with an up-to-date fowling piece.

This visit to Sandy lake recalls a personage I have not thought of for years, and that is Peter Pottgiesser, the old German farmer who lived a short distance from the lake. He always had a good word for the boys who were out "shootin'," and also stored up revenge for such mischievous ones as made game of his barnyard fowl and passed them off on unsuspecting village folks as "mud hens."

Mr. Pottgiesser was a good whole-souled German, weighing not much less than 300 pounds, and he had for a wife a little 87-pounder; but what she lacked in quantity must have been made up in quality, for she could accomplish more work in a day than the average woman in a week. I always like this German couple, because they were so hospitable. It mattered not whether I had a duck to spare 141 in exchange for a generous bowl of bread and milk, I was always welcome to it.

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About twenty years ago the little woman died, and when, a year later I saw her sorrowing husband, he was grieving over the loss of his "Frau," and would not be comforted. Not many months after he was laid by her side, to be reunited with her in that home where there is neither sorrow nor parting.

Contrast this route from the island bridge to Sandy lake and its outlaying scenery as I have described it, with what we see in this vicinity to-day. It is fairly bewildering to me, and I cannot believe that the majority of those reading this sketch, can form anything like a just idea of the wonderful transformation that has taken place. A massive and ornamental bridge, bearing witness to improvements scarcely yet completed, takes the place of the spindle-shanked excuse for a bridge that was liable to topple over, should a generous sized log strike its underpinning amidships.

Instead of an occasional house of small dimension, and vacant lots in abundance, we find substantial business blocks and well paved roadways with line after line of electric cars whizzing along; and what was a dreary prairie infested with sand-burrs and beggar-lice, is now dotted with homes of industrious citizens who find employment in the hundreds of factories, mills and shops that represent the heart-beats of this busy thriving metropolis.

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THE OLD VIOLIN

I climbed the attic tower to-night. Among the curios of the years, Discarded long and put away, That caused my eyes to fill with tears.

Upon the wall, to my surprise, Hung by a cord, now faded grown, The violin of boyhood days, I once was proud to call my own.

Fond memories gather thick and fast, Long since forgotten in their flight, By this event—this circumstances Of climbing up the tower to-night.

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Neglected form, one highly prized And valued by its weight in gold, That oft-times blended sweetest strains In key with David's harp of old!

What were the tunes I used to play That filled my soul with rapturous joy? The "Devil's Dream," "Virginia Reel," The "Money Musk" and "Pat Malloy."

I now recall "Sweet Lily Dale," And "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon," "My Shamrock Home Beyond the Sea."

Up there it hangs without a bridge; No strings stretch o'er its pulseless side; Its sounding post off duty now; The hairless bow is cast aside.

A relic of "ye olden times," When I was young and full of mirth; When life was dear and hopes were bright, And everything seemed good on earth.

WINSLOW HOUSE, 1860.

FIRST FRAME BUILDING IN MINNEAPOLIS (WEST SIDE), 1850. Erected by J. H. Stevens.

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THE FOURTH IN '58

The first Fourth of July celebrated after Minnesota became a state—May 11, 1858,—was not held on July 4th, for the very good reason that it came on Sunday; hence the jollification and festivities were set for one day later. It was a union celebration, gotten up by the united efforts, of the enterprising citizens of Minneapolis and St. Anthony, for it was long before Minneapolis had absorbed the latter. Invitations were extended to St. Paul and the whole surrounding country to join in, help hurrah for the dear old flag, and partake of the hospitality of the Twin Cities at the Falls.

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On Sunday, before the celebration, the principle "the better the day better the deed" had to be followed out; and every housewife was kept busy about the cookstove; even the preachers and their wives entered into the work with enthusiasm and concluded not to hold church service and by allowing the cooking to go by default, have it proclaimed to the world that the Dual Cities, as entertainers, had failed to do their best.

Everything was to be "free for all who would come," so stated the invitations. As a result, when Monday morning arrived, there was a grand inpouring from all quarters. The streets were full of teams, and Nicollet Island, where the celebration was held, was literally swarming with people, brimful of enthusiasm, but with empty stomachs, and ready to fill up on "roast ox" and other substantials, with hot coffee, and lemonade that was furnished by the barrel.

There were five tables, each 200 feet long; seats were constructed of planks to accommodate 3,5000, and arranged in a semicircle about the speakers' stand. This shows on 144 what gigantic scale the committee had planned the work. Swings were suspended from trees in different parts of the island for the entertainment of the young people; in fact, every detail that would add to the comfort and pleasure of the occasion had received careful attention. The grounds were beautifully decorated, not alone by Nature, for man had added his artistic touch in the display of banners of great variety, color and shape, with mottoes appropriate to this time-honored, festal day. A level piece of ground, fifty feet square, was selected and floored for the use of such as wished to join in the cotillion, and of these there were many.

At eleven o'clock, at a given signal, Minneapolis citizens, including secret and other societies, formed in grand procession in the open space opposite the Nicollet House on the west side of the river, and marched across the bridge to the grounds near the Winslow House, now the site of the Exposition building, there to meet a similar procession arranged by the citizens of St. Anthony, and made up of civilians, the Union, Benevolent and Turners' Societies, each numbering 150, and bands of music with their respective

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delegations. There were at least one thousand in each procession, which, added to those already gathered on the island, formed a total of nearly ten thousand, and it was estimated that no less than twelve thousand visited the grounds during the day. At this moment a salute of thirty-two guns, one for each state, was fired from the cannon on the island.

On an elevated platform were seated the president of the occasion, Hon. Cyrus Aldrich, the "Old Gents' Band" of St. Paul, the "Lawrence Band," the "Melodeon Troupe," who were filling engagements in this section of the country at the time and were invited guests, members of the Legislature, and other distinguished visitors. This made a fine array and one that would do credit to the present.

The grand marshal of the day was Dr. J. H. Murphy, with Ed Lippincott, A. B. Kingsbury and Gen. Karns as aids.

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Illustrative of the gallantry of those days, none but ladies were permitted to sit at the first table, and they were instructed to "take their time" and eat heartily, which they did. After them the men and boys were served and the tables were not vacated until three o'clock. Most excellent music was rendered, the several bands in attendance alternating.

An elegant program was given, including the reading of the Declaration of Independence, after which came toasts as follows:

"The Day We Celebrate," "Washington," "The President of the United States, and Governor of Minnesota," "Our Dual City," "Minnesota," "The Thirty-two States of OUR Union," "The Northern Route to the Pacific," "The Press." Last but not least, came "The Broad Mississippi that flows by our side; may its waters never lave the soil of a dissevered Nation," showing that the possibility of disruption had reached the minds of the inhabitants of this new State. These toasts were responded to by orators whose eloquence would delight any audience at the present stage of our city's development.

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“OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT”

The moon was just rising and quietness rested on the fading light of day, when I was aroused from my reverie in the old arm chair in the bay window, by whispered conversation in the alley, also a rattling in the trees, as if from sticks, or other convenient missiles, and then a general scramble as if to secure something ere it evaded the grasp.

It was but the work of a moment for me to clear the fog from my befuddled brain sufficiently to take in the situation. We have a beautiful Transcendent crabapple tree that hangs its tempting branches over the alley fence, and upon these branches are clusters of rosy-cheeked spheres that would surely entitle them to the blue ribbon at any county fair. It was to this tree that five “kids” were giving their attention, and stealthily gathering in what to us were priceless gems, since we had watched them, from their blossoming time, grow to be the very “apple of our eye.”

What was I to do in an emergency like this? The gun was in the loft, and not having had occasion to use it for many a year, I was at a loss to know just how to manage it for the best results; so I concluded to avail myself of something, anything, to protect our property that was thus ruthlessly being appropriated. I seized what is called the “burglar's cane” that is always kept in the umbrella stand, conveniently near the front door, for such occasions as the present. So instead of rushing boldly out and slaying the intruders, I tip-toed rapidly to the kitchen door, where I secured a good view of the five desperadoes rapidly filling their coat and trousers pockets with the forbidden 147 fruit, and evidently keyed up for instantaneous flight at the first sign of approaching danger.

But what did I do? you may query. Did I pounce down on the lads and out them to flight or slaughter them and confiscate what they had appropriated? No, no; I was carried back, in the twinkling of an eye, to the days when I was one of five, out on a similar foraging expedition, and in that little group that the moon was so complacently smiling upon, I recognized the features of four that I had seen over forty years ago, climbing the fence of

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“Old Campau” for fruit not half so tempting; and I well remember what a hasty retreat was made with the old dog Lion and half-witted Jim hot after us, we narrowly escaping teeth and clutches.

Could I have those boys grow up with the feeling that I still entertain for “Old Campau?” This question presented itself so forcibly that I loosened my grasp upon the instrument of death, and quietly watched the boys take their departure, while I summed up the situation thus: The “kids” have had lots of fun, and may have still more before the apples are all eaten; I have had my youth restored to me at the loss of a few crabapples that can be purchased at any store for still fewer cents.

All's well that ends well.

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TRANSFORMATION

While strolling through beautiful Fairview park last Sunday, I wondered how many of our population of 250,000 have visited it, or in fact, have the least conception of the beauty spot we have within two miles of Nicollet avenue.

The transformation that has taken place since I first knew it, years ago, is truly wonderful. It was known in the early days as “Nigger Hill,” a place to be shunned by the better element of the community. It was first brought into prominence on account of its altitude and the abundance of native trees, but it never dawned upon me that I could possibly live long enough to see a veritable Eden located upon this spot. Such, however, is the case.

I was surprised not to find hundreds there, on this warm, sunny morning, enjoying the beautiful grassy hillside, or lying upon nature's fascinating carpet that was spread beneath o'erbranching trees luxuriant with rich foliage. The mere rustle of the leaves was enough to wait me off into happy dreamland—but instead of hundreds, I found a dozen people, including the ever-faithful park police, monopolizing all this grandeur.

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It was interesting to watch the many species of birds that were taking their Sunday morning bath beneath the spray, and enjoying it to the utmost, as though they were all members of one happy family. I noticed the blue jays, robins, blackbirds and other species whose names I can not now recall. The sparrows were isolated from the other birds, and were seemingly contented and happy by themselves, taking their dust-bath in the middle of the road.

What a magnificent view from the picturesque tower rising from the highest point, and in the center of the park! From this lookout I could take in, at one grand sweep, 149 all of Minneapolis, with its mills, factories, business houses, elevators, railroads; its parks on both sides of the winding Mississippi river, and miles and miles beyond.

If you have any friends visiting you, make it a point that they do not go away without spending an hour at least, in this charmed spot. To those who make Minneapolis their home, I would say, it is your duty to become better acquainted with the good work of the park commission in our midst.

For the paltry sum of a nickel, for street care fare, you can visit this beautiful spot and enjoy as fine a panoramic view as can be found in the Northwest.

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EXPANSION

There was a time, many years ago, when I believed the sun to rise just beyond the eastern border line of the State of Maine. After I had come to Minnesota in 1855, I was fully convinced of the fact that the self same sun set somewhere in the vicinity of Sauk Rapids, that being as far up the Mississippi as the steamers could run, before they must turn around and paddle back, assisted greatly on their homeward trip by the swiftly running current.

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Later on, the arrival of a caravan of Red River carts, loaded with furs from Pembina, brought the intelligence that there were people and plains and sunsets far beyond the afore-mentioned "Rapids." This statement, however, was so in excess of anything I had even dreamed of that I could not bring myself to place any credence in the report, and so held to the belief of earlier life. But as the years multiplied my ideas began to expand, and I had about made up my mind to accept the theory of a wonderful country far to the north and west of Minneapolis. According to report, it seemed that it would be necessary to make a good long "hop, skip and jump" over a desert vast in extent and irredeemable in character, before that country could be reached. As is usually the case with wide awake people, there were found those, who, guided by a "Fisk" or "Bottineau," were ready to venture and explore this region, and they were numbered by the hundreds. For the prospect of an abundance of "filthy lucre" they were willing to risk their lives in crossing plains, fraught with unknown dangers to the Black Hills, the land of gold. This was in 1865 and 1866.

These and similar experiences oft repeated, had forced me to make up my mind that even the western limit of 151 Minnesota was not the "jumping off place," by a long distance, if half the reports circulated were true.

Progress in the line of stretching the area of population advances with giant strides, for a few years later, I was a passenger on the construction train of the Great Northern, that landed me safely at what is now Morris, Minn. Attached to this train was a freight car, loaded with government supplies for the agency at Fort Sisseton. We found in waiting to receive them a string of teams, accompanied by "good" Indians and soldiers. When they got started homeward with their supplies, it looked as if they were marching right off into nowhere; not a shrub or tree; nothing in sight but scorched "buffalo grass," blue sky and oceans of it, and bleached buffalo bones by the ton scattered over the plain as far as the eye could reach.

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As the caravan journey westward it appeared as if the line of teams were about to bore a hole through eternity and would pull the hole in after them.

At another time I was shot off into the wilderness and landed at Alexandria, Minn., being numbered among those who were first to “get there” by rail. A little it was noised about that a road was soon to be opened to the “Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas”—the town of Duluth. This, at the time, seemed incredible, but sure enough, it was constructed, and a representative body of Minneapolis merchants and professional men, also delegations from all the embryo towns on the line of the Minneapolis & St. Louis railroad, joined in a glorious celebration of the event by an excursion to that possible business metropolis of Northern Minnesota on Lake Superior. Well do I remember this lovely trip and the glorious ride on the steamer down the lake, with music by the band. Nor have I forgotten the rollicking songs of those who had not turned a deaf ear to the report of the cork when drawn from the bottle of sparkling, brain-agitating, tongue-loosening champagne that flowed as freely on board as did the waters which were at that moment lapping the sides of the trusty 152 steamer that had in its safe keeping several hundred excursionists.

Without dispute the country was growing; the wheels of progress would not, and could not be trigged; the population came in by thousands on every “Westward ho!” wave from the vast Atlantic that had borne on its heaving bosom from still further east, the Norwegian, the Swede, the Dane, the German, to take possession of the millions of quarter sections that were and had been waiting for centuries, to be “massaged” into utility. Results of this treatment are now manifest in millions upon millions of bushels of grain produced every season. Monuments in the form of elevators can be found wherever has penetrated the iron web of commerce—a web closely and carefully woven by active hands directed by still more active brains.

“Think of it,” said Bishop Whipple, at the semi-centennial celebration of the Minnesota Historical Society, held in St. Paul November 15, 1899. “Just think of it; less than fifty years ago the buffalo were roaming our western prairies by the tens of thousands, and you might

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travel for hundreds of miles without seeing a human being, or a sign of civilization. How great is the contrast between that time and the present—one vast beehive of industry, with the iron horse reaching out in all directions! By stepping on the cars in St. Paul or Minneapolis, with but one or two changes, you can be safely landed in China or Japan.”

What are the possibilities for the next half century? We may ask this question, but it will have to be answered by our grandchildren fifty years hence, as they scan with curious eyes and almost incredulous smile the documents on file in the archives of the Historical Society, an institution wisely conceived and carried out by their grandparents away back in the infantile period of this great Northwest—the year 1849.

“The sun rises in the east and sets in the west,” but who shall define exactly these points of compass, even in their relation to our country alone, for the shines on a stretch of 153 land more vast and more fertile than was compassed by the dreams of our early geographers, and with manufacturing industries wider and more varied than entered into the carefully laid schemes of the financiers of pioneer days.

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ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS—THEIR INTERESTING DISCOVERY AND GEOLOGICAL HISTORY

The falls of St. Anthony were discovered by Father Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan priest, he having joined an expedition under Robert Cavelier de la Salle, who was commissioned by the French king to explore the Mississippi river and trade in furs.

From Lake Pepin, their headquarters, Hennepin was despatched to examine the upper Mississippi, and accompanied by Du Gay and Michael de Accault, who acted as oarsman, he ascended to a point now called Pig's Eye, whence abandoning the river, he followed the Indian trail to the Mille Lac region, and on his return, about the first of August, 1680, pitched his tent on the site of what is now Minneapolis. He was the first European to look

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upon the then majestic cataract, and christened it St. Anthony's Falls after the patron saint of the expedition.

The falls have receded over a thousand feet from the position they occupied at that time; this has been occasioned by the undermining of the sand rock which underlies the bed of the river at this point, allowing the latter to break into fragments and fall into the chasm below.

Geologists believe that the falls were once located at or below the site of Fort Snelling, and that the recession has continued since the close of the glacial epoch. This period, as computed by geological authority, is said to have been 7,800 years.

There is satisfactory evidence that the Mississippi river has diverged from its ancient channel, which, near the mouth of Bassett's creek, passed by way of Lakes Calhoun and Harriet, and joined the Minnesota river above Fort Snelling. It was filled up by the moraine of the glacial 155 period, at which time the waters extended from the bluffs west of Calhoun to those of the Mississippi, and overflowing below Fort Snelling, began the erosion of the present channel at that point.

When I first viewed the picturesque scenery of St. Anthony's Falls and the surrounding country, it was entrancing. I was then young in years, but old enough to take in the enchanting panorama and retain it as a fair vision to be enjoyed in these later days when its glory has forever departed.

My first view of the falls was in September, 1855, when, with the other members of my family, I entered St. Anthony by way of Cheevertown, the present site of our State University. From this eminence we had an unobstructed view for miles around. No wonder we all pronounced this the ideal place; no wonder that the Franciscan priest was so charmed with its magnificence that he made haste to give it a most holy christening; no

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wonder that France and Italy sent their artists to this country to place upon canvas one of the beauty spots of the Western hemisphere.

Time has wrought surprising changes; this poetic and picturesque beauty has been sacrificed to prosaic utility. And yet but for the intervention of man, the falls would, no doubt, ere this have been swept away and with them Nicollet Island and the prospect of the city, which then existed only in embryo.

Happily man stepped in with his active, inventive brain, and with muscles of iron stayed the impending ravage.

Although the falls have lost their natural charm, we are more than compensated for this sacrifice by the power they exert, under proper control, to turn the wheels of our mills that grind food for millions, and speed the spindle and loom that manufacture blankets and woolens to protect us from the icy blasts of a northern winter clime. To these industries and the many other purposes for which this magnificent waterpower has been utilized, Minneapolis owes a large measure of its prosperity.

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For its beauty we shall continue to cherish the legend-haunted waterfall of our youth; but for real benefit, we prefer its present form, and fully appreciate that bridled strength which has brought and will continue to bring wealth and happiness to this phenomenal city.

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A PIONEER POET'S LOVE SONG

The following sentimental bit of verse has recently come into my possession, and beautiful, though it is, had it not been for these lines in the first stanza:

“When the groves of Nicollet Island Wore the livery of June,”

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it would probably have passed unnoticed. But the mention of this charmed spot of our city's early history, recalls the time when "She and I," full forty years ago, strolled leisurely about the island, "beneath the livery of June," "with the bright skies overhead."

Had I been a poet and a chivalrous Lochinvar in this olden time, or had I even been familiar with "Locksley Hall," as this writer proves to have been, I might have imagined that the poem was really mine and that I had recently awakened from a Rip Van Winkle sleep. Pleasing as such an illusion would be, it has no foundation in fact, as the name of her I took to my home and heart was not Fanny Ellis. Neither to my recollection, was her sigh "Like unto the whisper of the South Wind."

Therefore Ralph W. Wheelock of the Tribune was a little "off," when in his column of "Thoughts on Things Material and Immaterial," he perpetrated the following:

"Frank G. O'Brien, the poet-historian, has dug up and put into print a tribute to one of his old flames on Nicollet Island, but with a cleverness born of discretion, tries to prove an alibi for himself."

Who was this "Fanny Ellis" of so many years ago? And who this sentimental poet whose name does not appear—he who showed such familiarity, not only with Tennyson, but with the Nicollet Island of bygone years?

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It is the opinion among many of the present day that all the early settlers about the Falls of St. Anthony were practical pioneers, accustomed only to the rougher side of life, to the exclusion of all sentiment; but these sentimental verses will prove that such an idea is erroneous.

I find them in a bound volume of Peterson's Magazine, bearing date of 1875, and signed by U.D. Thomas, a practising physician of Minneapolis who is still with us pursuing his medical profession, and as ardent a votary of the Muses as in those days when sweet

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young Fanny Ellis was the inspiration of his lays. She became his wife and the mother of his three children, Mrs. Coral A. Thurmann, the gifted Minnetonka poet, Miss Ethel Thomas and Ernest Thomas of Minneapolis.

Here is our Doctor's tender and musical "Love Song":

FANNY ELLIS

Fanny Ellis, you remember, That unclouded afternoon, When the groves of Nicollet Island Wore the livery of June, And we walked beneath their shadow While the light-winged moments sped, And our thoughts were bright and cloudless As the bright sky overhead.

Fanny Ellis, Fanny Ellis! Lovingly you will recall, Where, upon the green sward seated, I repeated "Locksley Hall." Then the whisper of the South Wind Was not softer than your sighs, Nor the far-off blue of Heaven Deeper than your liquid eyes.

Never had so bright a verdure Clothed the grass beneath our feet, Never had the happy wild birds Sang so merrily and sweet;

THE FIRST THREE GRIST MILLS, ERECTED AT THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, EXCEPT THE GOVERNMENT MILLS, EAST SIDE CHANNEL, HENNEPIN ISLAND, AND A RUDE STRUCTURE BUILT BY R. C. ROGERS AND FRANKLIN STEELE IN 1851.

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Never had the blushing flowers Breathed such fragrant breath away; Never were our lives holy, As they seemed that Summer day.

Seated there, beside the river, Listening to the cataract's roar, While the restless waves below us Tossed their foamy crests ashore; We forgot that aught of sorrow Could to human lives belong; And the music floating round us, Seemed an angel's triumph song.

Fanny Ellis, Fanny Ellis! Through the blissful years to come, We shall talk of this together,
In the tranquil light of home. Since the ties that then were woven. Time can never rend
apart; Since the love that day unfolden, Binds us ever, heart to heart.

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DAVID EDWARDS AND HIS NESMITH CAVE HOAX

Who among the pioneers does not remember that good, whole-souled citizen, merchant and public benefactor, Colonel David Edwards? He was a man always bubbling over with mirth, one who basked in the sunshine of life and was ever on the alert to dispel those clouds that cast their shadows over the lives of the struggling, but sturdy pioneers.

Many an early settler in these parts has good and sufficient reason for revering the name of David Edwards, as it was through his unselfish and timely aid that many an unfortunate was saved from actual hunger and untold suffering. His method of relieving such needs was so kindly and unostentatious, that it was almost a pleasure to receive charity at his hands.

Colonel Edwards arrived at St. Anthony in 1853, his wife and four daughters accompanying him. At this early date there were only twelve houses on the West Side, and nothing whatever in the way of improvements. The grand old Mississippi was suffered to flow along unbridled, without check or rein, and dashed itself into a tragedy of foam at the falls, where it was churned against the huge rocks that manifested themselves so plainly, when the ledge rock, which was a part of the falls, had broken away, leaving its rough and jagged edges exposed.

St. Anthony was a typical frontier lumbering town, where everything in the building line was constructed from lumber manufactured at the original saw-mills No. 1 and No. 2. These mills proved to be the nucleus of many others that were added one by one, until

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they formed a continuous line across the east-side channel, only a short distance below the Exposition building, and I might add, went up in smoke several years later.

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Colonel Edwards being, as has been shown, a philanthropist, was desirous of using his capital where it would do the most good and benefit the greatest number. Therefore he concluded to engage in "general merchandise." As there was no building suited to his requirements, he decide to erect one of limestone. This first stone building in the Northwestern metropolis was three stories high. The first floor was use for store purpose, the second was divided into offices, while the third story was fitted up as a public hall.

The erection of such a building could not be otherwise than a public benefaction, for the wide awake little city was without a place suitable for general gatherings, this being prior to the date of the Winslow House. It was in this building that the Hon. Loren Fletcher as clerk for Mr. Edwards, received his initiation into Minnesota business life.

This pioneer store contained the largest stock of general merchandise in the State, and the fact that its wholesoulded proprietor had not he heart to refuse credit to any who lacked the ready cash, naturally brought him some financial discomfiture.

Edwards' hall was known far and wide as an ideal place for dances, concerts, festivals and overflow justice court meetings, and also for political gatherings.

In this hall was organized the Andrew Presbyterian church, and for a time Holy Trinity held services here. This was previous to the erection of its church edifice on Second street northeast, which some years ago gave place to the fine building where the congregation now worships.

The celebrated Hutchinson family and the Swiss Bell Ringers charmed the old pioneers with their heavenly music within these walls, and Adelina Patti and Ole Bull made here their first appearance in the fall of 1858, on their first American tour.

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It was at this time that a few enterprising citizens of the West Side—Minneapolis—decided that they would have 162 Adelina and Ole entertain them also. The problem which at once presented itself for solution was, “Where can we obtain a piano?” The owner of the one in Edwards' hall was extortionate in his rental; besides, he would not permit it to be moved across the river.

It finally dawned upon the enterprising few that Colonel Stevens was the possessor of an instrument.

This they procured, and by putting extra props under the floor of the building in which the concert was to be held—the upper story of Arthur McGee's grocery store on Helen street, now Second avenue south—it was made strong enough to hold the “forte” and prevent all possibility of the performers' notes going so low down as the basement.

Colonel Edwards was a ready writer, and being endowed with a gift on entertaining originality, helped much to pass always the time, necessarily dull, that must elapse between the closing of navigation in the fall and its opening the next spring—a period of six months.

It was he who wrote those stirring articles in the St. Anthony Democrat, owned and controlled by the wellknown capitalist, Ovid Pinney, and which created such a sensation in those early times. The author of these was eagerly sought by many who wished to “get even with him,” but the secret of his identity was sacredly kept.

It was he who set the whole country wild over the discovery of what was known as the “Nesmith Cave,” a description of which found its way into Chambers' Encyclopedia as actual history.

The Minneapolis Chronicle of January 9, 1867, contains a correspondence which graphically portrays the hugeness of the joke. The reader will perceive that the colonel disguises himself under the pen name of “Luther Chamberlin.” In answer to a serious letter

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of injury from a Michigan antiquary, Colonel Edwards gives this whimsical account of his pretended discovery: "St. Anthony, Minn., Jan. 8, 1867.

"Virgil S. Parmlee, Esq., Almont, Mich.—My Dear Sir:

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Your letter of Dec. 27 has been handed to me with the request for an answer. As you seem to take a deep interest in new discoveries, I shall endeavor to give you as correct a description of the newly discovered cave in this city as my feeble abilities will admit. Mr. Nesmith and myself, in company with the members of the city council, made the necessary arrangements and entered the mouth of the cave in Mr. Nesmith's cellar, each one holding a lighted Roman candle. We descended the steps, which are of stone with iron railing. We then fastened the end of our twine to the foot of the steps and struck out westwardly in the direction of the river, passing along an entry which led to a chamber of moderate size. A little to the right of this one we entered a second, still larger. In the center of this a huge stalagmite had formed. We called it the tower of St. Anthony. It is a lofty mass, 200 feet in circumference, surrounded from top to bottom with rings of fountain basins hanging from its sides, each wider than the other and carved by the action of the water into as beautiful shapes as if cut by the hand of a sculptor. We penetrated to the third chamber. Here there was no center column, but the effect was produced by the immensity of the vault. It appears as if you might set beneath it our entire Catholic church with dome and cross. It is a magnificent sight, the walls sheeted with stalactites, and the floor meandered by those arabesque troughs of pure white in antique patterns, which are so common in the European states.

"One of our party fired a rocket, which exploded as it struck the top of the towering dome, and amid the falling stars the detonation reverberated from side to side of the immense vault with the roar of a cannonade. A sheet of stalactite was struck, and it sounded with the clearness of a bell.

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"Four Roman candles were lighted and placed midway up the sides of the temple, which shed a faint illumination like the twilight stealing through the eastern horizon. 164 Beyond this chamber and a little to the left was a narrow path between the almost perpendicular rocks. As we passed, Mr. Nesmith crept through an entrance near the floor, and holding his candle aloft (so that the light fell as from an invisible source) revealed a delightful little cave arched with snowy stalactites. In the middle rose a center table, covered with fringed folds and adorned with goblin knickknacks. It was the boudoir of some gnome or coquetish fairy. Two rocks standing beyond this retreat are the portals of another chamber, groined like the rest, in Gothic arches with tracery of purest stalactites, while the floor is paved with beautiful little globular stalagmites.

"In a corner we found the skeleton head and body of a serpent of incredible size. The path beyond this is nearly blocked up by large quantities of timber, that in some remote day, found its way in from the river. Passing over these you attain another vaulted cathedral, bright as the rest with flashing stalactites, while its floor is covered knee deep with a strong iron water. This dark lake, lit up by the blaze of a dozen Roman candles, and reflecting the flashing walls of the cavern, would have made a picture for Barnum. Near this vault we found the skeleton, to all appearance of a man; his bones were white and dry; the hair, which had dropped carelessly from his head, was straight and of a blackish cast; his height must have been nearly eight feet, whether he was a lost traveler, an absconding debtor, a suicidal lover, or a wretched murderer seeking concealment from vindictive pursuers, no one can tell.

"A short distance south from this we came to an iron door, which was fastened on the under side. After considerable delay, we managed to force it open and found that it led down another pair of iron steps into a large opening below, where we felt fresh air, blowing at times much more freely than at others. The party seemed delighted with the prospect ahead. After taking some refreshments, we renewed our anxious search for something 165 new. We took a westerly direction, finding innumerable natural curiosities, such as

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fish, snakes, bats, buffalo horns and bones of all descriptions. In the crevices of the rocks overhead water kept a continual dropping, which formed something similar to icicles that frequently reached the bottom of the cavern. We could hear the current of the river washing the rock overhead, and could also hear the workmen on the piers of the railroad bridge now under construction. We had now penetrated about 5,000 feet into the interior of the earth, and Mr. Nesmith said that there were still innumerable chambers beyond. Our twine having run out we made a hasty retreat back to the mouth of the cave, where we again caught a glimpse of daylight.

“The excitement here has been great. Men, women and children apply for admittance at all hours of the day.

“The title to the case is now in dispute. Richard Chute, the agent of the St. Anthony Falls Water Power Co., is at work digging a tunnel, beginning below the falls, with a view of tapping the cave. When completed it will drain the cave of water, and also make a valuable water-power. His plans are well matured and the work is going on rapidly. He has a patent stone drill that will cut a two-foot hole through the ledge to intersect the cave below, through which he can let in the light and construct his water wheels. He expects to have the tunnel ready for visitors by spring.

“Mr. Boyd, a practical artist, formerly of Pittsburg, Pa., is now at work painting representations of the cave and its innumerable antiquities. As soon as he completes these his fortune is made.

“Henry Day, son of George E. H. Day, Esq., of Washington, D. C., I understand, is busily engaged in writing a descriptive history of the whole thing, which will be read with deep interest. It will be sold only by his special agents. You would better secure a copy at once.

“The rooms on the first floor of the cave are of white 166 sandstone which forms a solid wall glazed over with a coating similar to a pound cake—the floors the same. The ceiling is self-supporting. The workmanship in these rooms is of a high order, showing that the

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square, plumb and compass must have been in use in those remote days. Many of the implements are much corroded—brass and silver not as much as iron.

“Mr. Feelon, a merchant of this city, has a block of marble which he obtained from the cave. It was discolored, but he has cleaned it so that it looks like new. It has an opening in the centre like a door with a grapevine running up each side. Others have specimens of different kinds. Speculation is rampant as to the origin of the cavern and by what race inhabited.

“Minnesota is still in her infancy, and there is no telling what may yet be found underneath her surface.

“As my letter is becoming somewhat lengthy, I shall have to close without finishing it. You must excuse me for the present, and I shall remain, “Thine, truly, “LUTHER CHAMBERLIN.”

For many years Col. Edwards was called Doctor Edwards, he being the inventor of what was known as “Edwards' Monitor Liniment.” This had a large sale, and to a great extent supplanted in nearly every home the down East remedy that every Maineite would swear by,—Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.”

For a long time he was a conspicuous figure on the streets as assessor, and for about nine years served as county commissioner. Had he been on the popular ticket, there would have been no such thing as stopping his advancement; but he was a staunch Democrat and this precluded the possibility of his displacing a good Republican in such a stronghold of that party as was the State of Minnesota. It was said of him in those days that he was far better than his party, and should have been a Republican.

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David Edwards, who was born in Pennsylvania in 1816, came to St. Anthony in 1853, removing to Texas for his health in 1885, where he died in September, 1890, aged seventy-four years. He was laid to his final rest in our beautiful Lakewood cemetery.

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THAT DEAR OLD CRADLE

Up in the loft, I saw it to-day— Dear little cradle of long ago; Gently I rocked it the same old way. And lovingly swayed it to and fro.

Empty it was, but memory clings To the baby cherubs who nestled there, Like birds of the air on soaring wings They have left this nest for some other where.

Years so many have flitted by, Since they passed from our earthly home, my dear, Sad is your look, and I hear you sigh As you strive to check th fast falling tear.

Sweet were those days of the years long past, Dear the hopes and joys that with them took flight. Time has brought solace and peace at last, And a chastened sorrow is ours to-night.

The sight of this cradle—"lullaby nest," Touches the chords of the mother-heart. For darlings three she here lulled to rest— One to remain, and two to depart.

One to manhood grown is here to-night; Two early passed from our arms away, But they're always with us, though lost to sight, To guide us and cheer us through life's sad day.

So rock the old cradle to-night, my dear, And fancy the children are sleeping there, Sing the sweet ditties they loved, when here You gave them the tenderest mother care.

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HIS FIRST SHAVE

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I never pass the home of our respected townsman, Ralph Grey, that I do not recall my first experience in trying to get a shave.

In the early history of our city—the East Side—Mr. Grey, its pioneer barber, was the proprietor of the Tremont House barber shop, located not far from the Hennepin Island bridge.

At the time I was serving a four-year's apprenticeship with Charles Crawford, learning the drug business. His place was at the end of the East Side bridge on Central avenue, and it was while making putty, charging soda-fountains, filling narrow-necked bottles with cold castor oil, according to instructions given by my employer, that, without such instructions, I was informing myself surreptitiously, as it were, not only as to what was the most effective compound in the pharmacopoeia for the removal of freckles, but also what would produce wonders in the way of growing whiskers on the face of a 17-year-old hopeful.

My meager salary of \$2 a week would not justify an extravagant use of money, so I was anxious to gain all possible knowledge of the comparative merits of the “remedies” advertised. After satisfying myself that Burnett's Kalliston was just the thing to remove the freckles, I purchased a bottle for one dollar—less 33 per cent.—while for a luxuriant, glossy beard I decided in favor of Lyon's Katharion, influenced thereto by the printed matter on the wrapper, which stated that it would perform miracles, and it was “miracles” I was in quest of. This bottle cost me 35 cents, the regular discount to the trade having been allowed.

I followed directions to the letter, not stinting myself for time, though I might have been adjudged guilty of 170 theft for appropriating that which belonged legally to Mr. Crawford, and should have been spent pounding roots and herbs for spring bitters, in the old iron mortar.

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A little shelf in a hidden recess of the cellar way was the repository of my two precious bottles, that were to be taken when shaken. Not a soul was to be let into the secret, and I felt confident that the whole town would, in a short time be in a state of wonderment over my complexion, fair to behold, free from the iron-stained blotches that now detracted from my otherwise good looks, and to which the expected chin and lip decorations would give a pleasing addition.

These two preparations, vigorously applied daily, gave to my face the appearance of having been agitated by a nutmeg grater; I do not mean by this the whole of my face, but only that portion where the prospective crop of whiskers was expected to present itself. I had put considerable stress upon an imperial and mustache, as I thought these would give me a look “quite foreign”—“Frenchy,” in fact.

The first bottle of Kalliston was getting in its work in good shape, the yellow spots were dropping off like the scales from a convalescent small-pox patient; but the faintest glimmer of hope was the only support to which I could cling in the way of hirsute growth; in fact, by close inspection in a hand mirror borrowed from the showcase for that purpose, I found that “hope” was several times more prominent than “hirsute;” but I had made up my mind to “never say die,” especially when there was nothing to “dye.”

After a month had passed slowly and anxiously by, I became conscious of an itching to visit Grey's barber shop, thinking that perhaps a good comfortable shave would be just the thing. and convincing myself that conditions were fully ripe for the barber to get in his work.

The question arose in my mind, “How am I to manage to get into that barber shop unbeknown to the boys, and

FRANK G. O'BRIEN, 1860. Age, 17 Years.

171 at the same time escape the jeers of the older ones of the community?” I revolved the matter over and over and concluded to take the noon hour, going without my dinner. In this

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way I hoped to escape all annoyances, as those inclined to torment me would be seated at dinner, and a safe distance away.

Noontime of the eventful day came, and I donned my jacket and started for home, as my employer supposed. When within a short distance of the barber's I gathered up a few pebbles and shied them at a turtle which was having a free ride on a slab in the east side channel, at the same time keeping my weather eye focused on a certain door to make sure that I would be the only one to occupy the two chairs that graced this, to me, palace of Aladdin. When I had satisfied myself that no interlopers were present, I popped through the door, but once inside became as important as you please, hung up my hat, pulled off my jacket and hung it up. While I was doing so, Mr. Grey called out "Next!" I climbed into the big arm chair, and when the head-rest had been adjusted, slid gracefully into position and whispered, for fear some one might be within hearing distance, "Shave, please."

Mr. Grey knew his business, and even if he did not crack a smile outside, there certainly must have been a wide chasm yawning within.

He had no more than got the bristly whiskers toned down with soap, so they would yield to the keen blade that he had been stropping for nearly five minutes, during which time beads of perspiration were oozing from every pore of my anatomy, when open came the door, and who should enter but, "Al" Stone, the greatest wag that ever set foot on territorial soil. The situation furnished "nuts" for him. The first break he made was, "Ha, ha, ha! Well, Ralph, what's the boy got underneath all that lather? Take the back of your razor and let's find out."

This was too much for me, so I said: "Mr. Grey, you misunderstood me; I only wanted my hair oiled and 172 combed." So I slid up in the chair as easily and nonchalantly as I had slidden down shortly before, while he administered a liberal dose of "bear's oil," composed of alcohol and castor oil, colored with anchusa root and scented with bergamot. After administering a good rubbing for which he was famous, he gave me a thorough combing

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and clothes brushing, thus making me look like a daisy freshly plucked from the field. A five-cent "Dorman's Bank" scrip paid the bill, and I went back to the store, disappointed, of course, to work on an empty stomach and count the hours that must elapse before I could go to supper.

In not more than a month from that time I was a regular customer of Mr. Grey's, with a cup and sponge in the pigeonhole.

I shall never cease to be grateful to Mr. Grey for his ready grasp of the situation at a time when it was of such importance to me—the critical launching of my puny-bearded craft on the great ocean of barber-ous life.

Mr. Grey still lives in Minneapolis and carries on the business begun here in pioneer days. The following genial letter was recently received from him: Minneapolis, Minn., July 31, 1899.

Mr. F. G. O'Brien.

Dear Sir:—The article that appeared in last Sunday's issue of the Tribune, entitled "His First Shave," escaped my attention until this morning, when I received by mail a marked copy.

Judge of my surprise when I read that I was the barber who gave this "First Shave." It was pleasing to me to be mentioned so kindly, and reminded of the good old times gone, never to return.

I recall the good looking young man with a fine head of hair, rich in color, of profuse growth and just curly enough to enable the barber to dress it in any style desired.

I sincerely wish you possessed that head of hair to-day.

Yours respectfully and with many thanks, RALPH T. GREY.

HAVING FAITH

There is nothing quite to having faith. According to the Scripture, if we have faith like unto a grain of mustard seed, we may be able to remove mountains. The following item will show that this same unquestioned faith was possessed by one Charles Groat, who, with his family, resided in a primitive one-story house, located on Coon Creek in Anoka County. It happened in the early sixties, at a time when food was scarce and money still more so, with flour \$18.00 a barrel and everything else proportionately high.

Before the end of this particular winter, there was nothing in the house to subsist upon but flour and frozen potatoes; the latter had just given out leaving nothing to sustain life but inferior white flour.

Mr. Groat had been talking the situation over with his wife one morning previous to rising, and they were trying to decide what should be done to keep the wolf from the door. He declared that he believed the good Lord would not see his children suffer, especially when they were putting their trust in him. Hardly had he given utterance to this sentiment, when there was heard quite a commotion on the roof. Springing out of bed Mr. Groat seized his musket and before his wife had time to ask a question, had fired at six plump prairie chickens that were occupying space on the ridge-pole of his little home. There came fluttering down to his feet five of the six.

He said to his wife, Hannah, on entering the house, "If my faith had been just a trifle firmer, I have not the least doubt that I might easily have brought down the whole six."

Faith, such as Groat's combined with equal pluck and go-ahead-iveness, 174 should get along in this world and obviate the necessity of any one's extending the hand of charity.

The lesson taught in this brief sketch is: take advantage of your opportunities, and if prairie chickens, or in fact, anything comes to rest on your housetop, and you want it and

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want it badly, and at the same time down deep in your soul have faith that it is right for you to have it, get a gun, take good aim, and you may depend upon your faith and good markmanship to perform for you, not exactly a miracle, but a righteous consummation of your best thoughts and acts.

It was just as well, however, that Groat's "powder was kept dry."

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WOULD RATHER BUY THAN CATCH FISH

Of all sports that appealed to me in my boyhood days, there were none that held me in so firm a grip as fishing. The anticipation of that day of future enjoyment glorified all the dullness of the intervening ones, and when the anxiously-looked-for time did actually arrive, I was in the seventh heaven of delight; my cup of joy was full to overflowing.

Four o'clock in the morning was none too early to be up after bait, for I realized that if it is "the early bird that catches the worm," I must be equally on the alert in order to secure my share of—worms.

The boy of the present generation has a very convenient and always-at-hand receptacle for bait, in the empty and otherwise useless tomato can, this was something I did not have in my youthful days, for the tomato was cultivated as a garden ornament only, and was supposed to be poisonous.

Yet I was not unprovided for, since grandmother, with repeated injunctions to be careful, allowed me to take her old blue delft teapot; it was minus a snout and nicked around the top, but she found it very convenient for holding summer-savory and "sich" against the time of need, which was to come with the seasoning of the Thanksgiving turkey. The contents were dislodged for the time being to give place to something far less "savory."

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I knew just where to find the biggest angleworms, those that all the gamey fish would seize with avidity—it was under a plank in the rear of the old barn. I never failed to get all I wanted here, and without digging for them, either.

Luck was almost always with me on these excursions, 176 yet I have sometimes fished or hours without a nibble, only to wake up to the fact that I had neglected to “spit on the bait for luck.” This being corrected, I had not long to wait before my “witches' fork” was filled with pike, bass and crappies, with an occasional “horn-pout,” and I was ready for my homeward journey.

The days set apart for fishing were not wholly given up to this sport, for it was generally understood that fully half the time was to be devoted to “goin' in swimmin',” Take them all in all, those fishing days of my youth are among my most pleasant recollections.

“What of fishing at the present time? Don't you think you would enter into the spirit of it with just as much zest as when you were in your teens?” the reader may inquire.

No, no! most emphatically, no! I've tried it, whole days at a time, and with results as follows: No fish, excepting those I bought; blistered hands and burnt arms and neck; lame back, severe headache, occasioned by too early rising, going without my regular meals and drinking warm lemonade—sickening lemonade—instead of coffee or tea. All these and countless more I might enumerate as objections to the present system, and sufficient reason why I do not enter into the sport as I did before the multiplication of years, for I am coming to realize that I am quite a long distance from the shore-line of youth.

I find there is more “fun” at my time of life fishing in a first-class market with a silver hook, for here I am sure to get a bite every time I open my pocketbook. I would far rather do this than suffer the discomforts just enumerated.

THANKSGIVING

The first "Thanksgiving" of which I have any recollection was many years ago, "away down in Maine," in the old farmhouse that was located upon the banks of the St. Croix river at Calais, Washington county. At this place we held our annual festival.

Preparations had been going on for nearly a week for the coming event; the old brick oven was touched up with fresh mortar, so that an equal heat would be distributed; the turkeys and geese had received extra attention in the way of increased rations; new kitchen utensils of various kinds had been purchased; the curtains had been raised in the parlor for nearly a week, while everything received a general ventilation, which was a rare thing in those early homes of New England.

The day previous to Thanksgiving was "our busy day." The old brick oven was taxed to its utmost capacity with bread, mince, apple and pumpkin pies, while the big kettle that hung on the crane over the kitchen fire, was kept busy turning out long twisted doughnuts of such delicious flavor and beautiful color, that I can scarce refrain from smacking my lips even now at thought of them. I can distinctly hear them sizzle and sputter as they were taken from the boiling fat and placed in the large mixing pan. Another kettle contained tallow, which was to be used in molding candles, as darkness in these November days came very early in the afternoon, and we were not in touch with the electric light system except upon special occasions—during thunder storms.

What could not possibly be accomplished that day was put off until the following morning, and taken up early before the oven had time to cool off.

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At five o'clock all of the family were up and ready for the duties of the day. The round tin lanterns with holes punched in them, were lighted and ready for use—the rays emanating from them being about equal to those emitted by a firefly of the second grade on the

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Minnesota bottoms. With these imagined "lights," the men folks proceeded to the barn to milk the cows and take care of the stock, while the women prepared the morning meal.

After family devotions we sat down to breakfast just at peep of day, and it was then that we first learned who were to be the guests at the Thanksgiving dinner. In recalling these old days, I am obliged to scrape off a deep layer of moss that has collected on the tombstone of time before deciphering the names and bringing them clearly to mind. Now that I recall these once familiar names of Dr. Burke, Parson Woods and others, it seems that they must have belonged to some previous state of existence.

Things were never done by halves in those days. Lack of ability and means of accommodation were the only limit.

Breakfast dishes were cleared away, a fire was started in the parlor fireplace, the "young ones" were washed and dressed for the occasion, and then all was in readiness to proceed with the dinner in order to be as nearly as possible prepared to receive the guests, who were to arrive at eleven, though we were not to dine until three in the afternoon. This fact lent new importance to the day, as the usual dinner hour in all families was at noon.

We "kids" had a first class circus, going into the cookies and doughnuts, and scraping the cake tins that were passed over to us to keep us quiet. It is impossible at this late day to recall all we did, but a vivid memory remains of the occasional spankings we received.

The big clock that stood like a sentinel in the corner and reached from the floor almost to the ceiling, indicated that the time was only 10:30 when the guests began to arrive. They all came in sleighs, as the winters in those days were not trifling, but meant business from November to March.

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Their teams were cared for; bricks and flatirons that had served as foot-warmers were carried into the house and put into a convenient place till the time came to heat them for the return trip.

When all the company had put aside their wraps and thawed themselves out in front of the spacious and cheerful fireplace, father suggested to the minister that we had better have prayers, as was the custom at all gatherings whether social or religious. This was about noon, and all were seated in the parlor or hallway, while the logs in the huge fireplace lighted up the scene with their lurid blaze and sent volumes of smoke up the mammoth chimney.

Father was considered a very good revival singer, but he usually pitched the tunes so high that he was obliged to “do-me-sol” a number of times before it was a go; hence it was thought best on this occasion to have the parson lead off, as he had taught singing school previous to receiving a call to preach, and he found it convenient to use this accomplishment on many occasions, especially when requested to sing any of the “pennyroyal” hymns. He had a great helpmeet in his wife, she that was Liddy Duren, the second daughter of Capt. Eben Duren of the fishing fleet that left Machias port every season for a six months' cruise.

The minister was desirous that all should sing, and was especially anxious to hear the children's voices. The hymn selected was one with which all Washington county people were familiar, and was known as one of “Dr. Watt's soul invigorators.” A violent tap of the tuning fork on the side of the fireplace was followed by a “do-me-sol-m-m-m,” while the parson's eyebrows took a back seat on his noble brow, and his lips were shaping themselves to untangle the medley of song that was seeking expression from his swan-like throat. When all had sounded the keynote correctly, they plunged into the service of song, as the boys say, “for keeps.” Not a single verse of the whole fourteen escaped, although some difficulty was experienced in keeping track 180 of the first lines; but one of

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the brethren who was more familiar with this particular hymn than the others, volunteered to help out in all lapses of memory.

When the hymn had ended all knelt for prayer. The minister, who led, was followed by his wife, Dr. Burke and father. Bear in mind that the prayers in those days were of the “hot crop” material, and full doses at that; each prayer was fully half an hour long as indicated by the clock that was in full view of where we were kneeling. Those devout souls were not concerned about the time, as they knew dinner would not be ready until three o'clock, and they could give the interesting hour to this duty and pleasure.

Mother and one of the friends of the family could not come in to attend prayers, as it was important that some one should look after the dinner. We thought what a fine snap mother was having in the kitchen and at the brick oven, tasting the many good things that were cooking, to see if they were “seasoned just right.”

After prayers, several hymns were sung to pass away the time before the summons to dinner.

Every crack and crevice in the house was penetrated with the aroma of roast turkey and goose, boiled onions, and a medley of other edibles, the thought of which at this very moment gives me a touch of dyspepsia.

To make everything pass off “ship-shape,” father had one of the Dyer boys come out from town for this occasion, especially to blow the dinner horn. This was a large couch shell with which my mother called the men folks from the meadow in haying time, and was considered a great curiosity. At precisely a quarter to three, the horn was blown, as the signal for all to proceed to the dining room, where long tables were groaning under their heavy loads, temptingly arranged for the nearly-starved assembly.

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We “kids” were not bidden to the feast at the first table, but were admonished to keep quiet and amuse ourselves in 181 the parlor until the company had finished, and then we would be bountifully helped.

Would you believe it, dear reader, it was just four o'clock when the guests rose from the table to “make way for the children!”

Never in all our later lives have we experienced so long an hour and a quarter as while waiting for our elders to finish their Thanksgiving feast. Dr. Burke narrated some lengthy yarn about what happened when he was summoned to visit a patient at Schoodic Lake, and Mrs. Ross, she that was Nancy McKusick, daughter of elder Nathan McKusick, of the Eastport conference, favored the company with an experience “when she taught school at Passadunkeag,” while others had equally good stories to enliven the situation for those at the table, but not for a crowd of impatient and nearly starved children who had been “peeking” anxiously through the doors, watching the rapid disappearance of the food.

Before the company left the table it was found necessary to bring in about a dozen lighted candles to illumine (?) the surroundings, as night let down her shades at about four o'clock on November days.

The welcome sound was heard at last, “Children, you may now come to your Thanksgiving dinner!” Not one of the little unfortunates waited for a second invitation, no, not one. Every chair was taken into the parlor for the company, and a balm for our wounded feelings, we were informed that if we stood up at the table we could eat more. We believed, and accepted the standing sit—uation. Cyclones were not heard of in those days, but I am convinced that it must have been a cyclone by another name that had swept over that dining table, judging from the looks of it after the company had vacated.

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Before our appetites had been fully appeased, we were ordered into the parlor to sing for the visitors ere they departed, which they must do very shortly, as it was now 182 quite dark, and some of the company were a long distance from home.

Father's gift of song had been imparted to his sons, and he had nurtured and cultivated it by teaching them many of the popular and soul-stirring hymns of the day. One of these was "The Hebrew Children." This hymn portrayed graphically how they reached the "promised land," "through a fiery furnace," "through a den of lions," "through tribulations," "by means of a fiery chariot," etc., etc. When we had finished the ten or a dozen stanzas and tuckered ourselves all out, the minister suggested that it would be well to offer up supplications before the gathering "broke up."

I have a faint recollection of the first part of the prayer, and that is all, for we children were soon in the land of Nod, watching the fairies having a jollification around a huge mince pie. We knew nothing more of what transpired until awakened at nine o'clock the following morning, when we were aroused by the wind whistling through the forest, accompanied by hail and snowflakes, pattering on our window pane.

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ON THE FARM

Whenever I hear the crow of a rooster, I am transported over a long vista of vanished years to scenes and events that will never fade from memory.

Farm conveniences in the pioneer days were crude indeed compared with those of the present time. Everything was primitive and work could not be performed as expeditiously and economically as now. Then the reaper, the binder, the cultivator and other labor-saving inventions, which relieve the farmer of many slow and tedious processes, were unknown.

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Forty odd years ago I spent a year or more of boyhood in very close companionship with nature, sowing seed, dropping corn, planting potatoes, setting out cabbage and tomato plants and performing many other duties in this line which brought me in close touch with Mother Earth.

When the plants came up we had to follow them with the hoe, weed them and later on protect them against the gopher and other pests with whom the farmer must wage constant warfare, if he would raise any kind of a crop.

Many a dollar-bottle of strychnine have I dissolved in dainty morsels prepared for the enemy; many a pound of Paris green have I cautiously handled, liquefied, and sprinkled over promising potato vines that were a tempting lunch for the festive potato bug. Many a July day have I sat perched on a scaffolding in the center of a corn-field, shotgun in hand, banging away at the millions of saucy blackbirds that would, if unmolested, appropriate the whole corn crop in a very short time. Many a pail of water have I carried with the aid of a neck-yoke, to the garden in order to keep life in a few struggling plants that were making frantic efforts for existence.

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Later on, the laborious work of gathering in what we had expended so much time and patience in producing, was no easy matter.

There were not enough days in the weeks nor enough hours in the day, though every particle of daylight was utilized, to gather with sufficient expedition the farm and garden products which had cost such labor. The grain and corn must be cut, the one stacked and the other shocked; peas and beans must be pulled and also stacked; potatoes dug and piled in heaps ready for transportation to the cellar before a freeze. Then a full week's time must be spent on the meadow, we working jointly with the neighboring farmers, to cut and stack the winter's supply of hay. This done, the threshing must be attended to, also with the assistance of co-laborers, to whom we always looked when in need of extra help, and

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who expected in return our services for similar work. They were on hand by the dozen, and the labor was performed in a manner both expeditious and sociable.

The day designated for the threshers was an eventful one, and considerable time was required to get everything in perfect order so that there might be no delay;—for the “machine” and crew had their dates out, and it was of vital importance that their contracts should be kept; nothing but a rain storm would prevent them from attending strictly to business on schedule time.

What surprising appetites all those workers had! There were no dyspeptics among them. It was a caution how the roast pork, vegetables, saleratus biscuits and butter disappeared; and not only there but the pumpkin, apple and mine pies prepared expressly for the occasion. Nothing was too good for the hard-working threshers, and each farmer's wife would strive to do a little better than her neighbor, for she well knew that the talk of the boys wherever they went, would be of the yield per acre and what the folks had given them to eat. They did not have the war of the rebellion to talk over, for its battles had not 185 yet been fought; the Mexican war was not of sufficient moment to awaken interest, and that of the Revolution was too far back in the past. Hence their stomachs and the acreage, were the vital topics.

Later in the fall the potatoes were to be put away in the cellar, corn and hay from the meadow hauled to the barn, and sundry other like duties performed. Sandwiched between these was an occasional trip to the village with butter and eggs, a load of “tame” hay or jag of watermelons, and occasionally a dressed hog.

In exchange for these, we would bring home the regulation jug of molasses, New Orleans sugar, and other necessities such as are in daily requisition on all well regulated farms.

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THE OLD-TIME SINGING SCHOOL

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What pleasant memories come flitting along my mental horizon as I recall the old Singing School with its jolly good times which we all enjoyed in spite of the arduous labor we had with “do, mi, sol,” and “sol, mi, do.”

Possibly some of my readers shared these labors, and remembered the upbraidings we received from the teacher for singing, or attempting to sing, with a huge peppermint lozenge in our mouths, or possibly a plebeian cud of gum.

With the majority of us the thought uppermost was not the attainment of the polite accomplishment of singing, but the fun to be derived from mutual association, and the privilege accorded us at the close of the session of escorting home the fair one of our choice. The longer the distance, the better.

There were no street cars then, and these long walks were in reality musical object lessons.

We had our “rests” our “notes,” our “staff,” on which we mutually leaned. Our “quavers” were those of the heart, and we cared not for the gate so long as we could “scale” the “bars.”

She was always in possession of the right “key,” though there were frequent “transpositions,” and in her voice there was a melody sweeter than the music of the spheres.

“Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.” Under the spell of its gentle and refining influences, we pioneers of the ‘50’s and ‘60’s forgot our worldly thoughts, while even our greed for gain, gave place to higher and nobler aspirations.

In many a nature there slumbers a latent spark of genius awaiting only some quickening influence. This influence some of us found in the primitive singing-school which furnished

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entertainment for all who could raise the required 187 tuition-fee, and were willing to submit to its, by no means exacting, rules and requirements.

Among our early singing teachers, I recall Professor Green of old St. Anthony, who taught the rudiments as he had learned them from his predecessors; but to him we owe the beginnings of that full tide of song which would in time overflow the New Northwest.

Nathan M. Prescott, a man zealous in good works, material and spiritual, is still held in grateful remembrance for the wide-awake singing-school, he instituted at the little city of the Falls. To him may be given the credit of having laid the foundations of our present grand super-structure of song. He possessed a rare fund of musical knowledge, and had a happy faculty of imparting it to others.

Roscoe Putman also deserves mention as an able, faithful and conscientious musical instructor.

These early singing schools brought together the better element of our young people. One of the most successful of them was the school taught by W. L. Perkins in the Winslow House.

From his pupils were organized many of the church choirs of that period and of succeeding years.

Professor E. M. Bowman, a brother of the genial Dr. J. A. Bowman of our city, and today one of the leading organists of the United States, was a pupil of this school.

While St. Anthony thus cultivated this most beautiful of arts, Minneapolis was sowing the seeds for a rich harvest of song under the leadership of B. E. Messer and L. M. Ford. Many of our old timers will remember Mr. Messer and his son Clarence, as able and enthusiastic promoters of music.

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When these teachers left us for wider fields elsewhere, their mantle fell on Professor Ludwig Harmsen, who during his long years of faithful service has done much for the higher musical culture of Minneapolis.

From pupils of these primitive singing schools, Profs. 188 Harmsen and McGibbeny made up that "Choral Union" which was for a long time considered the ideal musical organization of the Northwest. Other voices now take up the strains of those who once helped to form a chorus that in cantatas and oratorios made Exposition hall resound with dulcet melody.

Where are these singers now? Some have sought new homes; some are still with us, but their singing days are over. Others whose tones of unearthly sweetness still linger in our memory, are joining in celestial harmonies.

While I am in this reminiscent mood, let me recall those sweet and never-to-be-forgotten melodies to which distance and the fashionable music that has usurped their place, only lend new enchantment.

For the benefit of those who were privileged to exist in "ye olden time," I will conjure up from that vanished past, what were then considered the sweetest of songs. When I hear them even at this late day, my eager soul reaches out to absorb every note. Compared with them how stale and unprofitable seem these "rag-time," short lived, catchy nothings caught from the theaters, and sung and whistled even by ragged urchins on the streets!

You surely will remember them!—"Lily Dale," "The Blue Juniata," "Do They Miss Me at Home, Do They Miss Me?" "Gentle Nettie Moore," "Darling Nellie Gray," "Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming," "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer," "Within a Mile of Edinboro Town," "Hannah's at the Window Binding Shoes," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," etc., etc.

Some of these as the favorites of famous singers, have been made immortal.

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As these old-time melodies crowed upon my memory, a sense of loneliness steals over me, for I can but think of those whose fresh youthful voices rang out with mine in days of long ago. Many of these are now crooning snatches of the old songs to their grandchildren. With many more, "the rest is silence."

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WAR DAYS RECALLED

During a recent ride to the Soldier's Home to attend a reunion of survivors of the First Minnesota regiment, Edwin Clark and the writer were recalling ante-bellum days, thus bringing into strong relief many half-forgotten incidents that may prove of interest to others as well.

In September, 1857, Edwin Clark, in partnership with W. A. Croffut, began the publication of the Falls Evening News, the first daily paper printed in this city, and at the same time the writer entered the newspaper field in the capacity of paper carrier. Later, Fred L. Smith, now of the Harrison & Smith company, the late Col. LeVenne P. Plummer, two sons of the late Gov. Miller, and others, were initiated into the mysteries of the printing art in the News Office, and also into the circulation department of a daily paper.

Mr. Croffut enlisted in the First Minnesota regiment under the ninety-day call, but when the regiment re-enlisted for three years, he dropped out, thinking, doubtless, that he was a better fighter with his pen than with his sword.

He was on hand, however, at the first Bull Run battle as a correspondent, and in the excitement of the engagement, it was reported that he dropped his pen and seized a musket.

It was in the News office during the '50's that Maj. J. M. Bowler first entered the newspaper and political field in Minnesota.

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Compared with the present news facilities, those of that date would be deemed exceedingly slow. The first telegraph office was opened at the Nicollet House, Nov. 14, 1860, a week after the election of Lincoln to the presidency. The first press news over the wire was from Charleston, S. C., stating that Lincoln had been burned in effigy the 190 evening before, and that the government arms in the United States arsenal there had been seized by the citizens. This was the first overt act by the South, culminating in the Civil war a few months later.

The next month the telegraph office was removed to the Evening News establishment, and my brother, Robert O'Brien, afterwards a United States military telegraph operator, was taken as a student by Mr. Clark. He advanced so rapidly that two months later he took charge of the office. At that time all messages, including press reports, were recorded by the telegraph instrument on a narrow paper ribbon and read by the eye instead of the ear.

After April 14, 1861, the News was discontinued as a daily, making its appearance only once a week, until 1863, when the plant was sold to the late W. S. King.

The News was fully represented in the military and civil service of the government during the next four years, by J. B. Chaney and the late A. J. Underwood, who served in the gallant First, LeVenne P. Plummer, who was mustered out as Colonel of the 72nd U. S. colored infantry, and in whose honor a G. A. R. post of Minneapolis is named, Wesley Miller, who fell at Gettysburg, leading a company of colored troops, Robert O'Brien, military telegrapher, Uriah Thomas, deputy United States treasury agent in North Carolina, Stephen Miller in the United States commissary department, and Edwin Clark in government employ at Washington, who was later appointed by President Lincoln, United States Indian agent for the Chippewas of Minnesota and Dakota.

On April 17, 1861, the St. Anthony Zouaves, Capt. George N. Morgan, voted unanimously to enlist under the first call for volunteers, and the next day Capt. H. R. Putman secured signatures for enlistments in the Lincoln guards. April 29, both companies, with eight

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companies from other cities, were mustered into the United States service as the First regiment of Minnesota volunteers.

FORT SNELLING IN 1858—MISSISSIPPI RIVER AND FERRY.

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During that famous charge of the First Minnesota at Gettysburg,—in which the percentage of loss is without equal in the records of modern warfare—the flag was carried by Sergt. Ellet P. Perkins. After he and several others of the color guard were shot down and the flag staff cut in two, my brother, Henry D. O'Brien, then in his teens, seized the tattered flag by the remnant of the staff, and with his characteristic bravery and impetuosity, sprang with it to the front, keeping it noticeably in advance of every other color.

While so doing he was shot in the head and left hand.

For this and other deeds of signal bravery he was given a medal of honor by special act of Congress.

In 1901 he attended the reunion of the survivors of his regiment at St. Paul. Two years later he had joined the great majority of those who fought for the Union, and his grave was decorated by former loving comrades.

As on the way to Minnehaha, we passed the old Philander Prescott place, Mr. Clark said he never went by it that he did not recall his first stop at the house. He was married Jan. 1, 1860, to Miss Rowe, one of the early school teachers of this city, and although the distance from the bride's home to his own home—the Godfrey house, which is still standing and is the oldest building in Minneapolis—was only two blocks, he decided that the proper route was by way of Minnehaha Falls. He accordingly hired a rig and invited his sister and sister-in-law, Mrs. Franklin Cook, to accompany him.

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For some reason he failed to interview the weather man before he started out, and about the time they reached the Prescott house on the return from Minnehaha, each one had discovered for himself that the thermometer was registering somewhere near forty below zero, and concluded to call and ask the favor of a fire.

Mrs. Prescott, a Sioux Indian, received them kindly and tendered the party the use of her living room, with its bright and welcome blaze. The women of the party were 192 amused at the bashfulness of the children, all of whom left the room, as did the mother, but the curiosity of the little ones tempted them now and then to open the door and peep in to see how the ladies were dressed.

Mr. Clark says he did not blame them in the least, as the hoopskirt was then in vogue, and their little minds were doubtless much exercised over the form and figure of their pale-face friends.

That evening, after the return home of the bridal party, it was surprised by a serenade from the St. Anthony Cornet band, the first band organized in the city. Vigorous exercise on the part of the band prevented any injurious results from the extreme cold.

Mr. Clark informed me that during those years, most of the office help boarded with his family, consequently they always had a "full house," lively company and pleasant times.

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THE FIRST MINNEAPOLIS BOOK STORE

I have read with much interest in the American Stationer, a New York publication, an article written by our respected townsman, John A. Schlener, entitled, "The Rise and Progress of the Book and Stationery Trade in the Northwest."

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In this article Mr. Schlener calls attention to L. W. Stratton, the pioneer stationer and book dealer of Minneapolis, who established himself in business at Main street and Third avenue northeast in 1850.

The "Farmers' Exchange," as it was called, was an up-to-date institution, and nearly everything pertaining to the trade could be found on its shelves or under its counter. It was asserted as a fact, which no one cared to dispute, that if you could not find what you were in search of at the "Exchange," you would be obliged to go outside the territory for it.

The Exchange contained in addition to a general stock of groceries, a good circulating library in which were all the popular novels of the day, notably those by D. E. N. Southworth, Caroline Lee Hentz, Ann S. Stephens, Mary J. Holmes and others established reputation. There were not a few who objected to this style of literature, in toto, but their qualms of conscience did not prevent the successful and widespread distribution of these works. Even now the names of those authors are pleasant to our ears, thus proving that we are still loyal to our early loves.

Among the magazines and newspapers to be found here I will enumerate only a few:—the New York Ledger, the New York Tribune, the Boston Advertiser, Peterson's, Arthur's and Ballou's Magazines, Godey's Lady's Book and 194 The Flag of Our Union. Some of these retain their old time prestige, others are forgotten.

Mr. Stratton did not rely entirely on the village for his patronage, since he had regular customers from as far west as the "Big Woods," now Glencoe and its vicinity; also from Bottineau Prairie and Bloomington Ferry, on the Minnesota river.

West Side patrons were obliged to cross the Mississippi on Ponsen's Ferry which antedated the period of bridges, while those from the vicinity of Richfield and Fort Snelling, crossed on Tapper's Ferry, the site of the present steel arch bridge.

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In addition to its regular line of customers, the store was visited almost daily by bands of Indians, who came to barter their furs and game for gandy nicknacks such as would captivate the fancy and satisfy their aboriginal taste. Their business methods were peculiar, and their lack of knowledge of the English language was an everready pretext for not comprehending anything they did not wish to understand.

It was necessary to keep a constant lookout for these Indians, as it was an easy matter, and their common custom when not watched, to conceal many dollars' worth of merchandise in their greasy blankets. They were not all "honest Injuns." Ugh! Ugh! Before entering a store, it was their habit to place their faces close up against the windows and stare all about the premises. This was enough to frighten any one not accustomed to Indian ways.

This store as well as all others in St. Anthony, opened for business at 6 a. m., and closed at 10 p. m., except Saturday nights, when it was a rare thing to put up the shutters before 11 or 12 o'clock. These late hours were necessary in order to accommodate the reading public with the latest news from the East, which was then fully a week from the press, owing to the limited means of transportation west of Chicago.

E. W. B. Harvey and David W. Van Deren, two well 195 known citizens of the early days, were clerks in this pioneer store, as were also Misses Carrie and Lucy Stratton, daughters of the proprietor.

In 1870 Mr. Stratton moved to Excelsior, where he died in 1881 at the age of 68. Mrs. Stratton lived until 1888, and was 66 years old when she died.

Three of Mr. Stratton's daughters live in this vicinity: Miss Carrie V. Stratton' is a resident of Minneapolis; Mrs. Jeanette Molter, and Miss Ella Stratton, make their home in Excelsior. Miss Ella is a prominent teacher in the public schools of that prosperous and healthful summer resort.

MINNESOTA (True—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching.")

In this Minnesota State, With its broad, wide-open gate, That ne'er closes to the honest son of toll, There is always a glad hand For the tiller of the land, Who is not afraid to rustle with the soil.

CHORUS:

Come! Come! Come! We bid you welcome, Come and share our rich domain; We will cheer you on the road As you struggle with life's load, And we'll make you feel you're with us to remain.

With our wheat-fields, pine and ore, We have wealth enough in store To enrich each valiant wrestler for the prize, All you have to do is work, Not one duty must you shirk— Words like these are all sufficient for the wise.

CHORUS:

You will sure find out our ways Ere you're with us many days, And you'll come to share our wonder, joy and pride, In our splendid water-power, In our butter, cheese and flour, And the many precious things we have beside.

CHORUS:

PIONEER ATTORNEYS AND JURYMEN

How familiar the following names appear to the old pioneer of the Falls of St. Anthony! Yet, were the roll to be called at the present time, how few would respond "Present!" Time has thinned the ranks wonderfully. Many] bright lights have burned to the socket and gone out of this life. Others, born and bred of good old pioneer stock, or attracted hither from the

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more crowded Eastern cities, have come upon the stage of action and taken up the civil and criminal calendar to mete out justice. We doubt, however, if there be any brighter legal minds now represented than were found in this list of men who were at first instrumental in shaping court proceedings, no matter how complicated the case:

Charles E. Vanderburgh, W. W. McNair, Eugene M. Wilson, B. B. Meeker, H. A. Partridge, J. B. Gilfillan, F. R. E. Cornell, James R. Lawrence, David A. Secombe, E. S. Jones, Franklin Beebe, S. C. Gale, Wm. Lochren, Jared and D. M. Demmon, O. C. Merriman, Levi M. Stewart, John M. Shaw, Isaac Atwater, H. E. Mann, Norton H. Hemiup, Solon Armstrong, Isaac Crowe, Geo, E. H. Day, W. D. Washburn, A. C. Morrill, W. W. Winthrop, Howell W. Robinson, Stewart Harvey, E. A. Raymond, David Heaton, R. J. Baldwin, E. N. Bates, H. D. Beman, A. M. Blair, Albert S. Hall, L. F. Cook, Charles King, David Morgan, John W. Nanry, Henry Hill, Delano T. Smith, Asa Weeks, W. C. Rheem, C. H. Woods, Austin H. Young and George A. Nourse.

The following were fair samples of the men who composed the grand and petit jury—which we have copied from an early date calendar:

Benjamin Pounder, James Starring, Sidney Shaw, Abisha 198 Benson, John A. Colman, G. W. Erwin, Solomon Wells, Geo. P. Baldwin, S. A. Jewett, Warren Stinson, J. B. Perkins, J. S. Malbon, Leonard Day, Joseph Daniels, James Sully, Robert Blaisdell, R. B. Gibson, George A. Brackett, John Dudley, A. Bacon, D. L. Herrick, D. D. Moore, J. F. Powers, J. H. Talbot, Henry Hurlburt, E. J. Scrimingour, F. D. James, Charles Stock, E. G. Brown, Wm. Stanchfield, E. Lippincott, A. B. Read, James Bean, Charles Straw, E. Emory, J. F. Quimby, W. L. Chowen, Sewall Phelps, Morris Powers, W. F. Bartlett, R. P. Stinson, Asa Fletcher, H. S. Plummer, Justin Cochran, John Waldsfield, A. K. Richards, John L. Pomeroy, C. W. McLean, Israel Dorman, Miles Hills, Samuel Colburn, Orwell Ames, John Stites, S. L. Vawter, Francis Day, J. C. Lawrence, J. F. Grimes, John Thompson and Fred Durand.

From juries made up of such material as above, naught else than a just verdict could be expected.

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BASSETT'S CREEK

How few of the citizens of Minneapolis have any personal acquaintance with the serpentine, sluggish stream that makes its way from its source in Medicine lake through farms and houselots, under bridges, and finally merges into the Mississippi river! This same stream, known as "Bassett's creek," is the most talked of water-course within our borders at the present time, as well as the most annoying and puzzling, a creator of no end of disturbance in our quiet and peaceable municipality.

When I was a boy, this stream came gurgling along, singing the song of the natives; its waters were as transparent as the clearest crystal. What a joy it was to go swimming in it, knowing that there was no possibility of contamination! How its finny tribe did tempt us to use the rod and line when duty called us elsewhere!

As might be suspected from the name, Joel B. Bassett laid claim to the land watered by this picturesque stream, and it was near its mouth, on a prominent knoll, that he erected his first house. This was in 1852, and so delighted was he with his choice that when money came in to him sufficient to justify it, he again built by the creek. This time it was a mansion of brick in a spot still more picturesque, where the stream appeared to its greatest advantage, and where overhanging branches enhanced the loveliness of the scene, making it one which could not be surpassed in any clime or country.

As the city grew the waters of the creek became polluted, and what was once sought as a charm, has come to be shunned as a danger. The sightly houses that once dotted its banks have fallen into decay or are tenanted by those who cannot afford to make their

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abiding place in more desirable 200 localities, and even these are occupied at the risk of being turned out of house and home some rainy night.

Miss Mary A. Schofield can claim the honor of christening "Bassett's creek." At this early date she acted as teacher of the few children in this primitive settlement, and did her duty well. Miss Schofield afterwards became Mrs. Prof. Kissell, and when last heard of was residing in Chicago. Should she visit Minneapolis at some future time not too far distant, we doubt very much if she would care to meander along that winding shore hunting for carnelians, or would expect to watch the fishes disporting themselves in the shady nooks, as she did so many years ago. She has, no doubt, learned of its disgrace, and we presume grieves over her early love.

Should it be decided to divert this stream into new-made channels we should not feel injured, for we can still retain our old-time memories of Bassett's creek in the days when it seemed impossible that it should not always remain "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

201

A TRAGIC GINSENG HUNT

Minnesota pioneers suffered many hardships during the year 1859, on account of the panic which prevailed all over the world, making it almost impossible to get hold of money. Had it not been for a demand that sprang up for ginseng, a substitute for opium, we hardly know how we should have been provided with cash. As it was, buyers from abroad located their agents here, and authorized them to pay good round sums for the article, which could be found growing wild in many sections of the State bordering on the streams, and particularly throughout what was called the "Big Woods," located from forty to fifty miles west of Minneapolis. It grew quite extensively in lands drained by the Crow river in the vicinity of what is now Delano.

When green, ginseng is quite bulky; but after being thoroughly seasoned, this bulk is so diminished that a small bunch represents considerable money. It was no uncommon

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thing to see twenty or thirty men, women, Indians and even boys coming into town each with pillowslip or bag containing from half a pounds to ten pounds of this herb. All these would return to their homes rejoicing in the possession of a greater or less amount of cash, instead of barter, which was the custom at that time.

I well recollect an experience which befell a party that was made up to go "ginsenging," as a brother of mine, and also a cousin were among the company. They were unable to hire conveyances of any kind, so they started for the Crow River country on foot, being well supplied with hard tack, salt pork and other such necessities as they could carry, in addition to sacks, blankets and ginseng hoes. They went prepared for a week's work, and their efforts were crowned with success, so far as getting plenty 202 of the "stuff" was concerned. But on account of the immense bulk of the ginseng, green as it was, and the terrible annoyance of the mosquitoes, it became a problem difficult of solution, how they would ever reach the city forty miles distant.

Several of the party were inclined to dump the whole outfit and make for home, as they were almost out of "grub" and nearly wild from the smarting and itching of the mosquito stings. These suggestions were on the point of being carried out, when a bright idea struck one of the company; it was to construct a raft of fallen timbers, and upon this raft place their sacks of ginseng and themselves as well, to the number of six, and float down the river to its confluence with the Mississippi at Dayton. By so doing, they would gain much time and be saved the burden of carrying the heavy loads and the trouble of forcing their way through the wild woods, where the underbrush made progress slow and difficult. They were probably the first white people who had passed through that particular section.

Timber for the construction of the raft was ready at hand and more than sufficient in quantity, so that it did not take long for this half starved crew to get together enough material to serve their purpose, but it did puzzle them a little to devise means of fastening these logs together, as the only tools available were jack-knives and ginseng hoes. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and they secured a quantity of willow withes and

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grapevines, which at that time, seemed to be “just the thing.” That the withes did not justify this belief was proven later on.

The work progressed swiftly and smoothly, and in a few hours a launching took place which was, in its way, as perfect a success as that of our great war-ships of the present time. Sacks, hoes and six muscular boys, yet in their teens, were all aboard, with long sticks to assist in keeping the raft in the middle of the stream, which, by the way, at this particular season was on a rampage. The whole 203 outfit was sailing along just as had been anticipated, and the boy who had suggested “raft” was the “king bee” of the party. But he was to hold this high station for less than one brief half hour. How it came about will never be known, but unobserved by the satisfied company, one corner of the raft had worked itself loose from the bindings, and the result was disastrous in the extreme. Without a minute's warning, its occupants found themselves floundering in the turbulent waters, while sacks, hoes and the demoralized raft parted company, and either went floating down stream or sunk to the bottom.

One of the boys narrowly escaped drowning by being caught in the strong current while making for the shore. Had they not been accustomed to water and expert swimmers, some of them must have perished. Even after reaching dry land they were in a most pitiable condition—drenched to the skin, with nothing to eat, mosquitoes pestering them nearly to death, and added to all these miseries, was the serious doubt whether they should ever reach home. Brave sons of brave sires, their stock of “grit” was not fully exhausted, and with this at command, they “got a hustle” on themselves. After wringing the water out of their garments, they started for home, which they reached in as good time and condition as could be expected under the circumstances. They had traveled almost continuously by night as well as day, and were footsore, nearly starved and generally “played out.” One of their number was suffering from ivy poison. You can understand that they were a sorry lot to look upon; even the mothers were doubtful if these were really their sons, so disfigured

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had they become from hardships and the pestilent mosquito. In regard to the latter they tell an amusing incident:

When they came out of the water, thoroughly soaked, and wished to wring out their cloths, they were obliged to do this one at a time, while the others vigorously fanned each comrade in turn with branches to keep the pests from biting him to death. Notwithstanding this lack of success in one of their early undertakings, they managed to get in some good work later on, for all these boys served in the War of the Rebellion. I question, however, if they experienced any greater hardships in camp or field than were encountered on this pilgrimage for ginseng.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Constructed in 1855.

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MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS OF A PAST GENERATION

The medical fraternity has been well represented in Minneapolis ever since its incorporation as a city.

When the "Medicine Man" of the Indian tribe departed, crowded still farther towards the Pacific by emigrants from the East, who converted the hunting grounds into fields of wheat and corn, his place was immediately filled by a graduate of some medical college, "fresh up" in knowledge of "Materia Medica"—methods and formulas wholly unlike those catalogued on the Sioux and Chippewa botanical parchments.

The first practitioner in this city, of whom we have any recollection, was Dr. John H. Murphy, whose knowledge of powders and pills, as well as the anatomy of the human body, was fully up to the average medical student of those early times, and taking into consideration his youth, we should say he was above the average.

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The only acknowledged drawback to the success of a physician in the territory of Minnesota, at that time, was the unparalleled healthfulness of the climate. Even when the doctor received a genuine call, he looked upon it with distrust, thinking possibly it might be a hoax, as the practical joker was always lying in wait to get in his work. Nothing would please him better than to "fool the doctor," even at the risk of endangering a few lives in order to carry out the joke.

There were several motherly women in the new town, who were very kind and helpful to the new physician, and had it not been for their timely aid, possibly the undertaker would have proven the gainer.

As confidence, stimulated by practice, began to assert itself, the doctor came to the front; and finally stood an acknowledged leader as a physician and surgeon.

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Dr. Murphy's office, small as it was, was the popular headquarters for all political agitators, and also furnished a convenient place in which the practical jokers might spend their leisure moments.

A little later on, Dr. A. E. Johnson put in an appearance as a physician. He was not only crammed full of medical knowledge, but well versed in all subjects, scientific, theological and philosophical. The man who could stand up before him in an argument, was considered a "good one." We do not, at the present writing, recall any individual who did successfully cope with him.

There was one year in the city's early history, when a religious wave swept over it, and nothing was talked of but religious questions and interpretations of scriptural texts. It was at this time that Dr. Johnson considered it his duty to get a few shots at the Catholic teachings which emanated from a St. Anthony pulpit. As the doctor was unable to induce the reverend father to accept his challenge to meet him on the rostrum and allow the

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public to decide as to whom the spoils of victory belonged, the next best thing was, to go for him “pell mell” through the columns of “The Democrat,” a weekly publication owned and controlled by Ovid Pinney, a capitalist and a pronounced Democrat of the Southern type.

The first article that appeared from the ever-ready pen of the doctor, was lengthy and abounded in strong language not at all complimentary to the teachings and practices of the Catholic church.

This edition of the paper was greedily devoured by an eager multitude, and the friends of the doctor were in high glee, none more so than the revivalist, who was holding sway in the young city at the time. He took occasion to call upon Dr. Johnson and pat him on the back and thank him for his fearless utterances in the cause of the “true faith,” of which he himself was an exponent.

The publisher of the Democrat had assurances from the priest that the article in question would receive due and timely notice at his hands; consequently every one knew there was to be “music in the air,” now that the Reverend Father had tuned up his instrument and would not be likely to play second fiddle in this controversy.

It was only almost superhuman effort that any show of patience was maintained while waiting for the paper that would contain the rejoinder of his Reverence. When this rejoinder did show up, there was nothing (apparently) left of the doctor but his stovepipe hat and green waistcoat, so completely did the representative of Catholicism annihilate his antagonist. It was not long, however, before the spirit of the vanquished appeared on the physical plane and proceeded to formulate a rejoinder to the priestly argument. This resulted (seemingly) in a complete overthrow of the Catholic faith the world over.

While the controversy was going on, the Democrat's subscription list had not stood stationary, but had crawled way up—up—up! As the space demanded by the contestants was crowding out the paying “ads,” the publisher had to issue a “supplement” sheet.

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These articles appeared in regular order for several weeks each number bearing down heavier and heavier, until the English language had run ashore, utterly unable to furnish fitting terms rapidly enough to supply the requirements of the case. Matters were assuming a serious aspect, and it was feared that should the contestants meet face to face, the result might be blows. So rather than have a case for the courts, it was deemed advisable to discontinue further publication.

The doctor, having no additional use for his talent in this direction, became disgusted with theological questions, and settled down to his legitimate profession of counting pulse beats and writing prescriptions. His spare moments, however, were devoted to analyzing mineral water and studying up special “moves” whereby he might corner a friend in a social game of chess.

Dr. Johnson has practiced medicine a full half century 208 in our midst, and is still held in high esteem, which speaks well for him both as a physician and a man. He has also been of service to the city in other ways. It was he who suggested the organization of the Minnesota Academy of Natural Sciences, now located in this city; he was its first president, and held the office for four years.

Dr. John Noble, from away down in maine, was among our early physicians, and his liberal doses of “pennyroyal” and “composition” tea relieved many a stomach ache while the active quality of his “jalap pills” was never questioned. Not only was the doctor a success at doling out “hot crop” stuff for bodily ailments, but he also performed his duty satisfactorily at the prayer meeting and in the class room, for the healing of sin-sick souls.

The Doctors Jodons, early timers also, led very quiet, uneventful lives, and were not considered friends of the cemetery association or the undertake. The same may be said of Dr. S. F. Bankin. Dr. Lowenberg was a promising German physician, but death claimed him when he had been with us but a short time.

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The United States government did not have much faith in remedies prescribed for the sick Indians by their "Medicine Men," so it sent to the agency Doctors A. Barnard and George F. Townsend, in a Red River cart loaded down with "pil hydrag," "magnes-de-sulp," "unguent hydrag," and several other indispensable remedies, supposed to be all-healing in their effects on red men and paleface alike.

The question naturally arises, whether it was wise to send our physicians among the Indians. It can be answered only in this way. When they went there the Red Men were as thick as the locusts of Egypt; that is, those who took the medicine. This is one time the government did not make a mistake.

Dr. A. Ortman was a very talented and conscientious physician, and a successful practitioner among the Germans. He was to them a father and a friend as well as a physician. Outside his practice the doctor was never so happy as when engaged in a friendly game of chess with one whom he considered his equal. "None knew him but to love him."

We considered Dr. W. D. Dibb and Dr. C. W. Le Boutillier our most methodical physicians, though not necessarily the most skillful. They possessed unusual refinement and polish, and their prescriptions were models of fine penmanship, neatness and accuracy.

The physicians of whom we have been speaking resided in St. Anthony, when Minneapolis was yet in her infancy, but like other infants, she required the services of medical practitioners. Among those who served her in this capacity, were Doctors Ames, Fletcher, Lynn, Leonard, Penniman, J. S. and A. F. Elliot, father and son, but of widely different schools of practice. The father's monument here is Elliot Park presented by him to the city. The son was for a time president of our Minnesota Academy of Natural Sciences and has left a lasting memorial; a perpetual scholarship endowed by him in our University School of Mines. Others were: P. L. Hatch, M. R. Greely, C. L. Anderson, H. N. Merrick, W. H. Jewett and J. B. Sabine.

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These physicians all did good service. Those still living, are yet in active practice and so well known to this community, that there is no need to enlarge upon their virtues. Those who have passed over to the majority, will long be held in honorable remembrance.

The harsh remedies administered in pioneer days, are things of the past. People are learning that right thinking, right eating, abundant air and exercise, plenty of work and sleep, and above all, clear consciences, are curatives more potent than drugs; better even than any of the new-fangled "Pathys" that are constantly crowding in.

We predict the advent of a time in a future not very remote, when "physic will be thrown to the dogs," and when the windows of physician's offices will display cards inscribed "For Rent."

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CHALYBEATE SPRINGS

Stopping the other day to quench my thirst at Donaldson's ever-flowing fountain of water "sparkling and bright" my mind reverted to the Chalybeate Springs which were not the least of many attractions in this locality forty-odd years ago, and I was led to inquire: "What has become of them?" Many of the old residents will readily recall this Mecca to which thousands of invalids made pilgrimage in those early times to drink of the water and be healed of whatever disease they had. These springs were said to contain all the properties necessary to restore the physical system to its normal condition; were, in fact, a veritable "elixir of life." So certain were scientists of this that chemical analysis was made, and so satisfactory was the result, that circulars were printed and scattered broadcast all through the Eastern and Southern states. Such a furore was created that invalids flocked hither from far and near, more especially from the South.

The rush was so great that our hotel capacity was inadequate to accommodate the visitors with any degree of comfort, notwithstanding the fact that there were several good-sized

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hotels which would be a credit to us even at the present time. Among those were the Jarrett House, St. Charles Hotel and American House, all located on the East Side and conveniently near the springs.

The necessity for additional places where strangers could be entertained, induced J. M. Winslow to erect the (at that time) magnificent hotel known as the Winslow House, which was demolished not many years ago to make room for the Exposition Building (now The International Auditorium) which occupies its site.

Previous to the war the Winslow House was crowded to 211 its fullest capacity, not alone by those who had ailments, but by the wealth and fashion of the South who come hither to escape the heated tern and breathe in our Northern ozone, and drink of the water that flowed so freely from the ambushed springs on the river bank.

All day long, the months of June, July and August, could be seen ladies, old and young, plainly dressed and accompanied by their colored servants and nurses, each with goblet or drinking-cup of some description in hand, wending their way to the springs to invigorate their torpid livers with the impregnation of iron, magnesia and sulphur, as it oozed out of the reservoir in Nature's laboratory.

These springs—there were two of them—were located on the left bank of the Mississippi, directly opposite Cross, Pillsbury & hardware store, a short distance below where Pillsbury “A” mill now stands. The city fathers paid considerable attention to making the place attractive. Steps were constructed and a long promenade walk reaching from one spring to the other; comfortable benches were provided where the weary might rest “between drinks” and view the panorama spread out before them. Near by were the East Side Falls and the rushing current below, while farther away was the sparsely settled West Side, the picturesque beauty of whose Falls had not been desecrated, to any great extent, by the hand of man.

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From this point could be seen the dilapidated old government mills, now the site of the Sidle, Fletcher & Holmes mill, and Spirit Island, which was quite generally believed to be haunted by the spirits of the departed braves who formerly inhabited this region. It was this, indeed, that gave the island its name, and clairvoyants were ready to vouch for the propriety of the name of and also the belief of the people. We of less imaginative turn of mind attribute this illusion to the effect of the water, or fancied it the result of raising the flask at too high an angle.

This promenade at the springs was arched with wild 212 grapevines, making a complete bower, secluded and fascinating.

We were at a loss in those days to keep track of the hour—or more correctly the minute—of the day. No two watches or clocks were alike, for we were not blessed with telegraph communication with the outside world; we were therefore, obliged to guess at the time set our watches by the guess. This was so unsatisfactory that several public-spirited citizens united and sent east and procured a copper sun-dial, which was placed on a pedestal near the approach leading to the Springs. Evidently it was supposed that all in possession of a watch would visit the place for a drink and at the same time see that they were in line with the shadow. It was not an uncommon thing to find fifteen or twenty at a time setting their watches by the dial. Its days of uselessness—or perhaps we should say usefulness—were soon over, as it was stolen by some miscreant with the evident intention of melting it into copper, since he could sense (cents) in it while in that particular form.

As we polish up our dial of the past we are able to trace the shadow and can also catch the rays of sunshine that have come to us through the rifts in the clouds; revealing the fact that it is past noon, and the bright rim of the western horizon is rapidly coming into view.

Somewhere undoubtedly, the springs continue their flow as of yore, but what has become of the patrons of their palmy days? We listen, but our only answer is the echo of our questioning.

THE OLDEN-TIME CIRCUS

It is with intense satisfaction that I recall the circus days of my youth—the anticipation of the coming event from shadows cast before, which, by the way, were not at all “shadowy,” but stern and pleasing realities in the form of glaring posters that adorned the sides of the village blacksmith shop, and also the high board fence. This latter served a double purpose—that of keeping mischievous boys from getting at the plum trees, and it could also be utilized as a bill-board.

The grand array that was here displayed, men and horses in positions which betokened great and possible danger, the elephant, hippopotamus, lion and other uncivilized animals, cause my sluggish brain to whirl and become abnormally fevered. The mental wheels thus set revolving, were so kept in motion, that I was in good condition to take in the reality and appreciate it when it should put in an appearance.

Way back in the fifties Dan Rice was the popular caterer for this little community. It was in St. Anthony (east side) that he pitched his tent, the chances being slim indeed for ever having a show on the west side of the river. What few people there were in Minneapolis to patronize Dan's show, were obliged to add to their fee for admission that of toll money on the suspension bridge, which for a pedestrian was five cents, the equivalent of a street car ride nowadays, yet with this difference: then you paid your money and walked.

“Dan” did not attempt to bewilder or rattle our brains with a mammoth tent, or a “three ringer,” but gave a down-right good, sensible entertainment.

More genuine fun could be got out of one of those early 214 time one-ring circuses, with an aftermath “concert,” than can possibly be derived from a whole train load of up-to-date aggregation, for then nothing was missed.

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One circus a year, with a side show that had on exhibition a two-headed calf and a stuffed boa-constrictor skin, with hand-organ accompaniment, was good enough in this line of amusement to last until "Dan" was again "tenting on the old camp ground."

This same "Dan" made a good clown, and some of the old jokes which had been furnished him by Mr. Noah, and were thrown in for good luck when he made his purchase of animals from the ark, would no doubt make some of us old stagers laugh and laugh again, were they repeated as we heard them when we were young.

I shall never forget the beautiful snow-white blind stallion that was carried round the ring on a platform by twenty athletes. The intelligence displayed by him was most remarkable. Among his accomplishments were marching, waltzing, placing his feet upon a pedestal, with ears turned to the front—a perfect model for the sculptor.

Neither do I forget the Samson of a man, who would lean backward supported by his feet and hands, and allow a block of stone said to weigh a ton to be placed across his breast, while two of the stalwart blacksmiths of our town, Buker and Broad, were commissioned to deal sledge-hammer blows on this rock until it was severed in twain. No, no! such scenes as these were too carefully placed in the pigeon-holes of memory ever to escape; nor shall I ever forget the "grand bounce" I received when taking a free ride on the donkey that "bucked" and rolled me over in the sawdust. Not satisfied with this prank, he came for me open-mouthed and with ears thrown back, and before I had got safely out of the ring, was carrying off the latest patch from the seat of my trousers. I can hear even at this late date, that immense audience, giving me the laugh, while in fancy I take from my ears stray bits of sawdust that sought lodgment therein on this memorable occasion.

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For many years back I have wondered how it was possible for that rider to go around the ring at a good gait, lying on the back of his steed, while he rolled about in the air, with his feet, the same world I had supposed was such a big load for Mr. Atlas to shoulder. I have

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since learned that Atlas did not consider the world much of a burden, and as Samson did not complain of the ton rock loaded of his chest, why should that man on horseback protest against rolling the world around on his toes, when it was simply a “fleeting show?”

That highly-colored citric acid lemonade of the circus, christened with just a nibble of lemon-peel, recalls the fact that pure water, was a luxury obtained with considerable labor by the people of those days. It was drawn from wells equipped with old-fashioned chain pumps and “the moss-covered buckets,” that hung in them, and it was only by severe muscular exertion that we could draw from hidden springs the nectar of the gods.

Our city at that time was not far enough advanced, numerically or financially, to consider the practicability of a reservoir system that should furnish water and frogs at the same time. We had frogs in the water then, it is true, but they knew enough to hide themselves in the chinks of the curbing when Rebecca went with her pitcher to draw water. Frogs as well as other things have degenerated in these days, and through over-boldness have shown themselves blind to their own best interests.

What I was going to say is this: The circus alligator and rhinoceros must have water, also the lemonade, and furthermore there must be boys to skirmish round for means of supply, and thereby gain free admission, even if they had run away from school and get a licking for so doing. The game, in this case, was worth the candle. Private citizens had to meet this need of water, willy nilly, and many a well drained dry at circus time did not regain its usual flow for a week thereafter. The natural result for a few days was “riled” water and “riled” tempers.

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Could you guess where these circuses were accommodated? I think not. The earliest ones were held, as has been incidentally mentioned, on the St. Anthony prairies about where Smith & Wyman now have their sash, door and blind factory, at Seventh street and Central avenue.

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Later on, when Minneapolis—the West Side—became stronger in numbers and influence “Dan” and other managers gave the poor old Saint the cold shoulder ever after.

The first circus tent pitched on the West Side was in the vicinity of Washington and Utah, or First avenue north, as it is now known. From thence it was changed to Snyder's block, Tenth street and Fourth avenue south where it was held for many years. It was supposed that this would be the circus ground for all time to come; but the fates decreed otherwise. The circus managers were obliged to seek a new location, which was found between Clinton and Fourth avenue south on Seventeenth street. When this was wanted for improvement, the site at Thirteenth and Nicollet was obtained and is still often used for this purpose. But when the gigantic twenty-elephant aggregations arrive they must “move on” and take up the unoccupied prairie at Twenty-sixth and Blaisdell avenue, thence they moved to Forty-second street, and at the present writing occupy Thirty-fourth street and Fourth avenue south.

Capt. Snyder informs me that at this late date some of the old time horses prick up their ears and snort as they pass by his Tenth street property—the old circus ground.

“You may break, you may shatter the rose, if you will,” But the scent where the elephant was remains still.

I am in possession of a long list of substantial business and professional men who worked the circus manager for free tickets when they were boys, carrying water, riding the horses to the river to drink, and even donning suits to help out the street parade. I do not propose to reveal 217 their names, but possibly Will Morse or Josiah Towne could be induced to give way a few of their co-laborers.

History repeats itself. Grandfathers, and sometimes ministers and deacons, now feel obliged to take the children to see the “animals” of the circus as in days of yore. But they do not labor under the same restraint or suffer the same qualms of conscience as in the

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early times; for while we have explained in territory and population, ideas have expanded and broadened as well.

Hurrah for the circus!—more especially the one-ring circus of our boyhood!

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TERRITORIAL PIONEERS' BANQUET, NICOLLET HOTEL, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. February 22, 1902.

I. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" We often times have heard it said; No, no! we harbor no such thought, For we to olden times are wed.

II. Nor would we break the nuptial bands That have grown stronger, year by year; When first we sought these western lands They held for us no dread or fear.

III. What was our lot as Pioneers? Of what could we in justice boast? Of dollars—few, a yoke of steers, And, little else,—to say the most.

IV. Good health we had—no end of grit, And prospects fair for future weal; The fathers ploughed while mothers knit, Or planned the daily frugal meal.

V. We had no street car fares to pay, Nor yet a gas or 'lectric bill; The 'phone was for some future day, As was the modern "Roller Mill."

VI. With these left out, we "hoed our row," And found quite often time to spare To trip the light fantastic toe, To Orphean strains or Lydian air.

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VII. As days and months and years go by, We note our numbers growing less; But though in quiet graves they lie It need not cause unhappiness:

VIII. They labored well and did their part To make of this a glorious state; Their noble deeds of hand and heart We all should strive to emulate.

IX. Then let not grief o'ercloud our sky, For what is past is past indeed; To those departed say, "Good bye;" To those remaining bid "God speed!"

X. Let joy be unconfined to-night, While firm we grip the friendly hand; We'll talk of times not lost from sight,— Of by-gone years in "gopher" land.

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FAVORITE PIONEER HYMNS

Tonight, as I was about retiring, the clock in the tower having just struck the hour of ten, there came to my ears, wafted from across the way, and played on a clarinet, with several voices accompanying, that old-time melody.

"'Twas a calm, still night, And the moon's pale light Shone soft o'er hill and vale,"

and, sure enough, the moon was softly shedding her silvery light on as lovely a May evening as ever blended the beauties below with the beauties above, in a Minnesota sky.

This old-time song took me in one grand backward sweep nearly half a century of years, for it was one of the melodies that had filled my youthful soul with a delight never to be forgotten. As part and parcel of the same time in my life, these familiar strains bring back to me memories of those who joined in the songs which were, at that period, so sweet, and continue to be sweet, notwithstanding the thousand-and-one new catchy productions which charm the ears of those who enjoy the happiness of living in this progressive Twentieth century.

To the pioneer, he who helped to blaze the way through the forests of this great Northwest, there is nothing that holds greater charm than these old-fashioned songs

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and hymns, a few of which are destined to withstand the ravages of time, and whose melodious notes will be heard, ages to come, above the major part of those compositions that exist for a little while, sung by everybody, on the stage, in the street and home—and then cease to be.

The sacred hymns appeal most forcibly to one whose hair has grown thin, and is touched with silver by the fingers 221 of the years. Please listen while I sing you one stanza of dear old “Retreat:”

“From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat, ‘Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.”

Perhaps my voice does sound a little cracked, but those dear old words and tune are so precious to me that I feel as though I must give them a voice. Don't you recollect the old hymn “Henley?” Guess some of my readers will, and it is for such I will sing just one stanza:

“Come unto me when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distressed, Seeking for comfort from your Heavenly Father, Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”

Isn't there something soothing and comforting in words like these? Tell me honestly— isn't there?

Those who attended the singing school of long ago will surely not have forgotten “Oak,” and yet, fearing it may have slipped the memory of some of you, I will simply quote the lines. Pardon me for not attempting to sing them, for I have come to realize that my voice is not keyed to the “upright” of the present time, and yet I do feel confident that it would harmonize beautifully with Ard Godfrey's piano, which is so cosily tucked away in the Old log cabin at the State Fair grounds.

The words of this stanza of “Oak” are as follows, to the best of my recollection:

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"I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is my home; Danger and sorrow stand Round me on every hand, Heaven is my father-land, Heaven is my home."

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Since I have repeated it, I am sure it comes back to you, men and women; I can easily imagine I hear you calling for another stanza, and also for the accompanying tune.

In my mind, I can see dear old Nathan Prescott, the singing school teacher of those early days beating the time vigorously, "1, 2, 3, 4; down, left, right, up," etc., while his class of young men and women—(now grandfathers and grandmothers)—are practicing "Zion:"

"On the mountain top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands; Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zion long in hostile lands.

Refrain—

Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands. Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands!"

If it were not that it is getting late, I might refresh the minds of many of you with song after song, and hymn after hymn—of which you have not thought for years. For instance, "Unionville," "Lenox," "Greenville," "Dennis," "Woodstock," "Ortonville," "Windsor," and "Mount Pisgah"—the words of which are:

"When I can read my title clear."

Then there is "Harmony Grove," beginning with these lines of hope and comfort:

"There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign—"

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What's that! What's that! Eleven o'clock! Must be so, or else the clock in the tower is telling a fib!

I will "into bed," and I feel sure I shall be lulled to sweet sleep by voices singing these old-time melodies, many of which linger with me not only in my waking moments, but—

"Oft in the stilly night"

haunt my slumbers.

223

A COUNTRY HOTEL EXPERIENCE

"Certainly, certainly," said the landlord; "of course we can accommodate you, but it will be necessary for you to share a room with another lodger, each of you having your own bed, however."

"I've no objection," I replied, "if you can vouch for the fellow as being all right, and that he don't snore."

"Bet your life!" chimed in Mr. Landlord. "Honest as a preacher and sleeps like a babe."

This is good enough, thought I. What could I suggest that would be an improvement?

I had just returned from a concert, and as it was somewhat late, I found on retiring, as I had expected, that the occupant of the other bed was ahead of me, and I imagined that he had only just "crawled in," for certain indications led me to believe that he was not yet "in slumber sweet and slumber deep." My surmise proved true, for I had only just dropped off to sleep when I was startled slightly, but not sufficiently to be thoroughly aroused, by a sort of hitcherty-hitcherty sound in staccato measure. This was changed a few minutes later, when the concussion from a snore emitted by my fellow lodger brought me to a sitting posture, dazed with wonder and amazement. This sound I find it impossible to reproduce

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on paper; it bore strong resemblance to the grunt of a shoat that has been deprived of his food for several days—a sound that is kind o' hungry like.

What could I do? Circumstances like unto these I had never encountered in my long life of strange experiences, especially when away from home.

Snore! snore!! snore!!! The infernal discord came loud and fast, and louder and faster! The shingles on the roof, 224 red cedar ones at that, began to rattle, not unlike the “bones” in the hands of an expert end-man in a minstrel show. The curtains began to vibrate. My head began to swim. I was in for it and no mistake.

Out of bed I jumped, knocking over a cuspidor when I landed. I made up my mind that if I hoped to remain sane I must get out of the room, even by jumping from the window, if no other exit could be found; “anything, good Lord!” thought I, for relief from this terrible mental and physical strain. I groped my way to the stairs, and having gripped the railing securely, cautiously, ghost-like, I descended the stairway, thinking I might possibly find a sofa in the hall. Sure enough there was one; the only, or at least greatest, fault I could find with it was this: it was three feet long, while I exceeded this measure by about two-and-a-half feet. Making a virtue of necessity, I doubled myself up, jack-knife fashion, and was soon oblivious to earthly surroundings, having gone off in the astral on a pleasant jaunt—but only for a short period, as I was soon recalled to this terrestrial sphere by a head-splitting snore emanating from the room I had quitted not long before. This was a thoroughbred, double-decker snore, one of the kind that might awaken the “seven sleepers.” Quicker than lightning I sat upright in order to grasp the situation, and in doing this my head came in contact with the stairs; for, bear in mind, this short excuse for a sofa was set under them, and in close proximity to a piece of antiquated household furniture, called, for the want of a better name, a hat rack. For a few moments I was “among the stars,”—they were all about me, above and below, anywhere and everywhere and in dazzling brilliancy. They soon faded, however, and I was brought to a realizing sense of my condition by the sudden appearance of the landlord accompanied by his wife, both

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dressed in robes de nuit. They had heard the commotion and were investigating the cause, thinking that prowlers were about the house, bent on mischief.

I was not long in making myself known. Opening an 225 umbrella which I had chanced to grasp, I thereby protected my own deshabelle. Had the lamp chimney not been so smoked the visitors might have obtained a fair view of an escaped lunatic; but on account of the condition of the aforesaid chimney, I was in eclipse.

Explanations were in order, and being satisfactory, I was escorted to the parlor, where, upon a real sofa, broad and long, I finished my night's lodging, undisturbed, until the young dawn awakened me from sweet sleep and pleasant dreams.

Hereafter there will be a question mark set up, full size, whenever I have occasion to seek lodgings in a country hotel, especially if I am expected to occupy a room with a fellow lodger.

226

A LUMBER CAMP ADVENTURE

The name of Joe Stanchfield brings to my mind many incidents indirectly connected with his career, as he was quite a noted character in the pioneer days. He was the on of Sam Stanchfield, one of the study lumbermen who were foremost in blazing the way through the forests of this new state. It was from his father that Joe inherited, in a marked degree, the push and go-ahead-ativeness characteristic of them both.

“Joe,” as he was known to everybody, was one of the most prominent members of the volunteer fire department. He belonged to the “Minnesota,” one of the three engines of which the citizen of the Falls were justly proud; the other two were the “Cataract” and the “Germania.” The most singular thing about it all was, that Joe was totally deaf—not a sound could he hear, but he never failed to be on hand to help man the brakes when a fire was in progress, and worked with as much enthusiasm as any of his comrades.

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In the ballroom he was always on the floor, going through the intricate figures of a quadrille or Fisher's Hornpipe with a precision that was truly remarkable. A movement of the lips was all that he required to make him understand what was wanted by his partner, and a swing of the violinist's bow, gave him a cue, seemingly, to the calls about to be made. In fact, Joe was an ideal dancer, and never was left for want of a partner, as all the young ladies knew, if they were asked to dance with him, that there was fun ahead.

Mr. Joe Stanchfield conducted an extensive lumber business which gave employment to a large number of men and teams. Hard times and drouths which for several 227 seasons prevented the winter's cut of logs from coming down the streams, had resulted in great financial loss to all engaged in lumbering. All other pursuits as well as the lumber interest had been affected, as everything depended on the arrival of the logs in the spring. Their failure to come down obliged the whole community to face embarrassments which must continue until the next springtime.

It was at Joe's camp at Gull Lake, that an amusing incident took place, one which we think worth relating. This was about thirty-five years ago.

All who know or have heard-of the "Red-shirters," are aware that they were the men employed in the lumber camps, a jolly, and at times, pretty tough and disorderly set, especially after breaking camp and coming to town wher there was plenty or opportunity to make way with their winter's earnings in a few days.

Anson L. Moody was one of these boys, but superior in intellect and deportment. He was considered by his messmates as being a "notch above them," and of course they were always striving to get the better of him, They failed, however, as he was equal to at least three ordinary men in physical strength, and having been a soldier, knew no fear. Hence, it is not to be wondered at, that when a test case presented itself, he was equal to the emergency.

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Bears and wolves were continually prowling about the lumber camps, and naturally it was considered dangerous to encounter them. On the trips back and forth from work the men rarely venture out alone, but it somehow happened that Moody was obliged to leave one evening to visit a neighboring camp a mile or so distant. Not being afraid, as before stated, he started on the trip without a weapon of any kind, except a pocket-knife, with which to defend himself, should occasion demand. He had proceeded about a quarter of a mile through the woods without a thought of meeting wild beasts, when off to his right and slowly coming toward him, two bears appeared, of medium size, but growling and making demonstrations unlike any 228 he had previously heard or seen. He made up his mind on short notice, that he would not run but would proceed leisurely along, minding his own business. Perhaps they would do the same and not cause him any annoyance; but in the vent they showed fight, he determined to give them the best he had in the "shop." It was soon evident that their "business" concerned himself, for rising on their hind legs they went for him in genuine bear fashion. Moody felt quite sure he was good for one at a time, but he had doubts about handling two at once. However, he seemed to be in for it, and concluded to die game, if die he must. So he grabbed a good sized piece of pine tree that lay at his feet, and had put in a couple of vigorous strokes on the foremost of the twain, when there came from beneath the bear-skin yells that were intensely human, followed by, "Hold on, Moody! Hold on! Its Jack and Bill and the tables have turned on us. We thought you'd run and we'd scare h—1 out of you, but it seems you're not built that way."

"That's where you make the mistake, boys," replied Moody; "did you for a moment think that I'd run from two "bears," when I've faced thousands of "Johnny Rebs" without thinking of such a thing—Guess not!"

Jack and Bill rolled up their respective bear-skins, and accompanied Moody on his trip. When they all returned to camp at ten P. M., they varied the excitement by playing "seven-up," using for stakes their winter's wages, (to be) and finishing the game at midnight, when

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they all turned into their bunks to be awakened by the "cookee" at four A. M. to get ready for the day's work.

Mr. Moody now resides at Excelsior, Minnesota, and is one of her most respected citizens. From his physical appearance, notwithstanding his advanced years, we think, even now, it would require more than two genuine bears to make him take to his heels.

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AN OUTING FORTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO.

The joyous times the congregation of the First M. E. church is having over the new pipe organ, recalls an incident that occurred way back in the early history of this city, or rather St. Anthony.

The little old-fashioned frame structure with a steeple on it to correspond to the size of the town, and located on University avenue, at the present site of Hotel Windom was the First M. E. church, This particular church had four prominent pillars; they were Rev. J. F. Chaffee, Rev. N. Kellogg, Deacon Alonzo Leaming and Wetmore O'Brien. Of these pillars two are still in the land of the living and in this city, respected and honored. Mr. Kellogg and Mr. O'Brien have passed to the other side.

The incident we wish to relate is as follows:

All old settlers will recall the financial crash of '57. I' hard times did not exist in those days they never have. Well, there is no time like hard times to get the righteous down to genuine hard spiritual work, and it was after a prosperous protracted meeting that the brothers referred to felt the necessity for an outing, to recuperate from church work in the fall. So Brother Chaffee suggested to the other brothers that Lake Minnetonka would be an ideal place to go fishing, and if they approved of the suggestion they might combine business with pleasure, and have fish to sell, the net proceeds to be turned over the church fund.

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The following Saturday evening, "these four and no more," were to meet at Brother Chaffee's study and devise ways and means to carry out the project. At this meeting all responded but Brother Kellogg, and he sent regrets, stating that it would be impossible to join them this time, as he and Al Stone were to be initiated into the mysteries of 230 the Sons of Malta. If he came out alive he would be happy to meet with them at some future occasion.

Brother Chaffee was nominated chairman of this committee, and Brother Leaming secretary, while Brother O'Brien did most of the talking and suggesting. He was looked upon as authority on fish, his ancestors having been Nova Scotia fishermen, and he having inherited a love for the Waltonian art.

They decided to start bright and early the following Monday morning. Brother Chaffee was to furnish tackle, Brother Leaming the team, and Brother O'Brien was to secure a corn beef barrel and enough salt to pack down several hundred pounds of dressed fish. Each brother was to "grub-stake" sufficient food for two days. With this understanding, the meeting adjourned until 5 P.M. the Monday following.

All the brothers were at church the intervening Sunday, and Brother Chaffee had unconsciously selected as a text for his discourse, the words contained in verses 6,7 and 8, fifth chapter of Luke, which reads as follows:

"And Simon answering, said unto him, Master we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing; nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net. And when they had done thus, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes; and their net brake. And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink."

The subject was skillfully handled, and many pointers were taken advantage of by three of the congregation, at least.

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Monday morning, Brother Leaming backed up his old reliable stepper to the door of Brother O'Brien, and loaded the barrel containing a hundred pounds of salt that he had purchased of Tufts, Reynolds & Whitmore, at an expense of \$2.50. This was not paid in money, but in the currency of the times, which in this case was an order on Lovejoy 231 & Brockway, good for that amount in lumber. Thence they wended their way to the home of the worldly pastor, Rev. J. F. Chaffee. A jollier trio of sportsmen never started on an outing trip than these "three of a kind."

Wayzata, in those days, seemed a great distance away; in fact, Fargo seems nearer at the present time.

They reached Wayzata at 3 P.M., having been twelve hours on the road. Enos Day kept a public house, and it was under his roof that they were to spend at least two nights. Mr. Day was suspicious of the trio, but after reluctantly caring for their outfit, he instructed them where to find the wash basin and roller towel so they could "wash up," as they had more the appearance of bushwhackers than of a faithful "shepherd" with two of his flock.

When they had made themselves presentable, Mr. Chaffee produced a letter of introduction from George E. H. Day, a prominent lawyer in St. Anthony in those days—also Sunday school superintendent—to his brother, Enos Day, requesting him to deal kindly with his three friends in church work. This request was heeded.

They were too tired and it was too late to think of going on the lake that evening, but they had ample time to secure a boat and get information as to the best fishing grounds, which was considered half the battle.

They retired early, and Mr. Day says if it had not been for the letter of introduction, he should have said they were sleeping off a "booze," as he has so much trouble to arouse them in the morning.

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Six o'clock Tuesday morning found them in their boat, and as O'Brien was the only one of the three who knew how to row, he was delegated to attend to this duty, with the understanding that he should be counted in at the "divide." About 9 P.M. they pulled up at the dock disgusted, having "fished all day and taken nothing," except three crappies and five small pike—total weight about ten pounds.

Mr. Day consoled them by saying that the conditions 232 were not the best for fishing that day—wind was in the wrong direction, and the moon signs were not favorable; but on the morrow, Wednesday, he assured them that results would be more satisfactory. This knowledge he was imparting had been gained from long experience as a fisherman, and it could therefore be depended on.

Wednesday morning they were on the lake bright and early, and, instead of trolling, Mr. Leaming suggested "still fishing," which was readily accepted by Mr. O'Brien, as the previous day's effort had nearly unnerved him for the duties of to-day. They baited their trolling books with cold corned, beef, as this was all they had that would stay on the hooks. The result of the still fishing was nothing but suckers. O'Brien, somewhat disgusted, said: "It takes suckers to catch suckers." So they went to trolling again, and at 5 P.M. they landed high and dry on the beach, as though a tidal wave were after them in hot pursuit. Perhaps it was the angry waves, or possibly a wave of anger, that forced them to the home stretch at such a unusual rate of speed.

When Mr. Day made the discovery that in the two days' fishing they had caught only "a mess apiece," he was disgusted, and said they were not "on to their job." They had come to the same conclusion themselves.

After settling with Mr. Day, he taking the beef barrel and salt as part payment for their hotel bill, they retired—very tired.

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The next morning they were homeward bound with a lighter load by several pounds of lunch, salt and barrel. The fish, when divided, were just a mess each for a good sized family.

It was humiliating to have Capt. Tapper at the toll-gate of the suspension bridge know of their ill-success, but it could not be avoided, as it was he who had given them his best wishes on starting out, and had hoped they would salt down a solid 250 pounds. When he saw the three strings of sickly, measly fish that they were religiously guarding, he just roared, and said he did not have cheek enough to extort toll from such unfortunates, but that some time he would show up at one of the revivals and let them have a whack at him.

My readers may wonder how I remember this circumstance so minutely. Well I will tell you. Our mouths had been watering for a feast of Minnetonka fish as we had not had anything in the meat line except salt pork for a long time and when our father put in an appearance with that diminutive string of fish, it was killing. But this was not all that served to leave a lasting impression on my memory; for, when the pan in which the fish were cooking was taken from the stove, as if with malice aforethought, it deliberately flopped over into the woodbox and our feast was, consequently spoiled. If father's religion had not been keyed up to "G," we might have expected demonstrations and adjectives not found on the title-page of any orthodox publication.

No allusion was made to the fishing exploit by the brothers at the "experience meeting" held at the church the next Thursday evening. Oh, no!

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NICOLLET ISLAND

Forty-odd years ago Nicollet island was a beauty spot on the face of nature. At this period the West Side of the river was not of much account; the East Side, or St. Anthony, then wore the laurels, and was a wide-awake, progressive city. From this side of the river I

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made my first visit to Nicollet Island. I recall the feeble old wooden bridge with its loose planks that spanned the east channel of the river. Leaving Blakeman & Greenleaf's jewelry store on the right and Nash's drug store on the left hand corners, the other end landed on the island, which seemed away out in the country.

At the roadway going over the West Side was a tall picket fence, with boards nailed lengthwise along its base, to prevent the escape of a few sheep and hogs that Capt. Tapper was pasturing there. Once over the fence—or under, we should say—we gazed upon a most lovely sight. About half way to the present railroad crossing there was quite an elevation, which formed a perfect half circle, extending from one side of the island to the other and sloping to somewhat below what is now the level of the road. From the top of this elevation down to the fence there was not a tree, but it was a beautiful carpet of green, fresh woven from the loom of nature. At its summit there was a little weather-beaten frame dwelling occupied by Mr. Williamson, who had a general supervision of the island, and whose duty it was to see that the timber was not molested. In consideration he received a free rental of the premises.

Back of this house was a forest so dense with timber and undergrowth, that it was impossible to penetrate it. This was the home of rabbits by the hundred, and the 235 roosting place for wild pigeons by the thousands. In the summer of 1856 a noble buck was chased off the upper end of the island into the main channel of the river, and killed in midstream by a rifle ball, his lifeless body being carried over the Falls.

There was a single footpath all around the island, and the only fault lovers found was that they were obliged to walk singly—in Indian fashion. Wild grapes and flowers grew in profusion all around the banks of the island, making the surroundings very picturesque.

Nicollet island was a great place for gatherings of all kinds, both of private and public character. It was here that the First Minnesota regiment gathered previous to departing for the seat of war, and was banqueted by the citizens, who cheered the brave boys about to

leave their homes and friends to save the Union. This beautiful vision of the past has about faded from the canvas, but not from the memory.

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SKATING PLEASURES OF EARLY DAYS

One cannot help contrasting the advantages people have now-a-days with those when we pioneers were young. Of late years, we have had Loring park, Powderhorn park, and a number of the other parks kept clean from snow, with warming sheds to add to the comfort of the skaters, electric lights, and electric care to take us to our several homes; and not only these comforts, but the satisfaction of having our skates sharpened by electricity. It is folly to waste time narrating what we have at the present day—we know it full well—but incidents of the past may prove interesting.

It is of the away-back days of our toddling city, in fact of the days when she was a mere infant, that I will tell you, when, and where we skated, and who were the skaters.

There was one winter in particular that was overflowing with enjoyment,— the winter of 1860-61. It seems to me that the winters in those early times were of much longer duration than now; when they came there was no fooling, but they attended strictly to business, so that lumbermen and skaters alike knew what to depend upon.

The favorite place for skating was on the river, from the suspension bridge, now the steel arch bridge, up the river and around Nicollet island to the East Side channel. When the snow would cover up the skating grounds, a committee made up from the boys of St. Anthony would set to work and have it shoveled off, thus giving us a pleasure resort unequalled in the western country.

The skates we used to wear were what were called “turnovers” and “stub-toes,” grooved runners, with heel corks, and straps that were secured so tightly upon the feet that circulation of the blood in those parts was next to impossible; 237 then again, those who

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were obliged to wear the “stub-toe” skates, not being able to purchase the more expensive “turn-overs” with a brass knob, substituted tarred rope, such as is used to bind laths in bundles, to fasten the skates upon the feet, and, as the rope stretched, they were forced to insert “cord-wood,” as it was termed, to make them fast.

If it was a very cold night or afternoon, the girls would be obliged to pull on woolen socks over their skating shoes to keep their feet from freezing while on the way from their homes to the skating grounds, and the boys would put on an extra pair of woolen socks, and pull over them well “tallered” long-legged boots, thus defying the icy sting of a long-lived winter. You may wonder why we did not wear arctics; bless your souls, such an invention had not yet reached us—the only alternative was for men and boys to put on extra socks, and the woman and girls to pull them over their shoes. The socks referred to were not the kind that are sold on the bargain counter of the present day, but the genuine, all-wool that had been knit in the chimney corners of our old New England homes.

The greatest fun on the ice was in the evening, when a huge bonfire was made, that sent a glow of warmth to a great distance, furnished illumination for the vast piece of glassy surface, and enveloped the entire surroundings in clouds of smoke.

“Where,” you may inquire, “did you obtain the inflammable material for these huge bonfires?” This information we do not feel like imparting; but we do know several parties who gave light on the subject then, and possibly they may be induced to do so now. Colonel J. H. Stevens might have had something to say about the wood pile on the bank of the river near his residence; Anthony Kelly and O. M. Laraway possibly might have alluded to boxes and sugar hogsheads; T. K. Gray, (Greely & Gray) the druggists, might tell you how he mourned the loss of rosin, tar, alcohol and turpentine barrels; Capt. Tapper possibly 238 would tell you that portions of the island fence occasionally did their share towards contributing to the comfort and pleasure. If they cannot, who can tell?

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Quite frequently during the winter we would have the brass band on the ice to discourse music for the many beautiful waltzes, the memory of which from this distance of time, is refreshing, indeed.

Some of these skaters who were expert in cutting "pigeon wings," "monograms," "backward circles," "scrolls," etc., are still in the city, fathers, mothers, grandfathers, and grandmothers.

In the language of the down-east Yankee: "With all your jim-crack notions now-a-days, you don't begin ter have the fun we uster have!"

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MINNESOTA'S TERRITORIAL PIONEERS' LOG-CABIN DEDICATION May 11th, 1900

We gather here, dear friends, to-day, To weld the chain whose links are years; Although our locks are thin and gray, Our eyes are bright, but not with tears.

Fond recollection heaves a sigh For days when we were hale and young, As on Time's ladder we espy The space we've mounted rung by rung.

And yet Dame Nature has bee kind, She's led us safely through the past; And given us strength of heart and mind To hold up boldly while we last.

We are not old, we're young to-day, While living o'er those times still dear; Whose mem'ry will not fade away But brighter grow each passing year.

And while we think of Now and Then, It seems to us as but a dream; A pleasant ramble through the glen, Or floating down some peaceful stream.

Until aroused by sights and sounds, And signs of progress everywhere, Can we believe that here abounds Such wealth and health in earth and air?

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This North Star State is a surprise To all the nations of the earth; Well may we laud her to the skies And bless the year that gave her birth.

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Her age we know is two-score-two, And dates from May in '58; This comely maid and handsome, too,— For prestige had not long to wait.

With joy and pride we've seen her grow From callow youth to statehood grand, From virgin soil of long ago, To Flour-ry queen of all the land.

This cabin, built of Norway pine, To house the old-time Pioneers; Will serve for memory's tender vine To climb and twine a hundred years.

MINNESOTA TERRITORIAL PIONEERS' LOG CABIN—10902.

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GOLD EXCITEMENT I MINNEAPOLIS IN 1857

There are at present but few people in Minneapolis who remember the gold excitement of 1857. There are not many who even dream that this community once experienced the throbbings of a gold-fever in its veins;—that in fact a genuine three day's Klondike excitement once raged here.

In those days there lived in St. Anthony, a physician named C. W. Le Boutillier, who was never happier than when perpetrating some practical joke. It was on a quiet summer day, when he was in office at Hemiup & Sims' drug store, that our wily doctor conceived the idea which he so successfully carried out.

With the aid of his boon companion, Charles F. Sims, now of Grand Forks, N. D., he distributed quite freely along the margin of the river in the rear of Dorman's bank, at the head of Nicollet Island, East Side, a shiny, gold-looking mineral, while in certain crannies along the shore, the two practical jokers deposited genuine gold dust and numerous small

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nuggets which the doctor had taken from his specimen case. When conditions were fully ripe, the doctor was to send one of his particular friends to the spring on the river bank, to fetch a pail of water, and it was arranged between them that some of the specimens should be brought in at the same time.

This friend was not sent for the water until a goodly number of loungers had congregated at the store—enough to kindle a first class flame of excitement at the designated moment. When all was ripe, the specimens were brought to the notice of the doctor and Charlie Sims who scoffed at the idea of the gold dust being genuine, and pronounced it base metal of a very inferior sort.

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Judge N. H. Hemiup, in order too satisfy one of the old “Forty-niners,” offered to apply the acid test; after so doing, he unqualifiedly pronounced the specimens gold of a superior quality. The news spread like wild-fire; the locality was investigated; crowds gathered; “new finds” were discovered. Within an hour from the time the discovery was first made, at least two hundred bright tin pans were seen glistening in the sunlight washing out the “pay dirt.” Mill hands gave up their jobs, carpenters abandoned their half-constructed buildings, clerks left their counters in the mad rush for wealth.

The hardware stores were soon sold out of tin pans, and indeed, everything that would serve the purpose was put to practical use in securing the treasure, with which to supplant the city “scrip” as well as other spurious and uncertain currency of the times.

The most successful of the miners were, of course in the secret, and did their best to keep up the excitement by a liberal distribution of the specimens. Several stage loads of prospectors came up from St. Paul, among them a number of moneyed men who were anxious to secure adjoining property; but the valuation had increased to such an extent as to be beyond the reach of the ordinary Western capitalist; consequently, no sales were made.

The excitement was kept at fever heat for three days, when it began to be noised about that this phenomenon was undoubtedly the result of the bursting of a meteor laden with gold, and that the scattered contents had all been gathered; hence it was folly to continue prospecting, as the geological conditions were not flattering for successful operations. Fictitious property values resumed their normal conditions, while the wheels of industry, for the time neglected were again set in motion.

Dr. C. W. Le Boutillier became surgeon of the Ninth Minnesota Volunteers, and lived but a few years after the close of the war. He was buried with military honors at Maple Hill cemetery.

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A MUSICAL REMINISCENCE

The musical pioneers at the Falls of St. Anthony will readily recall Joseph Piddington, who lived at the corner of Dakota and Second streets in what is now Northeast Minneapolis. It was at this home that lovers of music from both sides of the river went to congregate and give material expression to their "souls of melody."

We have in mind a certain time when Mr. Piddington sent word to his fellow members, who made up an instrumental quintette, to meet at this house and render some of their best numbers for the edification of the Minneapolis Glee Club, which, as the name indicates, had its headquarters on the West Side.

On the designated evening all had gathered to take part in the entertainment, when Mr. Piddington, with many regretful apologies, stated that it would be necessary to postpone the musical program he had outlined, as he was very much indisposed. A gentleman present requested, if it would not be too great a tax upon the host, that one number be given, after which, the time could be devoted to story telling. To this the host assented.

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The selection was played, and never since its organization, had the Glee Club done more effective and spirited work. Mr. Piddington became lost to his physical condition, and for the time being rose above it.

When the musical had ended, everybody was in prime condition for the story telling, which was inaugurated by Claus A. Widstrand, a new-comer—comparatively—and one of the vanguard of the great army that was, later on to become identified with our local musical and public affairs. This young Swede was full of anecdotes and witty sayings and kept the little company convulsed with laughter 244 until about eleven P. M., when some enthusiast suggested “more music,” and to the surprise of all the speaker was Piddington himself. All illness, or thought of illness, had with him become a thing of the past, in truth, forgotten in the sweet vibrations of that first number as the instruments responded to the touch of real artists. So it came to pass that the musical program was carried out to the letter, and not completed until the old clock in the corner had struck two.

The Glee Club, as invited guests, responded with several of its soul-stirring selections, which were not “slow” as to music or the application of words fitting the same.

It may be interesting to give the names of those composing the “quintette” and the instrument over which they held such complete mastery. They were:

Joseph Piddington Cello

Thomas Hale Williams Flute

Claus A. Widstrand Violin

B. E. Messer Violin

George N. Morgan Cornet

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The members of the Glee Club were: Hallow A. Gale, Samuel C. Gale, Joseph H. Clark and C. M. Cushman. Quite frequently was added the sweet contralto voice of Mrs. C. M. Cushman.

George N. Morgan afterwards became Colonel of the "First Regiment of Minnesota Volunteers" which gained such marked distinction during the Civil war. Later on he was promoted to Brigadier General.

A story is related of General Morgan, the incident having happened while he was a member of the firm of Scott & Morgan, in upper-town St. Anthony. One noon hour a spruce young fellow stood, among others, in the doorway of the foundry listening to the cornet playing of young Morgan; at the first opportunity he made bold to inform the musician that, though he was a fine performer—"very fine indeed"—he had heard a young fellow down East who could "knock the spots off him." Morgan was naturally anxious to learn who that personage might be. After making inquiry and sifting the matter closely he found out, to his amusement and satisfaction, that he himself was the eastern chap who was outstripping his western rival in skill and genius.

The Piddington home still stands on the same spot that it occupied fifty years ago and is right in the center of historic associations. Within a stone's throw were the temple of justice, the office of Judge Lardner Bostwick, Holy Trinity church, Steamboat Landing, the St. Charles and American House, the Fur Company House, Stanchfield's hall, R. P. Russell's store, the Farmers' Exchange, Dorman's bank, and Wensinger's block.

I never pass by this old landmark that it does not bring up many recollections which time had nearly obliterated. Prominent among these, and one that will never fade, is the familiar figure of Joseph Piddington with his 'cello under his arm, on his way to church or to play at some entertainment.

TIME'S CHANGES

We are all well aware that this is a world of change, though comparatively few know how great and manifold these changes are. I have followed quite closely, for a series of years, the kaleidoscopic view that have been presented from time to time here in our city, and what I have seen has not been kept secret, as our reading public knows, but in the form of reminiscences has been given to the world, that the inhabitants thereof might, to some extent, realize the changes which have been going on and are still progressing with more or less rapidity in our city and the region round about.

Notwithstanding my close and careful watch, the changes that have taken place on the river road, going west, surprised me as they were brought to view, one by one, while I was taking a trip recently to my old home on the farm ten miles distant, in the town of Brooklyn, which was known, at the time of my living there, as Industriana.

Somewhat over forty years ago, quite a long time in the life of a young and growing country—I, of course, had expected to see changes, but not such radical ones. Those I saw so bewildered me, that I was obliged to ask where I was.

I looked in vain for a familiar landmark in this short ten-mile ride. Had I really forgotten? Surely not; but at the time to which reference has been made there was nothing in the way of improvements on the river bank going west from the suspension—now the steel arch—bridge, except a small grist mill at Shingle Creek.

The Mississippi was then truly picturesque, with its sloping, wooden banks, and not a sign of a boom or pier above Twentieth avenue north. The old French navigator, Peter 247 Poncin, was the only one who stemmed the slow, on-moving tide, in his daily ferrysings from shore to shore, while the uncontaminated waters flowed dreamily on, decoyed at length into the seething and maddened current of the Falls, and there dashed into silvery spray that formed itself into a beautiful “bow of promise,” for the gratification of those who

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were in the habit of going thither to gaze upon the beauty and sublimity of the scene—which, alas! is sublime and beautiful no longer.

Above the falls, plying up the river, could be seen steamers that were doing a thriving traffic with Anoka, Monticello, St. Cloud, Clearwater and Sauk Rapids. The vigorous puffs from their exhaust pipes and the swish-swash, as their wheels battled with the waters, so startled many a flock of wild geese and ducks that they flew in terror from their secret nooks along the sinuous stream. Thousands of pigeons were also put to flight, but these returned as soon as the river had lulled itself to sleep and the lazy smoke had settled down in one dark spot, or merged its blackness with the white of a passing cloud, to be scurried away by a current in the upper air, whither, no one knew or cared.

On the river banks only a few scattered houses and a few very small places of business were to be seen as far up as Twentieth avenue north—the ferry landing. There were homes of Frank Morrison, Henry Plummer; the Messrs. Christmas, Clark, Morgan, and still further along the Bohanon's Rev. Mr. Dow's, Farnham's Gillespie's, Estes', Wales', Past's, Snyder's, Durnham's Reidhead's, Crooker's, Benson's, Grandpa Hillman's, Warwick's, Crooker's, Pottle's and Albert Lawrence's. Back from the river were the homes of John Plummer and his numerous family of patriotic sons, who took such an active part in the war of the rebellion, probably furnishing more soldiers than any other one family in the Northwest.

Then there were the Prebble's, Howe's, Davis', Elder Palmer's, Boynton's, Myer's and Hanscome's. Across the 248 river loomed up the substantial house of Maj. A. M. Fridley, who had been such an active factor in the development of the new territory and state.

What has become of those beautiful river banks upon which we used to feast our eyes in times gone by? This question was readily answered as I gazed out of the carriage window while going over the route one day late in November. Lumber mills! Lumber mills! and more lumber mills! Immense piles of lumber, laths and shingles, not only utilized in the

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buildings of our city, but shipped over the entire Northwest. Wood enough to drive away the chills from the fiercest consolidated blasts wandering hither from the frigid regions of the untamed north and the far-away Klondike! Has the river bank been "improved?"

What was once the lovely home with picturesque surroundings, of Rufus Farnham, on this same river bank, is now a hideous sight to behold. Upon inquiry I learned that a fine bed of brick clay had been discovered there some time ago, and for years several kilns have been kept busy burning brick; these have not only been utilized in the building of our city, but shipped far and near. Truly we are a progressive and far-reaching people!

Then I noticed the pickle works, the pumping station and the workhouse, all innovations in the line of improvement, and showing how beauty has been sacrificed to utility.

Nearly all the old residents have vacated the homes they used to occupy when I knew them, or have gone to their long home on the other side of life. Some few remain, but so enfeebled are they from age that I could scarcely recognize them. Many who were then little children have grown up to be men and women, and have families of their own.

An uncontrollable feeling of sadness oppressed me as I entered the home of the family with whom I lived when a lad of fifteen, for many changes had come over it. Neighbors and friends had gathered, as I had, to take a farewell look at the face of Nahum Crooker, who was sleeping so peacefully in his casket. My mind wandered back to that distant time and conjured up a picture in vivid contrast to this; for Mr. Crooker was then a sturdy farmer thirty-three years of age, always active and busy. The addition of forty years, with their consequent trials and troubles, as well as hard manual labor, and finally the battling with disease, had proved more than his constitution could endure, and he had been forced to lay down the burden he could no longer carry.

Nahum Crooker had been a resident of Brooklyn township forty-seven years, during which time he had so endeared himself to his neighbors that none had for him any but words of love and praise. During the last days of his life his mind dwelt much on the past, and I shall

always regret that I did not see him in those final hours to complete the picture of those early days and receive from his lips a farewell word.

And now, with experiences such as these here related fresh in memory none can wonder that I repeat to myself with a renewed sense of their reality, the trite words, "Truly this is a world of change."

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THE NAMING OF LAKES CALHOUN AND HARRIET

I wonder how many of our citizens of Minneapolis have any knowledge of the origin of the names of the two beautiful lakes—Calhoun and Harriet—that are within the city limits. For nearly fifty years these two radiant gems have been known to the people round about, and for nearly this number of years have we visited them and enjoyed their loveliness, and yet, we must confess, that not until quite recently have we acquainted ourselves with the facts as to when and for whom they were named.

The Historical Society has in its collection a volume, entitled "Floral Home; or First Years in Minnesota," published in 1857, and written by Harriet E. Bishop, in which she imparts the following information:

"For Snelling was named after its first commandant and Lake Harriet, a beautiful, transparent sheet of water, after his heroic and estimable wife."

But it was really Mrs. Harriet Leavenworth—not Snelling—wife of Lieut. Col. Henry Leavenworth, who was the "first commandant," and after before Col. Snelling.

It is probable that the names Calhoun and Harriet were given at the same time, and as early as 1823.

Prof. William H. Keating, who accompanied Maj. H. Long's expedition in that year, wrote in his narrative, volume I, page 315—published 1825—as follows: "A body of water which is

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not represented on any map that we know of, has been discovered in this vicinity within a few years, and has received the name of Lake Calhoun in honor of the secretary of war."

What a history clusters about these gems, which, with their beautiful settings, are such an addition to Minnie's wardrobe! No wonder she is proud of these jewels as well 251 as of the others of equal beauty and utility which are her rightful inheritance.

Let us recall for a moment the pleasure derived by the Indians who had set their tepees about these charming lakes—hunting, fishing, their light canoes gliding over the silvery waters, their papposes lulled to sleep by the lapping of waves on pebbly shores. It was here that those good men, Riggs and Pond, did their mission work. It was here the Indians built their village and tilled the ground and from here it was they went forth to battle with their enemies.

Time has changed all these conditions and but a faint memory remains of the past. The Indians, the few that are left, have become civilized; but the present shows us the same beautiful lakes encircled by shaded boulevards and attractive resorts, with lovely homes set back among the trees.

Here, with the expenditure of a merely nominal sum, the masses are privileged to roam at their leisure during the summer months in the woods which skirt their borders, or, if they choose, take boat rides at even-tide, while sweet strains of music sift through the moonbeams which keep time dancing in fantastic steps on the rippling, shimmering waves.

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THE CONSTITUTION OF THE ST. ANTHONY FREMONT CLUB BROUGHT TO LIGHT

An interesting relic of the strenuous times of nearly half a century ago, has just come into our hands. It is a well preserved copy of the constitution of the St. Anthony Fremont Club, an institution which flourished in the stirring days of 1856, when events were shaping themselves for the four years' struggle between the North and South.

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The candidacy of Fremont was warmly supported by many of the settlers here, and they embraced every opportunity to express their sentiments and boom their candidate.

The constitution adopted was short, but decidedly to the point, and in its few well chosen words embodied the principles for which the members of the club would expend their utmost endeavors throughout the campaign.

Appended to this document was a list of 78 names, "legal voters of the St. Anthony legislative district and county of Hennepin."

This list cannot fail to interest those who are familiar with the early settlers of the village of St. Anthony. It embraces a large number of the men who helped to build up Minneapolis through fifty years of steady progress to the place which she now holds in the Northwest. Some of the signers moved away, but many remained until death in the city of their adoption. Of the entire company of 78 men there are hardly a half dozen now alive. Three of these, Stephen Cobb, John B. Gilfillan, and Caleb D. Door, are now residents of Minneapolis. The rest are gone, but their names are familiar to many who were not at that time old enough to be members of the Fremont club.

The constitution of the club, with its signers follows:

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We the undersigned, legal voters of the St. Anthony legislative district and county of Hennepin, being in favor of free men, free speech, a free territory, and Fremont for the next president, and being opposed to the so-called Democratic organization in the said district and county, do pledge ourselves to act and vote in the coming fall election in conformity with the above principles.

(Signed) J. C. Johnson, Stephen Cobb, J. H. McHerron, Lardner Bostwick, Summer W. Farnham, John C. McCain, George A. Nourse, A. J. Underwood, R. Carlton, H. G. O. Morrison, E. W. Cutter, M. P. Upton, John B. Gilfillan, F. H. Cobb, S. A. Cobb, Shepherd

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J. Kincaid, John H. Murphy, Henry Meninger, Charles Kellerman, John Scheinler, George Sterzor, Ditrich Knoebel, H.R. Putnam, Caleb D. Dorr, S. H. Morse, L. Brown, John Angel, George Stolz, Kael Seil, Albert H. Edwards, G. S. Schnoiks, C.B. Davis, Nickolas Watsfield, Otis S. True, Friedrich Lintz, Conrad Kohler, John Brand, Serard Wolsfelt, K. McCrimmon, Augustine George, W. G. Bradford, Bernard Gasper, John B. Lucksinger, Alexander Lindenfelser, Ferdinand Kreitz, Christian Fridagh, Charles Jordan, Christopher Soul, Theider Gaspar, Jok Loop, S. B. Thickey, J. A. Thickey, N. A. Abbott, John J. Auer, William F. Hillman, Xever Sebholtz, John Welsfeld, William H. Townsend, B.C. Bonham, H. Williams, George Lacht, G. G. Loomis, D. A. Secombe, Joseph Molitor, J. M. House, L. W. Stratton, A. J. White, R. W. Cummings, S. D. Hubbard, William F. Cahill, C. W. Le Boutillier, George P. Baldwin, L. C. Walker, Edward Lippincott, Isaac Gilpatrick.

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HOW A REVIVAL MEETING WAS BROKEN UP

The revivalist as well as all the zealous workers in the church, were doing their utmost to bring sinners to repentance. But they had labored nearly a week without results, until one evening the divine afflatus seemed to permeate the hardened hearts of three young ladies who had been in constant attendance at all the meetings, but had remained firm and showed no signs of yielding until this particular evening, when their hearts softened to the subtle influences of the Spirit; and at the earnest solicitation of the Elder they went forward and bowed themselves humbly before the altar.

When the last stanza of the hymn had been sung, a request was made for Brother Watson to lead in prayer. Why Brother Watson was singled out to offer up the supplication at this time, is explained as follows: he had a loud and piercing voice that could penetrate every crack and crevice of the largest auditorium, and was never at a loss for words which flowed thick and fast; in fact, it was with difficulty that his utterances could keep up with his train of thought.

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This brother had one drawback of which his brethren in church were well aware;—he was subject to spells of sneezing, and when one came on he was obliged to have it out—seven vociferous, head-splitting sneezes.

It was while he was at the highest pitch of his supplication, that he was struck amidships by one of these spells, and before he had tallied seven, the regulation number, the whole congregation was convulsed with laughter, and the three maidens who had been so penitent a few minutes previous, were seen to rise and wend their way back to their seats, frantically striving to suppress their giggling.

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The revivalist stated that certain things over which he had no control, had transpired and put a damper on the evening's proceedings. He therefore thought best to discontinue the meetings until the following week. The customary doxology would also be omitted; but he requested all to rise and receive the benediction.

If the congregation had received no spiritual benefit from this meeting, it had surely been a means of physical improvement, for nothing more promotes health than a good hearty laugh.

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MINNE-HA-HA

We all rejoice, dear Minnehaha, To greet your smiling face once more, Familiar grown through many summers, Yet still bright as in days of yore.

Our first sight of your laughing waters Was nearly fifty years ago, When ravished with your pristine beauty, Your joyous leap and radiant bow,

We tramped about among the brambles, And ventured 'neath the waterfall, And strolled along your winding pathways, And gazed up at your lichened wall,

Over which trickled springs in hiding, While berry-bushes decked their side, And rare carnelians—gems of beauty, Shone here and there in royal pride.

Your fame has spread throughout the nations, Poets have shrined you in their lays, Your cool retreats and spreading branches, Will blessings give through countless days.

MINNEHAHA FALLS, 1856.

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MINNEAPOLIS SCHOOL COMMENCEMENTS IN THE DAYS OF WHALE OIL LAMPS

Wednesday evening, June 5, I accepted an invitation to be present at the graduation exercises, class of 1901, of the East Side High school. The invitation having been extended by a niece, who was one of the class, I could not well allow the opportunity to go by, notwithstanding my great desire to attend a counter-attraction, the suffragist convention.

Realizing that I must get an early start if I wished to gain admission to the grand auditorium, I reached the building at precisely half-past seven. Although I went alone I found that I was not alone, as men, women and children to the number of several hundred were good-naturedly elbowing their way through the spacious entrance, only to find that the room was even thus early nearly filled. I learned later on that many more than the thousand who secured seats or standing room had come and were not even able to get a peep through the windows, the curtains to which were securely drawn, thus shutting from the view of those outside a vision that would have filled their souls with rapture. If I had been given charge of the room of this time all who were anxious to peer in at the windows should have had an opportunity to do so, rather than oblige those inside to listen to their taps on the glass and sundry other demonstrations not at all pleasing, though they did remind us of the antics of some of the unruly ones of the early days of our city. Who knows but it was the self-same boys?

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As I entered, what a charming sight greeted my eyes! The bloom of beauty; the fragrance of flowers in their setting of palms; the notes of melody from piano, violin 258 and the human voice—all conspired to make the scene and surroundings most enchanting.

My aged father was sitting beside me, of which fact I had almost become unconscious, so absorbed was I in the program. It was on account of this apparent stupor that I felt an emphatic punch from the paternal elbow, as much as to say: "Wake up, wake up, Frank! or you will miss half the good of it." But I was not sleeping, nor yet was it a day-dream; I was only contrasting the conditions when I attended school in the old black schoolhouse, not three blocks distant from where we were this very night—the same schoolhouse where J. B. Gilfillan taught—and not only taught book knowledge, but subjugated to a decent respect for the powers that were, a dozen or more of the rising generation who proposed to run, not only the teacher, but the board of education as well.

In those days, or rather evenings, we did not have the beautiful, mellow, electric lights; instead, we were well satisfied with a few candles and whale-oil lamps. This was before the advent of kerosene. Nor did we have a piano; a tuning fork was our only instrumental aid in starting on the right key the rich voices of those sweet maidens and the untrustworthy ones of the young men.

"Graduation exercises" were not thought of in those days, but what exercises we did have, came under the general title of "examinations." There were no themes or theses on "The Influence of Literature," "Fallacies Regarding Trusts," or subjects of like nature. In their stead we had a few compositions on "Spring," or "Beauty," or kindred topics, mostly by the girls, while the boys gave "declamations" that would set the split shingles on the old roof rattling as they roared out "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "Bingen on the Rhine," "Casabianca," "The Raven," "Speeches of Patrick Henry," and other famous statesmen. The manner of rendition would cause the elocutionists of to-day to stand open-eyed with wonder and possibly less pleasing sensations.

While listening to the valedictory of Ray Van Cleve, as he alluded to the "little red schoolhouse" of his father, I could not help taking a look backward through many years, and during this retrospection I could plainly see Ray's father seated in a school room, which was in fact an old stable converted into a palace (?) of learning, located at the rear of the little white schoolhouse where Mrs. Butterfield taught young ladies branches, instruction in which were not obtainable at the public schools.

This stable-schoolhouse was an old weather-beaten affair, guiltless of red paint, or, in fact, paint of any description, (we will excuse Ray for this slight error, as his memory does not serve him as faithfully as my own) and the interior furnishings were of the crudest kind. The teacher, Mr. Butterfield, a scholarly man, was only too willing to instruct, but was prevented, about three-fourths of his time, by a terrible asthmatic cough. This "temple of learning" was on Central avenue, not a block distant from the magnificent High School building I was privileged to visit the evening of June 5.

This is a wonderful city, and thankful should be the pupil whose lot it is to have a home where educational institutions are encouraged to such a degree that there is no necessity of "going East" to obtain what is freely offered us at our very doors.

AN INCIDENT OF THE DAYS WHEN POUNDMASTERS GREW RICH

The incident I am about to relate occurred away back in the early sixties, when Brother B., a prominent worker in the church, was doing duty as keeper of the pound, which included, besides holding the keys, the gathering in of all the "estrays," such as hogs, sheep, horses, cows, etc., in short any animal found outside of proper environments.

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Brother B. was exceedingly conscientious, and believed in living the law to the letter. His doing so was the cause of many an eruption that might have been avoided had he exercised a little policy in place of a too-sharp exactness.

It frequently happened that a cow would be resting quietly beside her home barn, waiting, possibly, for the maid to put in an appearance and let her into the yard, but the vigilant officer was blind to the barn, the cow-yard, the milkmaid, and, in fact, everything but that cow—she that was transgressing the law; hence, should be impounded and advertised, and in the event of no claimant presenting himself in a specified time, auctioned off to the highest bidder,—all moneys accruing from the sale to go into the city coffers.

One night Brother B. struck it rich, as he thought. It was Sunday, and he was on his way home from church. The time was nearly ten P. M. and everything seemed as quiet as death, when up jumped a cow that had been lying directly across the path; (no sidewalks then). This surprised the brother exceedingly. Indeed, I am quite sure he was completely startled out of his contemplation of the sermon he had just heard, for he immediately set to work to formulate plans for the capture of the interloper. Fearing she might escape, he ordered his “half-frightened-to-death” wife to stand guard over her while he hurried home to procure a lantern and rope, so that he might proceed with his duty in a safe and business-like manner.

After Brother B. had changed his “Sunday Best,” and was toggled out in his week-day attire, he returned to relieve his patient wife, who had kept faithful watch over the docile bovine, and was ready to “git the cow off to the pound.” Fearing that bossy might make a sudden lunge into the world of darkness while he was adjusting the rope around her horns, he admonished his good wife to keep her umbrella “histed in front of the critter” so as not to let her get away. His instructions were followed, and in twenty minutes from the time the rope went round her horns the cow was peacefully licking up stray bits of hay on the premises of the pound. These proved sufficient until such time as she should be released.

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The key was turned in the hug padlock and Brother B. and wife wended their way to the home, which was but a few blocks distant, greatly relieved to know that if any garden patch should suffer depredation during the night by cattle or "sich," it surely could not be blamed upon this one. Brother B.'s conscience was clear, and he suffered no self-inflicted pangs from sins of omission.

It was now past eleven o'clock. Not a light was visible in the few scattered houses that dotted the prairie, and all was quietness save for the occasional thumping of the horses' feet as they restlessly tramped about in the box stalls.

Just as the old clock was striking the hour of twelve, this tired-out couple closed their eyes upon material surroundings so that they might recuperate strength for the coming day. But Brother B. seemed to be unable wholly to free his mind from the experiences of the earlier part of the night, and the result was that the cow, which had proven herself so docile during his waking hours, in his dreams was giving him a terrible tussle in getting her to the pound.

"Gracious me, William! Gracious me! What possesses thee? Untie your suspenders from the bed-post and get back into bed! The cow is safe. Stop your dreaming and acting like a crazy loon or you will wake up every 'young one' in the house!"

This welltimed advice of Mrs. B. was heeded by the husband, although he kept up a nervous twitching all night, and had it not been for an occasional punch in the side, he would no doubt have been again tugging away at that inanimate bed-post, striving to get it to the pound.

Long before sunrise, Brother B. was "up and doing," making fires and attending to the morning chores. Lighting his lantern, he proceeded to the stable to care for the horses, that had been about as restless as himself during the night. With his milk-pail and stool he

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went into the cow-yard to mild "Flossie," when, lo and behold! not a sign of a cow was to be seen—nothing but a wide-open gate and a half consumed pail of bran mash.

All the occupants of the house were aroused at once, and instructed to go immediately in search of the lost cow. One was ordered to proceed in a due westerly course and search the vicinity of "Newell's;" another was sent east, another south, while John, the hired man, was told to skirmish for her in the north, nigh to Sandy Lake.

Brother B., having set his deputies at work hunting for his own estray, told his wife to get breakfast ready, and he meantime would go and milk the cow that he had placed in the pound the previous night; "for," said he, "the owner would thank me for being so considerate of the animal's comfort."

When he unlocked the gate there stood bossie patiently waiting to be milked, but he did not propose to take any chances of having himself, pail and all, kicked over by a strange cow; so he first fastened her head in such a way that she could not move; then he fixed her feet so her kicking would be harmless. After this he felt perfectly secure while the rich mild flowed so freely into the twelve-quart tin milk pail that it was soon filled to overflowing. 263 This duty performed, he loosened the animal from the ropes that had been his safeguard for the previous twenty minutes or so, then hurried home to have the milk strained and get his breakfast.

During the morning meal there were but two at the table instead of the usual number, six; the other four had not returned from their "hunt."

"Now," said Brother B. to his wife, "this is sartinly the best cup of coffee we've had in many a day, and I swan, I believe it's this rich milk we have to put in it that sets it off so nicely."

"You're right," chimed in the wife, as she poured out another cup for herself.

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"I've been thinking," said he, "if our Flossie ain't found, why can't we git some one to bid in this cow at the sale, if nobody claims her?"

To this proposition the good wife assented, realizing the importance of having rich milk and enough of it to give two churnings of butter a week.

After breakfast Brother B. went into the parlor, and opening his little tin box, took therefrom one of the printed blanks, which he carefully filled out, stating that on such a night and date he, as poundmaster, had by right of his office, impounded a milch cow, and requested the owner to call, prove property, pay charges and take her away.

When he had dotted all the "is" and crossed all the "t's," he asked his wife to accompany him while he tacked up the notice. He wished also to get her opinion as to the amount it was best for them to bid at the sale. She donned her sun-bonnet and followed. They quickly reached the inclosure, and as soon as the notice had been securely tacked in the place required by the ordinance, he unlocked the door and they both entered the pound.

"Now, what say you, Jane? Ain't she a beauty! 'Nuff like Flossie to be a twin sister." With this enthusiastic introduction he touched the animal up with the tines of the pitchfork which he held in his hand, not enough to hurt, 264 but just enough to make her step around "kinky-like," so they could better judge of her fine qualities.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. B., "if I don't believe that is our Flossie!" at the same time following her up with outstretched hands to caress her.

"Be you crazy, Jane?" said Brother B. excitedly, "or be I so fur gone I don't know my own?"

This was uttered in such a tone that the wife began to doubt her eyes, and said: "William, may be I am mistaken; but you see she follows me when I call her by name—and—and—"

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"Let her out! Let her git out of the gate, Jane, and if she strikes for home, I'll be convinced it's Floss; but if she pints for the 'medder' I'll say 'tain't her!"

Open went the gate, and away went the cow as though the Old Nick was after her—not, however, in the direction of the "medder," but straight for her home, ad the unforgotten, unconsumed "bran mash" of the previous evening.

This was undeniable proof as to the ownership of the "estrays" sufficient, indeed, to warrant the immediate removal of the poundmaster's notice from the bulletin board, where he had tacked it not half hour before.

It is hardly necessary to state that the poundmaster's report, the first of the following month, to the town council, mentioned this particular cow and "penalty of one dollar paid."

It is a singular coincidence that of those four boys who went out to look for the "estrays," one is, at the present time, North, one South, one East and one West—but not in search of "Flossie."

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THE PASSING OF A BRAVE SOLDIER

Major Henry D. O'Brien died in St. Louis, Mo., November 2, 1902, aged sixty-one. His birthplace was Calais, Me., and he came to St. Anthony's Falls in September, 1855. The following is a brief of his life after his boyhood days:

He enlisted in 1861 at the age of eighteen in Company E, First Minnesota Volunteers, serving as enlisted man for over two years. He was then promoted and served until the close of the war.

He participated in the battles of Ball's Bluff and Berryville, the siege of Yorktown and the battles of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Peach Orchard, Savage Station, Glendale, White Oak

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Swamp, Malvern Hill, first and second, Bristow Station, Mine Run, Fredericksburg, first and second, Gettysburg, the second and third days, the siege of Petersburg, Deep Bottom, Strawberry Plains, the battle of June 22nd before Petersburg, and numerous skirmishes, and was on the field and at the front when Lee surrendered.

His promotions came in rapid succession from corporal to major, and he served as adjutant-general of the staff of Major-General H. A. Morrow, now in command at Fort Sidney, Nebraska.

On the second day at Gettysburg, he was slightly wounded in the side while engaged in the charge ordered by General Hancock; on the third day he carried the regimental flag, though not a member of the color guard (they were all killed or wounded), to within twenty feet of Pickett's men when they made their famous charge. In so doing he was shot in the head and left hand.

In this battle his regiment went into the fight with 262 men; 215 were stricken down; 47 were still in line, none 266 missing. This was the largest per cent of loss sustained by any single organization during the war in any single engagement.

At the battle of Deep Bottom, August 14, 1864, while charging the enemy, he was shot in the right shoulder, a portion of the ball passing through it; this wound was opened every year for nineteen years, and did not heal until he submitted to a surgical operation, whereby twenty-two pieces of bone and a piece of bullet had been removed.

For deeds of bravery, by special act of congress, a medal of honor was accorded him.

Upon returning home, Major O'Brien was appointed postmaster of St. Anthony. After serving four years in this capacity, he took up his residence in St. Louis, Mo., where he edited and published the "Picket-Guard" in the interest of the soldiers of the Civil war, and was also government pension agent.

Major O'Brien had been twice married. His first wife was Emma Sinclair, sister Mrs. D. B. Rollins, Mrs. Geo. Hunt, Mrs. F. L. Smith and the late Mrs. Woodbury Fiske.

His second wife, to whom he had been married eighteen years, was Jeanette Sharp of St. Louis. His wife, a son and three daughters survive him; also his brothers Frank G. and Burke F., of this city; William S., of Lead City, S. D., and a sister, Mrs. George T. Eldridge, of Clarion, Iowa.

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A DAKOTA WEDDING

"Good news fer yer, boys. Good news fer yer!" shouted the portly landlord, as he entered the dining room of a country tavern in what is now South Dakota. "Goin' to be a weddin' in the village this afternoon, and the squire is on to the job, seein' as how the parson won't git back for a couple of days yit and he wanted I should give an invite to all you fellers of the grip to be around and see the knot tied!"

No less than eight responded in chorus: "Count me in, Colonel." Three of the number were to have taken the local freight at one o'clock, and the wedding was not to occur until 3:30; hence it would necessitate their holding off till the west-bound passenger, at 9 P. M. But as wedding invitations were not of daily occurrence, especially to knights of the grip, they concluded to tarry and witness the nuptials. If it transpired that their respective houses should miss the usual orders for that day, they would concoct a yarn to the effect that a broken rail had delayed them at W. for nine hours.

When dinner was over the boys repaired to the office and shook dice for the cigars. When the unlucky chap had paid the bill and charged it to "expense account," they all marched down street, arm in arm, to interview the squire as to the coming event, all singing lustily, "Good-bye, my lover, good-bye."

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When the office was reached they were welcomed at the door by the squire, who had begun to wonder why all this demonstration before the time for the wedding; but he soon found out the purpose of the visit. The boys proposed to have the affair go off 'ship shape,' and this would involve the performance of sundry duties. So the 268 office was swept and garnished. The cob-webbed sectional map, so profusely decorated with the fly specks of two summers that they were misleading to strangers and land hunters who supposed them to be future townsites, was removed and in its stead was hung a cigar chromo of gorgeous coloring. The old square table that stood in the middle of the room was cleaned of corn-cob pipes, cigar box half filled with cheap smoking tobacco, burnt matches, etc., and was covered with a fresh newspaper, which gave it a quite unfamiliar look of respectability.

One of the boys who represented a millinery house, furnished a very fragrant bouquet of artificial flowers, and had them placed upon the table in a water pitcher with a broken nose and handleless.

While all this was going on, the squire was in the rear part of the office cheating the barber out of a dime by shaving a month's stubble from his face, in order to create as favorable an impression as possible. When this portion of his toilet had been attended to, he sneaked out of the back door to his home, which was near by, to "dress up," something he had not done since making his home in Dakota, now nearly two years.

When he emerged from the door of his house half an hour later, the populace of the little town could scarcely believe their eyes as they beheld their rough-and-ready squire all togged out in a suit of black, the style of which dated away back in history. The creases in the "swallow-tail" coat looked very much as if they had been recently pressed on a new zinc washboard; the trousers, somewhat short, with Brother Jonathan's straps to keep them where they belonged, were quite presentable; but the vest was killing—"loud," as the boys would say. White shirt, paper collar and superannuated plug hat completed the squire's unusual make-up for this, his happiest and most important day in many years.

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With the donning of his best clothes came also a dignity ²⁶⁹ befitting the occasion, which was fully sustained throughout the proceedings.

As the squire entered his office the boys, all wishing to pay him the respect due one of his judicial standing, saluted him. He acknowledged this courtesy in a most proper manner, then passed into his office, and, seating himself in the worse-for-wear arm chair, proceeded to look over the marriage ceremony with which he had striven all day to familiarize himself, lest, from habit, he might lapse into the more common legal business forms and so embarrass himself and others.

In the meantime the villagers began to congregate, eager to witness the ceremony, while the rollicking boys of the grip were amusing themselves at "leap frog" and sundry other gymnastic feats that were admirably adapted to passing away the time that must elapse before the couple could arrive.

It was now three o'clock, and all eyes were peering down the country road, anxious to catch a glimpse of the vehicle which was to convey its precious freight to its destination. They did not have long to wait, for soon a cloud of dust was seen to rise, so dense that it totally enveloped and hid from view the cause thereof; as it rolled nearer, gradually the occupants took definite form and proved to be the very ones to whom so many had been looking the past half hour.

Willing hands were ready to assist the happy couple to alight from the huge box wagon with four sheepskin-covered boards which served as seats. An office chair answered the purpose of a step, and two of the "commercial missionaries" were delegated to render the necessary aid so that the prospective bride and groom might alight safely, their limbs being somewhat cramped from close confinement within narrow bounds. It is needless to say that this duty was performed in a becoming manner.

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The long ride over a dusty country road had been enough to blur the polish on the whole outfit, and all wondered 270 that the bridal pair and their attendants presented as good an appearance as they did.

The couple seemed to be Norwegians. We question if they understood a word of English, but that made no difference to them so long as the ceremony was gone through with that would leave “two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one.”

The bride was attired in a simple becoming dress, with a long white apron. She wore also a very deep hand-made lace collar, fastened with a brooch large enough, had it been pure gold, to purchase a quarter section of semi-improved Dakota farm land. Upon her head was a white wreath of store flowers—these in contrast to the rural blush on her cheeks, were very effective.

The groom wore a conventional country suit—fresh from the clothing counter. This was evidenced by the fact that he had forgotten to remove the cost mark, which read \$8.00. This price had two red lines drawn across it, and \$6.00 plainly written in red ink.

The coat and, in fact, the entire suit, in spite of the tag, must have been purchased a year previous to this wedding day, since one of the boys recognized the goods as coming from his house, and having been sold to Lars Olson, a prominent merchant of the town. We were led to believe that the suit had been bought this long ago on account of the misfit. Anticipating his marriage, the groom had doubtless taken advantage of the mark-down in order to make sure of his wedding toggery. But meantime he had continued to grow while the clothes remained in statu quo. The result can well be imagined.

We should say that this young man was a lawful age, but he looked it only in size. His hair was of the color of well-worked molasses taffy, well combed and apparently free from snarls; a faint outline of moustache was visible, to which attention was called by the vigorous, nervous pinching it constantly received from its possessor. The massive hands

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were encased in a pair of cotton gloves 271 which had once been white; a huge turn-down collar encircled his neck, and to make his toilet complete he had a generous red necktie, tied in a bow knot; in the middle of this was one of those real diamond pins, such as are given away in prize packages.

This is a fair description of the happy couple as they appeared, marching hand in hand, followed by the relatives who accompanied them, along the passage-away that had been made by a division of the crowd so that they could enter the office and be ushered into the presence of “his honor” who had the legal authority to declare them husband and wife.

The squire was somewhat nervous, as he had not performed a marriage ceremony since he left Indians, but he was not long in gaining control of himself so as to proceed. He used the formula common in Hoosierdom, without the ring, as that had not been provided—probably none of the prize packages had contained a ring—but he embellished it somewhat with words of his own choosing. All this, of course, was lost upon the couple, as it was evident they could not understand a word that was being said.

It was unnecessary to tell them to “join hands,” as they had not let go since they clasped on leaving the wagon.

When the squire had fulfilled the legal portion of his duty, he leaned over the table and kissed the bride, then motioned for the groom to follow his example, which he did, while the blushes that stole over his honest countenance were sufficient to cast an evening sunset glow on the surroundings.

The groom realizing that the ceremony had been performed, reached down into his trouser's pocket and pulled out an old-fashioned silk purse with slides, from which he fished out a regulation size silver dollar, and cheerfully placed it in the hands of the squire as compensation for services rendered. This was accepted with two gracious and dignified bows.

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A marriage certificate must be provided. As the squire 272 did not possess the usual blanks, he copied out one on legal cap from his own certificate, changing only the names. As witnesses were necessary he called upon the eight "knights of the grip" to affix their signatures. As each marched up to the table, the squire gave the pen a fresh dip in the ink and handed it to him with great formality. As each signed his name, he drew from his pocket a silver dollar and placing it opposite, with the pen drew around it a circle, and in the circle wrote "seal." When the names of all had been written, there were eight bright silver dollars piled up in the center of the marriage certificate, which the squire handed over to the couple, who in turn, reached out and kissed the hand of each donor.

The incident of this wedding had entirely slipped from my mind, when twenty years later it was recalled by a visit to the town where it occurred.

Out of curiosity I inquired of the station agent if he had any recollection of a certain wedding that had taken place at Squire Gibbs' office about twenty years ago, in which the "knights of the grip" took such an active part. He could not impart the information, as he had only been in the town for ten years, but thought "Hunkey" could give me all the "old time" pointers I wanted, as he had been there since the government survey, which was made nearly twenty-five years ago.

"Hunkey" was one of those characters that you will always find lounging about every small town, ever ready to do odd jobs and sit around and spit. I was him a cigar and at the same time opened my quiz box, to which I found ready answers. Sure enough, "Hunkey" was one of the lookers-on at this interesting wedding, and imparted the following information, which was of much interest to me.

"About twelve years ago," said he, "the squire went crazy, 'cause his wife died. Johansen, the feller that got married, went to live with the old folks, and they died 273 nigh onto fifteen years ago. If you are going up to the cemetery you can see the monument they put up to both of them; the po'try on it was writ by the schoolteacher. Johansen now owned the

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place and had good luck and bought the 'jining quarter section, and it's all paid for, along with a new house, and all the fixin's for farming."

"Have they any children?" I inquired.

"Bless you! yes—five. Hans is clerk up there in Anderson's store; Lena is studying to be a farmer's wife at one of them agricultural colleges; and that young feller that went down the street as you came in, is weigher at the elevator; then there is one by about seven and a girl not more than five years old at home."

"You call Johansen a pretty smart fellow then, don't you?"

"You bet!" Hunkey quickly replied, "no better man livin' in this section of the country, and he's got money to burn!"

My curiosity now having become satisfied, I was ready to get aboard the down passenger train that was nearing the station, and would take me to my home in the city where, though I had neither quarter sections, money to burn, nor yet five children, but where in a cosy cottage a loving wife and a little one awaited my coming.

At the risk of being called "superstitious" I am ready to say that I attribute all this good fortune that came to the Johansen family, to the "send off" given them by those eight genial, free-handed and free-hearted "knights of the grip."

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"THE CLICKING OF THE GATE" (Dedicated to Mrs. H. D. O'Brien)

Lonely here I wait and listen
For my dear one, day by day,
And while myriad star-gems
glisten, @.'Till they're swept by dawn away.
Still I listen and I wait
For the "clicking of the gate."

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Fondly I have watched his coming, Bringing home kind words of cheer; Now I sit me in the gloaming— Oft I think he's drawing near, While I listen and I wait For the “clicking of the gate.”

In my dreams all is so cheery, I can see his sunny smile; But my waking hours, how dreary!— I keep list'ning all the while— Yes, I listen and I wait For the “clicking of the gate.”

Can this be a fond illusion, Or an idle, passing dream? Are my senses in confusion, And things other than they seem? Yet I listen and I wait For the “clicking of the gate.”

Time, I trust, will mellow sorrow, Yet it seems so long to wait For the dawn of that to-morrow When we'll meet at Heaven's gate. Patiently I list and wait For the “clicking of the gate.”

GROUP OF MINNESOTA PIONEERS.

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A WAR-TIME FESTAL DAY.

Every recurring Thanksgiving day brings back to mind the conditions which prevailed in Minneapolis during 1862 and 1863, and recalls events that, viewed in the retrospect of years, seem more like romance than reality.

In those days, when our nation was at war with itself, our whole country was so enveloped in the smoke of battle as to obscure that blue sky of Freedom which had been supposed to arch over the entire expanse despite the millions who were still held in bondage.

What had we to give thanks for at such a time? is the natural inquiry, and what means were at hand to celebrate the day set apart by the President of the United States in accordance with old Puritan custom, and indorsed by the Governor of our infant State as a day of Thanksgiving?

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Business of all kinds was at a standstill; the mills, our chief industry, were shut down; the best hotels had closed their doors for lack of patronage; the streets were nearly deserted, for the men had gone to the war and the women and children were busy at home, trying to perform as best they could the double duties demanded of them. Many fathers and husbands, brothers and lovers, had departed early for the scene of battle, and the ranks of the made population of our city had been sifted and resifted, until all that remained to help care for the aged and infirm and assist in keeping the wolf from the door of those whose support had been taken from them, were very few, and young and inexperienced as well.

These were indeed hard conditions, but patriotic souls could not resist the beat of the drum and the entrancing strains of the flute at the recruiting office, coupled with duty's call from within—and besides Minnesota's quota 276 must be filled by volunteers, otherwise a draft would be resorted to. If, under these circumstances, a man did not feel as if he could conscientiously leave his family to take their chance with cold and unsympathetic charity, he was at once invited to “come down” to the tune of a \$25 or a \$50 assessment toward securing a substitute. Since money was as scarce as hens' teeth, few people were prepared to do this, and the only alternative with the majority was to enlist.

The many brave women and the few men who were left at home were by no means idle or inefficient. They formed relief societies that met regularly every week, to sew, fit, and cut over partially worn garments and also to gather everything possible in the way of food that would in a measure alleviate the sufferings and supply the wants of the deserving.

There was hardly a family in the city that did not have a representative in the military ranks, and naturally, there was an eager yet fearsome scanning of the lists after each battle, to see if some loved one had not given up his life, or perhaps been wounded or reported “missing.”

Our home was a good representative of the conditions of many others. Out of a family of five boys four were in the service, and the fifth was rejected because he did not come

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up to the physical requirements of a soldier. His services could be utilized in many ways productive of good results from a loyal point of view, and were crowned with success, if not with honor. There were some who had to be held to a strict sense of their financial responsibility in the matter, so we were obliged to have many entertainments in order to keep up the interest and make duty a pleasure.

I have in mind a Thanksgiving ball, given by the "Soldiers' Aid Society," at the Winslow House, for the benefit of needy families. The tickets were \$1, including supper. There was a good attendance; all entered into the spirit of the occasion and danced with a vim worthy the cause. The elderly ones could get in their old-fashioned 277 steps—those they brought out West with them from the Pine Tree or Nutmeg State, for there were none present who cared to put on the brakes. The young, and those incapacitated for military service, produced a step that might possibly be considered a little more dignified and graceful, as they were pupils of Professor Hazazzar and Porter Lovejoy.

Many a stray dollar saw daylight for "sweet charity's sake," that would have remained concealed in some out-of-the-way hiding place until the "cruel war was over," had it not been for these awakenings. Nearly the total proceeds were profits, as those in charge saw to it that there was no expense aside from that for music, and this they managed to secure at reduced rates.

A peep into the ballroom as it appeared on this festive occasion, would reveal ten sets all ready to "address partners" in a plain quadrille; ladies are taking the places of gentlemen, as the latter are, of necessity, in a woful minority. Even after the sets were all full, there could be seen dozens of "wall flowers" left over, to take their chances in the "Tempest" or "Virginia reel" later on.

The gentlemen, had a "cinch" on the situation, and were also forced to do double duty, but when they had become completely fagged out, the prompter would announce "ladies'

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choice of partners.” This did not prove much of a relief, for the gentlemen, rather than say “die,” were up and at it again for dear life.

“What about our home Thanksgiving dinner during these years?” you may query. The menu would not now be considered a very inviting one. The majority of families were unable to purchase coffee, for a dollar's worth of the genuine article could be brought home in the vest pocket; so they had roaster peas that served the purpose, or a richer, and to some, more palatable cup, could be obtained from browned crusts of bread. The preparing of this was an accomplishment which the early New Englanders acquired in their hand-to-hand struggle with poverty. Brown sugar or molasses served to sweeten this beverage— no white sugar was obtainable, not even “extra C,” and everything else in the line of eatables was of the plainest kind. As for clothing, it was equally simple, and patches, whatever the color or material, were considered luxuries.

I will give you the bill of fare for one of these occasions, —a war-time festal day, and though it may seem somewhat strange, I can assure you that we were all very thankful for this, even, as it was nip and tuck to get anything, and nearly always conditions were favorable to “tuck.”

The family prayer was first on the program, to usher in the day, and it abounded in patriotic utterances, as befitted the occasion. Fervent supplications were made to the “Overruling Power,” that he would guard and protect the boys who were in line of battle, and return them safely to their home. The forenoon of the day was a kind of semi-Sabbath time, a gathering together at the respective places of worship, but the preacher had more latitude in the style of sermon than at the regular Sunday service.

The grace at the dinner table was the familiar petition of the ordinary day, with some added words, but the spread was just the same, without variation or addition. The salt pork sputtered and sizzled in the pan as upon common days; the flour gravy was of the same consistency and occupied as much space on the plate as usual; the corn bread showed

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up in quantity and quality, and its yellow gold was neither more nor less than it had been yesterday or would be tomorrow; the coffee was a decoction of roasted peas, with milk and brown sugar for sweetening; the “entrees” and “desserts” failed to put in an appearance—and this was our Thanksgiving dinner, the one for which, as I have said before, we had learned to be “truly thankful.”

We were sufficiently optimistic, however, to derive much satisfaction from talking over at the table the Thanksgivings we used to have “down East,” when the old brick oven would fairly groan with its load of roast goose, turkey and chicken, sending forth their penetrating aroma of sage 279 and summer savory, suggestive of the holiday, while there were pumpkin, mince and apple pies in sufficient quantities to keep a “nightmare” on a 2:40 gait for a fortnight thereafter, with apples, cider and hickory nuts to top off on.

We wondered and wondered if we would ever again experience those blessed days, and hope and fear alternated up and down, see-saw fashion; but those good time did come to us, though not quite the same as formerly. The four years of war had broken up the family; not by death, for all came out alive, but in the lapse of years the home nest had become shattered. The children had advanced from youth to manhood, and were unable to take up the work they had laid down to enter the army. Some of the boys went West, others to the East and South, never to be united on earth as an entire family. Even after peace had been declared and the army disbanded, there were vacant chairs at table.

Though deprived of appetizing viands, we found substantial reason for thanksgiving when the next holiday season came round, in the fact that as a country we had become re-united, and that the flag—a real symbol of freedom—now floated over a land redeemed from the curse of slavery and assured of a glorious future.

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MY FIRST VIEW OF THE MISSISSIPPI

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My first view of the Great River was when a boy of twelve I arrived with the other members of my family at Dunleith, now East Dubuque, whence we embarked for St. Paul on one of those really palatial steamers which at that day plied the Upper Mississippi. The beauties of the magnificent river, as in serpentine windings it swept in and out among the wooded hillsides and castle-like rocks that lined the shores, made an impression on my youthful mind that time will never efface.

As we sailed on the lovely expanse of Lake Pepin, a wonderful picture of Nature's scenic beauty was unfolded to our enraptured gaze, while at intervals appeared bustling little pioneer towns, scarce more than hamlets, destined in time to grow into thriving cities. Sand-bars that were said to shift hither and thither vexed the skill and patience of the trusty pilot. These obstacles, which are often the cause of long delays and are responsible for much profanity from both crew and passengers, form the only drawback to an otherwise enchanting voyage.

It was exciting to see numbers of fish leaping out of the water. I thought there must be a million of them, and to my boyish eyes they looked nearly as large as whales. Occasionally an immense sturgeon, weighing perhaps fifteen or twenty pounds, was hauled in from the stern of the boat; then our wonder and delight knew no bounds.

The September glory of this ride up the Mississippi River is something that time cannot efface from memory. Beautiful? Yes, and still more beautiful as viewed from this enchanting distance of years. It was in the Mississippi I learned to swim, and from its waters I hooked my first string of fish.

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Its varied moods were a surprise and delight. I have seen it in a state of tranquility, when every touch was as careful and tender as that of a loving father. I have seen it violent with rage and roar. I have heard it growl and mutter vengeance on all who dared come near. I have seen it creep cautiously nearer and nearer, as though it would, without warning,

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sweep away the homes of its trusting children. I have seen it when, unbridled, it dashed madly over the falls, carrying on its turbulent bosom millions of logs, wrecks of bridges, trees innumerable, and by its mighty current undermining the giant ledge-rock, until it seemed as if man's handiwork must fall a prey to its relentless fury. And right here let me ask; had it not been for the timely assistance of Uncle Sam, where would our beautiful Minneapolis be to-day, with its ponderous water-power utilized to revolve the wheels of industry, guided and operated by thousands of skilled artisans?

In olden times the water of the Mississippi was as clear as that of the crystal springs that dotted its banks—a statement, which to Minnesotans of to-day seems too strange to be true. This, however, was prior to the days of pollution arising from the large number of towns and cities located along its banks, for which it serves as a system of sewerage.

The only way to demonstrate beyond possibility of contradiction what the Great River once was, is to complete the projected filtering system at the reservoir, cost what it may, for the public health will not be dear at any price, and if paid for out of the public purse no one need demur. Then, and only then, shall we, as a city, realize what the water of the Mississippi used to be in the Territorial days, when—

“Sparkling and bright in its liquid light, Was the water in our glasses.”

The grand old Mississippi! Long may it wave and lave—pulsating as the main artery through populous states and 282 thriving cities, on its way to the Gulf of Mexico; living and moving in the ages to come, as it lived and moved countless years before De Soto claimed it as his discovery!

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TWO MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH MILITANT

The pioneer church communicants of the struggling village at the Falls, in devotion to spiritual things, did not altogether ignore those that pertained to their physical welfare, and

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if occasion required, the masculine element could strike an attitude not unlike that of a professional pugilist, and as zealously defend what it claimed as its "rights" in the sight of God and man.

Illustrative of this, I will narrate an incident that occurred in my presence and remains distinctly impressed on my memory.

Brethren W. and G. were everywhere known as the most progressive men in church affairs. This being the case, they were almost invariably singled out to do committee work, the congregation knowing full well that any duty assigned them would be religiously performed even though it involved neglect of their own personal affairs.

These two brethren were independent thinkers; moreover, they were of excitable temperament and easily "touched off," should the ideas of others conflict with what they believed to be right. Hence they were handled with kid gloves, because it would not pay financially to have them become angered. Indeed, in such an event the church would be in danger of losing its power of keeping up the worldly side of a religious proposition, such as improving its property, providing for various current expenses, etc.

It was after the usual Thursday evening prayer meeting that a business conference was called and the brothers W. and G. were, as a foregone conclusion, appointed to arrange several important matters. The gathering was characterized by an overflow of religious zeal and this committee remained after the others had dispersed, to talk over the 284 situation, preliminary to the completion of their plans on the following day, when it was agreed that they should meet at the home of Brother W. to save his valuable time, as he was engaged in shingling a barn.

Nine o'clock the following morning found Brother G. at the appointed place; Brother W., in the meantime, was busy slapping on the shingles as rapidly as though he anticipated an immediate downpour of rain. However, this was not the reason of the great rush—he

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was built that way; extreme activity and nimble-jointedness being among his prominent characteristics.

“Good morning, Brother W!” shouted G. from the foot of the ladder.

“Good morgen yerself!” replied Brother W. with his mouth full of shingle nails. “Jes' wait a little minute till I snap another line!” Snap it went and with a vim that could have been heard a block away, so you may be sure the chalk line was there and no mistake; (he always said he was going to “make his mark in the world.”)

The line having been made, he slid down to the eaves, where he rested his feet on the gutter and talked church business with G., who stood at the bottom of the ladder with one foot on the ground and the other on the second rung. After a time a point was raised in regard to taking out the stoves in the church, rather than have them occupy space when they were not needed, and hot words ensued.

Brother W. thought they should remain and save storage and expense of taking down and putting up again in the fall; Brother G. believed that by taking them down and cleaning the pipes and emptying the dripping pails that had been filling up all winter and dripping upon the worshippers' heads, an advantage would be gained which would balance the expenditure of time, trouble and money. The longer they argued, the more animated did the discussion become until it was evident to the onlooker that a Church and State war was brewing. Hot words flew up the ladder, while 285 equally hot ones were dropped on the pious head below. All of a sudden an excessively irritating remark from Brother G. exasperated the other brother to such a degree that he came down the ladder, hammer in hand, with the fleetness of a squirrel, and started pell-mell for his opponent, who had followed him so devotedly in a season of prayer the evening before.

Brother G. realized that he was “in for it” and no mistake, and fearing that the Lord would not approve of all he had said during the previous half hour and might withdraw his special protection, he concluded that “discretion was the better part of valor,” and struck out over

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the prairie as fast as his legs would carry him, with irate Brother W. in hot pursuit. The spectators did not have to wait long before witnessing one of the prettiest rough and tumble scraps they had ever beheld; W. claimed the victory, which was yielded him very gracefully by G., as he cried, "enough! enough!"

A reconciliation followed. Brother G. started off in the direction of down town, brushing his clothes and hat as he went, and pulling the sandburs out of his whiskers. Occasionally he cast a look backward to make assurance doubly sure that he was safe from further molestation. Brother W., the nimble-footed, was soon perched on the roof shingling away more rapidly than ever, at the same time humming a short-meter tune, one that would keep correct time with the swing of the hammer.

The following Sunday, the stoves and all accessories were nowhere to be seen, which was proof positive to those witnessing the scrimmage that the vanquished party had gained his point after all, even if he had come out second best in the fight.

It somehow leaked out that a settlement had been arranged that same evening, when brother W. had gone to brother G.'s house, and stated his willingness to have the stoves removed for the summer on condition that charges were not preferred against him to the church.

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Those attending the Class Meeting the following Sunday and not having heard of the unpleasantness, did not realize that anything had gone wrong. There was no lack of harmony as the voices of the two muscular Christians blended in the good old missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Troubles and misunderstandings in these early days were as fleeting clouds, and there was far more of sunshine than shadow. On digging deep down into the real self of these

sturdy pioneers, there would be revealed hearts strong and true, whose every pulsebeat was loyalty to family, friends and country.

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AN BARSTOW AND HIS RAPID TRANSIT TRAIN

There was a time in the history of Minnesota, when she could not lay claim to a foot of railroad in all her wide domain; she can therefore be pardoned for the pride with which she did boast, later on, of a line running from St. Paul to St. Anthony, thence to Anoka. Two of the most popular conductors that ever pulled a bell-cord or punched a ticket, had charge of the train, and their memory will always be cherished by all pioneers. You will doubtless recognize these names—Jud Rice and Dan Barstow of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad, now the Great Northern.

Many a time these conductors were obliged to make their infrequent trips without a single passenger. It was considered a very fair load when ten or a dozen would take their lives in their hands by venturing from home and engaging passage on a train that speeded along the “T” rails at a ten-mile gait.

The following incident occurred on the train of Dan Barstow, and we feel very sure that it has never found its way into print.

About twenty “Red Shirts,” known at this later date as “Lumber Jacks,” boarded his train at St. Anthony, their destination being Anoka, where teams would be found waiting, and a wagon ride taken to the Crow Wing lumber camps. Before starting, they had partaken freely of that which cheers and also inebriates, for all pioneer towns were wont to boast that they handled the “real stuff,” and guaranteed to knock the staunchest wielder of the axe “silly”—or otherwise—in short order.

When the train had reached Manomin, now Fridley, every one in the crowd was hilariously drunk—one particularly so, and he took full charge of the train (two cars), pulling 288 the

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bell-cord as a signal to stop, then commanding the engineer to “pound the daylight out of her!” Dan, knowing full well that he and the brakeman were powerless in the hands of the “Red Shirts,” submitted gracefully, but under silent protest.

When within six miles of Anoka, the train came upon a drove of cattle and was obliged to slow up, while several of the boys jumped off and drove the herd away before the train could proceed. When fully under way again, and, in fact, going at a faster rate of speed than was permitted, in order to make up lost time, they came upon a similar drove, when one of the jolly crowd shouted loud enough to be heard at Elk River, one of the prospective stations ahead:

“Well, I’ll be d—d, Dan Barstow, if we haven’t caught up with that drove of cattle again!”

This outburst rather reflected upon the speed of the train, or the slow movement of the herd. Whichever it was, it afforded Dan and his listeners thereafter much amusement, when told along with his many other experiences as railroad conductor on this primitive road that has since pushed its way over the continent, with the aid of a “Jim Hill” foresight and business sagacity.

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ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS AS THEY LOOKED AT AN EARLY DAY

It is very interesting not only to the pioneers of Minneapolis, but also to those whose coming among us is of comparatively recent date, yet who intend this to be their future home, to know just how the Falls, which have been and are such an important factor in its growth, looked at different stages of the city's development. Their present appearance is certainly most disappointing to those who have come from a distance, and have fresh in mind the geographical descriptions of “The Falls of St. Anthony” and the scenery thereabout. A succession of views would prove to them, however, that there was a time when the testimony fitted the case.

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The picture here presented is from a photograph taken in the late '60's by the pioneer photographer, A. H. Beal, now of Pasadena, Cal. The point of vantage was Spirit Island, that beauty spot of nature which has so recently disappeared under the uncompromising hand of man, to make room for the (paddle) wheels of progress.

This island has only followed in the wake of many other charmed spots, that were held dear by the early settlers about the picturesque and historic St. Anthony's Falls.

The small portion of an island in the foreground was formerly a part of Spirit Island, and Captain Tapper, the suspension bridge toll-gatherer of "ye olden time," informed us about a year ago, that within his recollection, this same island reached nearly to the Falls. Incredible as it may seem, it is stated upon good authority that a few years previous to his coming, this whole island had been united to another small one out in the river above the Falls, a short distance from the mill represented on the right; 290 the upper one, of course, being much nearer the surface of the water than the one below. It is hard to believe that this sheet of water, which is now seen sliding smoothly down an inclined plain, can ever have been turbulent enough to change the relative position of these islands by a constant wearing away of the soil.

Even in my time, there was located upon this same island—once a part of Spirit Island—a shingle mill, owned and operated by William and A. K. Lovejoy. Access to the same was had by a foot-bridge and also by a scow, which was pulled over by ropes.

The recession of the Falls and the high water which has prevailed at so many different times, have effectually stricken all these from the face of nature; but though the eye sees not, fond memory still holds to the old-time scene with a tenacious grip.

The saw-mill seen to the right in the picture is that of Farnham & Lovejoy; the stone structure adjoining was that of Rogers, Stimson & Kent, manufacturers of sash, doors and blinds. This was afterward converted into a paper-mill operated by Cutter, Secombe &

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Co., and still later by Averill, Russell & Carpenter. At the present time these buildings are known as the East Side pumping station, and are located on the south side of Hennepin Island.

The stately structure on the hill will be readily recognized as the old Winslow House, which, you remember, was demolished some years ago, that in its place might be erected the slightly exposition building.

The five-story building this side of the Winslow House, and located on Main street, was what was known as "Chute's Block," and at one time contained a fine dry goods and clothing store, but on account of its insecure foundation, it was not considered safe for occupants, and the authorities ordered it blown up. This was effectually accomplished with giant powder, and "great was the fall thereof."

Just previous to the destruction of this building, there

FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY IN 1868.

291 was held in the city a successful German "Sangerfest," and the witty Tom King, who then represented the Minneapolis end of the Pioneer Press, in calling the attention of the public to what was to take place, so that they might be present at the "blow out," or "blow up," alluded to the occasion as the "Chutes-en-fest."

To the left of the buildings we see what was the lower end of Nicollet Island, that charmed spot which nature placed there so carefully and decorated so beautifully, no doubt intending it should always remain a park; but the greed of man, complemented by the lack of foresight in our city fathers, lost to Minneapolis a prize which the present and all future generations will never cease to mourn. We of the pioneer days feel the loss most keenly and grieve most deeply, for it was our good fortune to see this island in all its pristine loveliness.

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A short distance up the river will be noticed the “old” suspension bridge, which was completed in 1855, and at that time was considered almost as great a wonder as the Falls themselves—but was long ago displaced to make way for a much larger suspension bridge. This, in turn, gave place to a magnificent “steel arch” bridge of which we are justly proud, even though it may not be as picturesque as its predecessor. Beyond the suspension bridge in the picture will be noticed the bridge of the Great Northern railroad.

To the left is the row of saw-mills that were operated by Morrison Bros., Bassett & Gillpatrick, W. D. Washburn, W. E. Jones & Co.; also the cotton mills and woodenware factory. The stone structure adjoining the saw mills is the Cataract flour mill. Close by appear the grist mill of Crocker, Fisk & Co. the old woolen mill, now a flour mill, Warner & Brewster's paper mill, and at the extreme left, the woolen mill of Gibson & Tyler.

The sluice way represented was for the purpose of transporting the manufactured lumber from the mills to quiet waters about a mile down the river, at which place it was 292 formed into rafts and piloted down stream, there to find a ready market in the many new cities and towns springing up along the banks of this great artery of commerce.

At times when this sluice-way was not in use for its legitimate purpose, it was taken possession of by the boys for a “free ride.” They would disrobe at the board landing (the city statutes have been changed since then), and follow a plank-walk that ran along beside the sluice until they reached the mill. There they would cautiously sit down on the bottom of the sluice, which was sliver-proof, the constant wear of the lumber having made it as smooth as glass, and the moisture having coated it with a pliable mossy covering that made it a veritable bed of luxury. The “run” or more properly “slide,” of a mile was made with lightning rapidity, and when the end of the sluice was reached, the rush of water was sufficiently great to shoot the urchins at least ten feet out into the river and considerably beyond their depth. When they had risen to the surface, they would “pull for the shore” and then be off for another “shoot.”

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I can testify in regard to this amusement, for I tried it myself, and more intense or exciting fun I never experienced.

This picture, as has been said is of the past, before the Falls had become modest, like our first parents, and donned an "apron."

To me it brings recollections which supplement pictured impressions and render it easy to embellish the scene with personal memories that may enhance its value to old residents of our city, and throughout the great Northwest.

THE SUMMER PAST

Welcome days of Autumn, With your million rustling leaves! Welcome pattering raindrops,
That scurry down the eaves! Summertime and blossoms sweet Have swiftly passed us by;
Roses that have bloomed and blushed, Were deemed to fade and die.

Cooler days are with us now, To soothe the fevered brain; Cooler nights for rest and sleep,
To aid life's mental strain. Summer has brought bounteous gifts Of hope and love and
cheer, And overflows fair Autumn's lap With harvests of the year.

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A PIONEER JUSTICE COURT

"Hello, Judge!" exclaimed Deacon W., a daily caller at the office of the city justice, as he set his wheelbarrow carefully down outside the door, while he went into the office to rest himself and fill his pipe from the box of tobacco that was always in evidence on the judge's table. After scratching several matches, also the property of the court, to obtain a light, he opened up the conversation as follows:

"Judge, I'm on my way down town to the store, to sell my last wheelbarrow load of watermelons, and if I git as good a price as I did for the last, the patch will fetch me in a

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snug little sum. You recollect, Judge what I got out of this same patch last year? Forgotten, have you? I haven't. I got 'nuff to buy four plump cords of tamarack, which kept me in wood for the kitchen stove all winter; for the heater I used those grubs that cost me only \$2.50 a load—but they did not come out of the melon money.”

“By the way,” remarked the judge, “hadn't you better bring in one of the melons and let us sample it? Here's Mac, Al and I, unquestioned authority on almost everything, and especially on melons, and our testimonials might help you on your next season's sales.” (Mac and Al need no introduction to old-timers, nor does the judge.)

“Couldn't think of it, Judge,” soberly replied the deacon, “notwithstanding me and wife do appreciate the many baskets full of grapes you have so kindly insisted on us taking home, but you know, judge, how it is, the seeds came all the way from Fredonia, N. Y., by express, which made them very expensive, and me and mother have done a sight of work on the patch, keeping down the weeds and also looking sharp after the boys stealing them; so you 295 see, as well as I, that we can't afford to cut one, even for ourselves, let alone treating.”

Deacon W. was known by everyone in the village to be quite well-to-do and all fired stingy. It was next thing to taking his life to relax his grip on the fraction of anything that in the aggregate represented dollars. The judge was well aware of this peculiarity of the deacon's and so were Mac and Al, and all they longed for was an opportunity to get a cinch in some way on Deacon W., which they did. In regard to the *modus operandi* I will proceed to enlighten you.

The judge engaged the deacon in conversation, and after he was thoroughly interested, cautiously pointed in the direction of the melons and gave a wink that was immediately interpreted by Mac and Al. They did not, however, deem it prudent for both to leave the office, lest the deacon's suspicions might be aroused; so Mac stepped boldly up to where the two were talking excitedly on some denominational question, relative to infant baptism

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or an equally important matter, and proceeded forthwith to give his version of the text in dispute.

During this heated discussion Al slipped quietly out at the back door, and was not slow in secreting the six plump “Long Island watermelons” in the kitchen of Mr. Jeff's house, which was next door to the judge's office. Mrs. Jeff, who quickly grasped the situation, lent ready assistance in the mischief.

Al was not out of the office more than five minutes, when he slyly returned, no notice of his absence having been taken by the deacon, as he at once joined in the discussion.

When the conversation began to lag the deacon rose from his chair, at the same time taking a look at his bull's eye watch and remarked, “Guess I'd better be going; I've had a good smoke, and think I've got the best of the argument. That's a plagued heavy load, I tell you, and I needed the rest I've had for the remainder of the trip. 296 Them six melons weigh twenty pounds apiece; add to this the weight of the wheelbarrow, and it isn't fun by any means to wheel them through sand-burs in this hot August sun.”

After knocking the ashes from his pipe into the pocket of his waistcoat, he lazily sauntered out of the front door of the office, there to discover an empty wheelbarrow, and not a soul in sight to accuse of the theft of the melons.

Sympathizers were what the deacon wanted in those trying moments, and such he had in the judge, Mac and Al, who tendered their services willingly in an attempt to ferret out the thieves and place them in the firm grip of the law.

Search was instituted about the premises—under the sidewalk and along the river-bank, as the melons might possibly be secreted near by. All this was of no avail, and the search was about being given up as a bad job, when, who should sleepily emerge from the front door of his house but Mr. Jeff, he having an hour previous gone into his parlor to lie down on the sofa and take his usual after-dinner nap. He was on this account totally ignorant of

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the prank his chums were playing on the deacon, and also of the part his wife had taken in the matter. As Jeff neared the office, Al gave expression to a "Mum-mum," loud enough for the deacon to hear, as he meant he should, at the same time casting a suspicious glance at Jeff and a knowing one at the others.

This was enough for the deacon, who grasped the situation as fully as was intended, and without hesitation pounced upon innocent Jeff, accusing him of stealing his melons. To this Jeff took exception in vigorous and irreligious language, emphasizing the fact that he would knock the deacon's drasted teeth down his throat if he dared to repeat the accusation. "What do I want with your blasted cholera-breeding truck, I' like to know?" he savagely replied, shaking his fist in the trembling deacon's face.

Matters were becoming serious, in fact, so much so, that 297 the accuser felt like withdrawing from the contest and giving up all hope of recovering his property, when Al came to his rescue with the following timely advice, which was accepted by the deacon as the correct thing and the only ostensible way in which justice could be meted out to all concerned.

"Have Jeff placed under arrest," said Al, "as his appearance indicates a guilty conscience." A warrant was speedily placed in the hands of the constable, and Mr. Jeff was immediately brought before his honor, who consented to give the case a hearing that afternoon.

After a thorough going over of all the evidence, wholly circumstantial, it was found that a preponderance of this evidence was in favor of the plaintiff; but the judge, after spending half an hour looking up decisions bearing on similar cases, and obtained from volumes of Wisconsin's co-operative laws and back numbers of the Congressional Records, he rendered a verdict for the defense, and stated for the benefit of the plaintiff that the court would stand the cost of the action. A few minutes later the deacon could have been seen making a beeline for home with an empty wheelbarrow, and about the same time, or perhaps a little later, you might have observed at least a dozen men and one solitary

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woman, seated around the judge's office, busily engaged, not in deciphering some intricate case of legal evidence, but in eating watermelons, these same representing the costs in the case of "Deacon W. vs. Jeff."

It was a wonder to the deacon ever afterward, since he knew the disposition of the community to make him pay in full for value received, how it was that the court could bring itself to bear the expense of this suit; but he attributed it to the judge's sympathy and characteristic generosity.

Suffice it to say, Deacon W. never received information as to how his melons disappeared, the perpetrators of the crime all being sworn to secrecy, as well as the partakers thereof.

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"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

P.S.—It is not necessary to inform the reader, that after a month of profound secrecy, the practical jokers presented Deacon W. with a sum of money—the full value, if not more—of the stolen watermelons which they had so much enjoyed.

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EAST SIDE REMINISCENCES

The movement for the removal of certain houses on Main street, East Minneapolis, in the interest of health, beauty and morality, recalls the time when the long-drawn-out street named "Central Saint Anthony" was considered superior to the Upper or Lower Town both in a business and aesthetic point of view.

The saloon building now standing by itself at the west end of the East Side bridge, is the only landmark left from the many that were in evidence in the early days of our city.

At that time this building was occupied by Blakeman & Greenleaf as a watch and jewelry store, which was a credit to the embryo cities at the Falls.

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Enhanced interest is given to this building by the fact that in one of its rooms in the rear of the jewelry store, the name of Minneapolis was first suggested. Many meetings were held and various names considered appropriate were talked over. Finally Charles Hoag presented the name Minneapolis, compounded from "Minne" a Sioux word meaning water, and "Polis," a Greek word meaning city.

At this date, 1854, the West Side contained but twelve houses, so widely scattered that they seemed like farm-houses. Little did those present at the christening of the infant city, dream of the possibilities of these two town sites at the Falls of St. Anthony, or to their brilliant future destiny, when united as one, they would form the metropolis of the New Northwest.

Those who met night after night in solemn conclave to choose a fitting name for the new-born town were, R. W. Cummings, Z. E. B. Nash, Stephen Cobb, William R. Marshall, Isaac Atwater, Charles Hoag, C. W. Christmas, Lardner Bostwick, E. D. W. Murphy, John G. Lennon, A. Blakeman, 300 J. B. Gilbert, Dr. A. E. Ames, Calvin A. Tuttle, W. H. Nudd and Anson Northrup.

Captain John Tapper informs us that he knew of these meetings, but was so busy with his ferry that he could not attend them. The name given, however, met with his hearty approval. "The egg," he remarked, "was laid on the East Side, but hatched on the West Side."

The basement of this building, occupied by Shaw & O'Brien as a meat market, was reached by a flight of stairs descending from the rickety wooden structure called by courtesy a bridge, which spanned the East Side channel.

In its upper story lived Mr. and Mrs. Blakeman and their daughter, Louise, who was considered by competent judges the most accomplished pianist in the Northwest, and was organist of Holy Trinity church, then located on Second street northeast.

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What a wonderful change has taken place in this once reputable building since the time when a score or more of people, old and young, might be seen on the balcony of Central Hall, directly opposite, or on the sidewalk in front of the hardware store of Z. E. B. Nash, gathered there summer evenings to listen to soulful strains from the Old Masters, reproduced by Miss Blakeman on her piano.

A few years later these same living rooms were tenanted by Joseph Bowman and family, which consisted of his wife and two sons—Edward Morris Bowman and Dr. J. A. Bowman, with his wife and son. The genial doctor and his devoted wife are still with us.

Edward Morris Bowman was wont to delight the Central avenue gatherings with his musical strains, which equaled in melody those of Miss Blakeman herself. How little did our musical people, even at the Falls, realize what wonderful talent was in embryo in their very midst! Though they listened with delight, evening after evening, to the soulful music produced by Mr. Bowman, they did not imagine that in time to come his wondrous gifts would captivate not only the most cultured of his own countrymen, 301 but that he would receive as well marked recognition in musical centers across the sea.

This same Mr. Bowman, who took such an active interest in the development of the musical side of our Minneapolis people in the early days of the city, ably assisting Professor J. B. McGibbeny in the rendition of “Queen Esther,” which oratorio netted the “Choral Union” the magnificent sum of \$4,500, is at the present time director of Temple Choir in Rev. Courtland Myers' church in New York city.

In speaking of this choir, the “Temple Choir Shophar” for September, 1903, contains the following:

“There is but one New York, and one Baptist Temple and one Temple Choir and one Edward Morris Bowman.”

THE BLACK SCHOOLHOUSE

I saw the names of J. B. Gilfillan and Mike Molan mentioned almost side by side in one of the papers the other day, and it recalled an incident which probably has almost faded from the memory of nearly every one of its participants.

In the winter of '57 and '58 the St. Anthony board of education was at its wits' end to know what method to pursue, in order to keep what was called "the old black schoolhouse" located on University avenue southeast, supplied with a teacher. The big boys of the school had matters their own way, and proposed to dictate its policy. To this the teacher raised an objection, but no sooner was the objection made than the school would be without an instructor. The boys were no respectors of persons, male or female. Matters went on in this way for a long while, new teachers coming and disappearing without ceremony.

It was about this time that a young attorney, John B. Gilfillan, offered his services, he having leisure to spare from Blackstone. It occurred to him that taking charge of this school would not only serve the purpose of physical exercise, but possibly prove a circus besides. He made application to the board, and after assuring them that he was equal to the task, they consented to his proposition.

It was announced to the pupils that a new teacher had been secured, and it was expected that all would be in readiness to respond to roll call the following morning. In the meantime the big boys held a secret meeting, and laid plans for the campaign which was soon to begin. The next morning at nine o'clock found the schoolroom well filled, and on the platform the young athlete 303 of a teacher. He began to talk to the scholars, telling them what was expected of them, and how he proposed to manage the school. At this the signal was given for an uprising, by Sam Parker leaving his seat and starting toward the teacher. Immediately half a dozen of the larger boys were making a lunge as they had done on previous occasions, but this time they were foiled. The skirmish was fierce and decisive.

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Several of the boys failed to come to the scratch in the second round, and the teacher came out victorious. Meantime the whole school was in an uproar; girls were screaming, small boys crying and all making frantic efforts to escape by the windows and the door, because the teacher had been smart enough to turn the lock and put the key into his pocket. Finally order was restored, the pupils resumed their seats, and all went smooth and serene to the end of the term. After school the big boys, feeling sore over their defeat, held a council of war in Dan Balch's stable, and agreed upon a plan to visit their teacher's office and sleeping apartment, located in Captain John Martin's block on Main street southeast.

They delegated Hank O'Brien to procure a good-sized codfish from Farnham's store, and agreed to write some appropriate lines for the occasion, and fasten them with the fish upon the teacher's door.

About ten o'clock that night they quietly ascended the stairs, followed by several onlookers to witness the fun, for which they did not have long to wait. Mr. Gilfillan evidently was onto their scheme, and was lying in wait for their approach.

It was at this time that Mike Molan came to the front. As he was tying the fish to the door-knob, the door suddenly opened, and the tail of the fish was seized by the teacher with one hand, and Mike's collar with the other. The result can be better imagined than described. Shredded codfish could be found all about the premises for the next week. Mike's comrades scattered; some went out on 304 the street, and I, with several of the others, went upstairs into the room of the "Falls Evening News" where we concealed ourselves among the press and cases. After all was quiet, we sneaked off to our homes. From this time the board of education had no further trouble with the "black schoolhouse" pupils.

RED RIVER CARTS PASSING DOWN MAIN STREET, ST. ANTHONY, IN 1856. East Side Saw Mills, Nicollet Island and Suspension Bridge in the Distance—First Post office at the Falls, Opposite the Mills.

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RED RIVER CARTS

A caravan of “Red River carts” from the British realm of the far Northwest, making their yearly pilgrimage from Winnipeg to the city of St. Paul, was no unusual sight in the fifties.

The Hudson Bay Company's headquarters were in England, but it had stations in all the fur-producing sections of this country, and purchased its products from Indians, half-breeds and from the white hunters who had abandoned civilization for a wild and roaming life.

As soon as the ground was settled in the spring and the grass well started, the Indian pony, or ox, was attached to one of these crude carts, and began to play his part in the transportation line. Each cart was well laden with buffalo hides, mink, badger, wolf, lynx, fox, otter, beaver, muskrat, bear and wild-cat skins, packed separately and securely, in such a manner that the elements could not injure them.

The journey was a long and tedious one, but the country over which it led was new, and as game was very abundant, the travelers were kept well supplied with fresh meat. The principal article of food, however, was “pemmican,”—dried buffalo meat artistically prepared and encased in sacks of hide, similar in form to bologna sausage, but much larger. It would keep for an indefinite time and was considered very healthful; its fattening qualities were simply wonderful and the liking for it seemed remarkable to the uninitiated. The ponies and oxen subsisted wholly upon buffalo grass, which grew in abundance all over the western prairies, and was very nutritious.

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These caravans were divided into sections, varying from fifty to one hundred carts each, in order to provide food 306 en route by giving nature time to start new grass in the camping places of those in advance. The usual time for the round trip was about three months; the same distance is now covered in about seventy-two hours. A description of these carts may be of interest as still further illustrating the means of transportation across what was vaguely considered a part of the Great American Desert, described in the geographies of that day.

An employee at one of the trading posts of the fur company, possessed of considerable inventive ingenuity, constructed a cart that was looked upon in the thirties as a piece of mechanism truly wonderful, and this served as a model for thousands thereafter. They were made of wood, and nothing of a metallic nature entered into their construction either in wheel, axle or fastenings. They had a carrying capacity of about a thousand pounds each, and as not a particle of lubricant of any kind was used on the axles, their unearthly squeaking could be heard miles away on a clear morning. It might have been music to the drivers, but it was a hideous discord to the inhabitants living along the route.

During the camping of these land voyagers, sentinels were stationed around their belongings so as to prevent surprise by the Indians, as there was too much value represented to allow any chances. With every section there were about a dozen horsemen, well armed and mounted on fleet-footed ponies, who had a general supervision of carts and drivers.

Each cart was drawn by a solitary pony or ox, whose harness was made of broad pieces of rawhide, simple and durable, without so much as a buckle, strings of the same serving as fastenings.

No danger was ever experienced from hot boxes, as the speed rarely exceeded ten or miles a day. To see these caravans on their travels, one would imagine that they had dropped down from the days of good old Methuselah.

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The squeaking of the wheels referred to was a signal for

RED RIVER CARTS. Oxen and Ponies Feeding while the Half-Breed Families are Resting.

307 all the young people, and the old ones as well, living in the pioneer settlements along the route, to be on hand to see the Red River carts as they passed through town. I remember having heard them many a time in the summer mornings in the settlement of St. Anthony. They camped a few miles out where the grazing was good and water near by, and would reach town about sunrise, arousing us from early morning slumbers, to watch them move along mechanically at a snail-like pace. The value of their loads amounted in the aggregate to many thousand dollars.

When the caravans reached St. Paul, the furs were unloaded at the company's warerooms, there to be overhauled, arranged, repacked and reshipped on a Mississippi steamer to St. Louis or some other railroad city, thence to the seaboard and from there to London.

When these unique visitors had remained in St. Paul about a week, they loaded their carts with groceries, drugs, hardware, liquors, tobacco, dry goods and notions, to supply their families in the far-away homes, and then resumed the well-beaten trail.

All this has been changed, and the pony, the ox and the primitive cart are remembered by the few remaining pioneers as the vagaries of a half-forgotten dream.

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EARLY IMPRESSIONS OF PROMINENT MINNEAPOLITANS

As I stood on the veranda of the log cabin at the Fair grounds September 6, 1900, and witnessed the arrival of the old stage coach from one of the "up-river" towns—possibly Minneapolis—I found that it was loaded with familiar faces—faces I saw many years ago, when time had not, as yet, begun to leave its imprint upon their brows or weave "silver

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threads among the gold”—at an age when they were full of vim and served as excellent examples of the sturdy pioneer.

By an effort of memory, I was able to recall each member of this effort party of pioneers as he appeared to me when I first saw him, between forty and fifty years ago.

It was when our family had just reached St. Paul, on the steamer “War Eagle,” and put up at the rickety, three-story hotel called the “Merchants,” that Alexander Ramsey, territorial governor, was pointed out to me as the man among men, so that in after years I always knew who he was. We boys felt very proud to think that our own father was privileged to shake hands with him, and I recall a remark he made at the time father was marching us five boys into the dining room: “That’s the kind of families we need to build up our territory!”

My first recollection of John S. Pillsbury dates from the time when he was one of the hardware firm of Cross, Pillsbury & Co., opposite the “Sun Dial” and “Mineral Springs,” Lower Town, Main street, St. Anthony. Father had sent me for five pounds of ten-penny nails, and Mr. Pillsbury said: “Sonny, what will you have?” After making known my wants he said: “You step right over to the other counter and Mr. Hubbard will wait on you.”

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Loren Fletcher’s face was stamped upon my memory at the time he was attending to David Edwards’ books, and varying his occupation by measuring molasses; this was in the “Edwards Hall” block, opposite Johnson and Pingree’s furniture factory—also opposite the “Falls,” lower Main street.

Otto E. Greeley was a little chubby chap about six year old, when we met him on our return from Sabbath school. Father gave him a Sunday school paper, and asked him if he would not accompany us to the Methodist Sunday school the following Sabbath, to which he replied: “My Pa is a Universalist.” Further efforts at proselyting were not attempted.

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My earliest recollection of Maj. Edwin Clark was at the time when he and W. A. Croffut, former editor of The Tribune, were publishing the "Minnesota State News" and the "Falls Evening News." I used to like to have Mr. Clark count out my papers for me, as he nearly always made a mistake in my favor.

I shall never forget the first time I saw A. H. Beal, the pioneer photographer. He planted himself directly opposite Crawford's East Side drug store, where I was an apprentice, and started a picture gallery, and I had a most excellent opportunity of witnessing his first efforts to gain a foothold.

Charles E. Wales I recollect as going about town, when a very small boy, tightly grasping the hand of his father who delivered letters on the way home, as he was then postmaster. Charles would hold his father's hat while the father fished out from it the letters he wanted.

I had Dr. S. H. Chute pointed out to me as being one of the three gentlemen standing in the office of the St. Anthony Falls Water Power Co. The other two were George Bradford and E. S. Brown, the water-power agent,

I can see in the dim distant past, Louis Laramée sitting at the work bench in the harness shop of John Noble and George Boyd. About this time he was badly tangled up 310 in the English and French-Canadian languages, and was obliged to make desperate efforts in order to be understood.

I have good reason to remember J. H. Thompson, for it was he who padded my shoulders when he made my first tailor coat; he said he wanted to "build me up." He was at that time located near Helen (now Second avenue south) and Washington avenues.

O. T. Swett was of the firm of Hayes, Swett & Straw, a funny combination of names. Their place of business was opposite the "Sun Dial," lower St. Anthony. Mr. Swett was a friend of the boys, and always allowed them the free use of the empty sugar hogsheads, that they might extract therefrom all the solid comfort and sweetness possible by scraping

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sugar from the staves and chewing cane. For this reason we were very considerate about “raising Cain” on his premises.

It was to R. J. Mendenhall, the private banker on the Minneapolis side, that I was sent to have him pass judgment on the genuineness of an Indiana \$5 bill. I paid five cents toll over the bridge and five cents return, to obtain this information. The bill was good when I left the West Side bank, but it was worthless before I reached the East Side, St. Anthony, as the bank had busted! There were some things done as expeditiously in pioneer times as now.

In regard to W. H. Lauderdale, my memory takes me back to the time when he dealt out to his customers four full quarts of milk to the gallon. This was before the days of adulterations and impure foods. Lauderdale dispensed pure milk and with it plenty of god cheer.

It seems to me as though I had always known C. B. Heffelfinger and Abner Godfrey, consequently I cannot pin them down to any particular spot in life as “first seen.”

But I do know when I first met O. M. Laraway; it was at the time Laraway & Mills received the first shipment of stoneware from Ohio with their firm name printed on 311 each piece. It was quite an innovation to us Western people —having stone jugs to take the place of demijohns and whiskey flasks, and a great relief to those who were active members of the “Sons of Temperance;” also to such as had scruples about carrying their grog home in demijohns. As jugs were sometimes used for molasses, they hoped to be given the “benefit of the doubt.”

J. C. Oswald I recollect as being one of the substantial public-spirited men of the little village on the West Side. The St. Anthonyites all wondered why he located on the Minneapolis side of the river, when nearly all the prominent business men were established in St. Anthony.

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Of the younger member of the party, Will E. Steele, I have no early recollection, but I well remember his magnificent looking father—a noble specimen of manhood, and a typical gentleman.

The “aboves” are my rambling recollections of as sturdy a lot of territorial pioneers as ever set foot on Western soil. They were all occupants of the old stage coach September 6, 1900, billed from the West hotel, Minneapolis, to the log Cabin of the State Fair Grounds.

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HE FIRST FLAG RAISING IN MINNEAPOLIS

July 5, 1856, Minneapolis and St. Anthony held their Union celebration, on Nicollet island.

On this occasion the United States flag was first publicly unfurled to the breeze in our city, the National holiday having that year come on Sunday.

This flag was made by patriotic ladies of St. Anthony, and represented to the Winslow house. The recipients in token of their appreciation of the gift permitted it to be unfurled for the first time at this celebration, which was attended by ten thousand people, gathered for a pleasant holiday and to express their loyalty to the Union.

As the flag gracefully rose to the top of the staff prepared for it, a salute of thirty-two guns, one of each of its stars, was fired by Captain John Tapper.

The banner was soon caught by the welcoming breeze, and as its folds, unfurled, deafening cheers went up from the throats of thousands who loved the dear old symbol of our nation's freedom.

Many who on this day raised their voices in wild enthusiasm for the flag, were ere long, to fight bravely under its folds for the preservation of an undivided Union.

I wonder how many of these ten thousand are living on this official flag day of 1891, to recall with my own pride and enthusiasm, our first flag raising in Minneapolis.

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MEMORIES OF AN EARLY DAY CHURCH

The recent fire which destroyed the Window hotel on University avenue southeast, recalls memories of this locality as I knew it in the early days of St. Anthony.

The Windom hotel was made over from the first M. E. Church; but another still older church had stood on this site, that one in which my religious training was by no means sadly neglected.

That primitive structure was removed from this spot many years ago to make room for what was at that time thought to be the stately edifice required by the ever increasing congregation.

It is of the original structure that I wish to say a word, since this most appeals to me, as it was the church which I, as well as the other numerous youngsters of our family were compelled to attend regularly twice every Sunday for the preaching service, besides going to the Sunday school and class meeting. It was not obligatory on us to attend the Thursday evening prayer meeting, except when there was a revival in progress. Then the entire household was expected to be present.

I have been striving to refresh my memory, and have done so to a certain extent regarding the active members who met in that little church edifice with its steeple of such very modest pretensions, yet pointing straight to heaven, the final destination of all good people, especially Methodists. The following rise before me and I can distinctly see them as they appeared nearly fifty years ago.

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G. E. H. Day and wife, Edgar Folsom and wife, Nathan Kellogg, Rufus Farnham, Sr., and wife, William Story, William Hughes and wife, Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Leaming, Jennie Leaming, 314 Helen Day, Roscoe Putnam, Sarah Putnam, David C. Fisher, Mrs. Shoppe, Mrs. Abel Whidden, Mrs. J. C. Berry, Mrs. J. H. McHerron, Mrs. Elizabeth Fall, J. S. Fall and wife, the Brockways, E. Broad and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Cobb, E. S. Grindall, Sr., and wife, H. O. Hamlin, Mrs. Frank Hildreth, Mrs. Huse, C. C. Hurd and wife, S. J. Kincaid and wife, Silas Lane, Sr., and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mitchell, David Lewis, Dr. J. H. Murphy and wife, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Nobel, Royal Plummer and wife, Mrs. Samuel Rich, Mrs. J. W. Pride, William Soule, S. C. Robinson and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Stites, John J. Terwall and Wetmore O'Brien.

The above mentioned were then among the most zealous members of this struggling church. Only a very few of them are now left to look over my partial list of those who faithfully worked for the salvation of souls in this, then, outpost of civilization.

A few of the pastors who ministered to this flock were Revs. J. F. Chaffee, William McKinley, E. R. Lathrop, Cyrus Brooks and David Day, with an occasional revivalist. One of these who did in much in the way of enthusiastic work was Mr. Adams, known as "Crazy Adams" by the unrighteous.

There are many incidents connected with the little church that amuse me, even at this late date. First and foremost comes to mind the appointment of a committee to call upon Brother Broad and request him to modulate his voice when singing, as it disturbed the meeting.

Mr. Broad was a very large man, weighing at least 250 pounds, and a man of great physical strength, as members of the old Cataract engine company are aware, he having been able to raise one end of a machine, which represented many hundred pounds' weight, nearly a foot from the ground. His voice was proportionate to his size and strength.

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This same Brother Broad was as deaf as a fence-post, yet with the aid of an immense ear-trumpet he heard every word spoken by the preacher and never failed to find the right hymn. Sometimes, however, it happened that the preacher, after reading the hymn all through, went on to say that the last stanza would be omitted. As this was not heard by Mr. Broad, he having taken the trumpet from his ear previously, the result can well be imagined.

When the congregation was quietly seated, he stood all alone, singing away with might and main on the verse not intended to be sung, and kept at it until his wife had time to give him a hint by pulling on his coat tails. His amazed expression when thus brought to a realizing sense of the situation would have proved a good study for our clever caricaturists, Bowman or Bart.

When such things happened it was next to impossible for the revivalist to get in his work on the rising generation, as they were not, for the time being in a serious mood. Even the older ones were apt to have a slight tendency to fall from grace.

I also remember another brother with a stentorian voice, who always took up his position in the "amen" corner. When he was offering up prayer, he would invariably have one eye tightly closed, but the other was just as invariably wide open for the unruly boys in that vicinity.

One of my most vivid remembrances is of the class-room located in the basement at the rear of the church, since it was here that parents labored physically with their sons who had been "cutting up" during service, thus making a laudable effort to prepare them for possible conversion. This has all been changed and the class-room now serves a more legitimate purpose. I cannot but note other wonderful changes that have taken place, as I contrast the present with the past. Then it was almost sacrilege to leave your own church and visit another, even of the same denomination. As for countenancing a Jew or a Universalist, it was considered one of the unpardonable sins. Now, how different!

I recently attended a Sunday evening service in a Methodist 316 church, and saw seated upon the platform, a Baptist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Jew, Universalist, and also a representative of the African M. E. church. The large-hearted pastor, James S. Montgomery, of the church mentioned doubtless had not forgotten the Spiritualist, Christian Scientist, Catholic and Unitarian, and they may all have been represented, though I did not notice them. This goes to show that the spirit of brotherly love is taking a strong hold on the churches, thus adding greatly to their strength and prosperity, as well as fulfilling more perfectly the law of Christ.

Old church edifices and old church doctrines must pass away, and they passing. In their place the church of the present in its outward and visible form, and its inward and invisible grace, is substituting that which will endure, because it is something which appeals to the reason, and meets the needs of humanity, both material and spiritual.

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A VISIT TO LAKE HARRIET

What a jolly good time a dozen of us young people of St. Anthony had in 1860 at an outing, the result of our acceptance of an invitation to visit beautiful Lake Harriet, and partake of the hospitality of Mrs. Thornton, whose home on the south shore has been of late years occupied by Gen. C. McC. Reeve.

"How did you get there?" you query. Not by Mr. Lowry's rapid transit, I can assure you. We were obliged to hire two three-seated spring wagons, at an expense of \$3 each, and in addition we had to pay Capt. John Tapper 25 cents bridge toll for each vehicle, over and back, this being the charge for getting a two-horse team across the first suspension bridge, where the painted regulations suspended over the passageway admonished all and sundry to "Beware!" and not go faster than a walk under pain of a fine of \$25. We confined ourselves closely to the rules, not being prepared to meet the additional heavy outlay that a "trot" would incur.

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So easily does the new crowd out the old, I have been at considerable trouble in striving to recall to memory the route take from the bridge in order to reach the lake. By brushing from my brain the accumulated cobwebs of past years I see clearly that we did not go by the way of Hennepin avenue:—First, on account of the marsh which extended from Johnson's Lake, now a part of Loring Park, and connected with a much inferior lake, or bog, where at the present time is located Kenwood parkway. And then again, there was no roadway cut through the bluffs opposite Mr. Lowry's present residence; therefore necessity forced us to take the well defined road leading from the lumber office and yard of Harris & Putnam, at Nicollet and Washington 318 avenues, which occupied the present site of the new half of Hotel Nicollet.

After slacking the thirst of our horses at the watering trough, which was patronized by the town's people as well as those from the country, and filled by manual labor in the form of up and down strokes of the pump handle, by such as were unlucky enough to find it empty, we started across lots over the old familiar streets, Minnetonka, Helen, Oregon and California, to what is now Portland avenue. We continued our drive in this direction still farther out on the prairie, until we reached about Twenty- seventh street, thus passing around the bluffs and ravines that were so numerous further west, and along what is now considered the only feasible route. When near the residence of R. P. Russell, at 2800 Hennepin, we struck off on the road which led to the country towns on the St. Peter, or Minnesota river, by way of Calhoun and Harriet, and for the remainder of the distance the coast was clear.

This trip to the lake and home again took us from 9 o'clock A.M. to 10 P.M., but three hours of this time were devoted to a sail upon the beautiful sheet of water, and to partaking of a dinner prepared by the hostess of the occasion, so sumptuous that to us, it was with appetites sharpened by out-door exercise, a veritable feast.

At that time Lake Harriet was well stocked with pickerel and gamey bass, and as indisputable proof of the size of the fish that had been caught, our attention was called

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to the skins of immense proportions that were tacked to trees or the side of the boat house. The former occupants of these skins had given up their lives in the interest of sport, and also to furnish the wherewith to supply the needs of the inner man. Let us hope that by entering into this higher life than their own they fulfilled their earthly mission. Such catches would astonish the angler of the present day, who fishes in these same waters and considers 319 himself favored of fortune if he gets a nibble that represents a half-pound crappie.

I had not intended to mention what we had for dinner on this occasion, but my fishing experience brings this matter so vividly to mind that I cannot refrain from telling you how excellent the baked pickerel was, fresh from the water, and also the short-cake, made from luscious wild strawberries that grew so plentifully and spread a carpet of rosy red on the prairies as far as the eye could reach.

On our way out, we could not resist the temptation to tarry by the wayside and gather enough to satisfy our internal cravings.

What a beautiful evening we had for our return! Light-hearted and full to the brim with the joy and bright expectancy of youth, we saw in these placid, smiling waters on which we had to-day so successfully launched our boat, a promise and a presage of our future voyage of our future life voyage.

When we reached the toll-house we found the gates closed, for people then kept early hours; but a vigorous rap on the door aroused the captain, and with eyes half closed from the sleep that weighted them down, he gathered in our return tickets, rather by the senses of feeling than sight, raised the gate for us to pass through and then ought his couch, there to dream until awakened by some other belated traveler.

With the close of this day ended a memorable outing to the then distant Lake Harriet, which is now embraced in our city limits, and the scene of numerous festivities. In these

days of rapid transit it can be reached by an electric car from the West hotel in twenty minutes.

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PIONEER MINISTERS

During our youthful days which were passed, for the most part in bustling little St. Anthony, we formed an idea of the kind of men we should be willing to look up to. They must stand, both intellectually and physically, head and shoulders above their fellows, and there were more than a few, right here at home, who well nigh attained this standard. Among this favored class were several clergymen, representing various denominations. Some of these of whom we retain the most vivid memories will be given prominence in this sketch.

Pioneers who had a personal acquaintance with these gentlemen, can readily enter into the spirit of enthusiasm that prompts us to write of them, and the names as we present them after the passage of nearly half a century, will, no doubt, bring back many recollections of those Territorial and early Statehood days, which will form a sort of moving panorama of an epoch in their career when they were "blazing the way" for generations yet to come.

This volume would not be complete, if from its pages were omitted the names of Rev. Seth Barnes and his estimable wife. It is to me a sacred remembrance that Mr. Barnes was the clergyman who spoke the solemn words that united for life,

"Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one,"

and that these two were "Frank and Lizzie," to perform whose marriage ceremony Mr. Barnes had some time previous made a special request. This request was carried 321 into effect May 8, 1866, at the house of the pastor when he lay on a sick bed.

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On this account, he was especially endeared to us, but all who knew this good man loved him for his Christian graces and manly qualities. Even those who differed from him in religious opinion, and saw in his liberal doctrines only gross and fatal error, entertained for him personally, the highest regard.

Left fatherless at the age of eleven, Mr. Barnes had a serious struggle through life. His early training was of the old-fashioned Puritan sort, and wholly at variance with ideas he later imbibed from Rev. Theophilus Fisk of New Haven, the first Universalist preacher he ever heard. His espousal of this faith was at first a sad blow to his mother and sister, but it was not long before they too adopted the same belief, and learned to recognize good in all sects and creeds.

Mr. Barnes frequently alluded to the trying experiences that came to him, as a champion of unpopular views during his early ministry. In Chicago he suffered the discomforts of that memorable "wet season" of 1841, when the city was nearly submerged, and travel on most of its streets was rendered impossible.

Yet in spite of these conditions of pioneer life, he was making fair financial progress by publishing "The Better Covenant," an organ of his denomination, when a disease of the eyes compelled him to abandon this congenial work. After a lapse of several months, he sought new fields of labor in Wisconsin, finally coming to St. Anthony where he and his wife were connected by ties of kindred with the families of Judge N. H. Hemiup, D. B. Dorman, and O. C. Merriman. He found here many others whom he knew by reputation, and who were in sympathy with his peculiar views. Among these were numbers of our most prominent pioneer citizens. They did all in their power to promote his spiritual and temporal welfare, but the financial depression of 1857 proved a serious blow to the latter.

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Mr. Barnes served his people faithfully, and left a revered and sacred memory. He passed to the other life August 12, 1866, death coming to him from a stroke of apoplexy and without a moment's warning.

Mrs. Barnes, who came here as a bride of a few months, is remembered as a loving wife, and an enthusiastic helper of her husband in every good word and work. She was of a magnetic temperament and a sunny disposition, and possessed of rare mental gifts. A born wit and a brilliant social leader, she was the life of every entertainment, the center of innocent fun and hilarity. She was a fine conversationalist, a graphic story-teller, and, as a dramatic reader and impersonator, might have won success on the stage. This genial pair did much to popularize the new faith in a community which until their advent, had been a stranger to it. Mrs. Barnes did not survive her husband many years. Assured that death was only the gateway to realms of unclouded skies, she gladly received the summons to rejoin him with whom she had passed so many happy earthly years, in that land where earth's sorrows and partings are unknown.

As pastor and wife, as friends and neighbors, the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes will ever be cherished by all who knew and loved them.

Reverends J. W. Keyes, and Herman Bisbee, who was later called to a charge in Boston, succeeded Mr. Barnes. Then came Rev. J. H. Tuttle, who after enjoying a long and successful ministry as pastor of the Church of the Redeemer was for some years its pastor emeritus. He died beloved and lamented by all on July 8, 1903. Of these worthy men much has been written, with volumes still left unsaid.

The seeds of the liberal faith sown by these pioneer clergymen, have yielded plentiful harvests along all lines of Christian work and progress.

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OTHER PIONEER MINISTERS

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In the early days of Minnesota, Rev. Charles Secombe, a Christ-like character, presided over the Congregational Society, as did also in succeeding years Norman McLeod, H. C. Atwater and H. M. Nichols. This was in the fifties.

Revs. Hughes and McKee had charge of the Baptists. Among the immortal missionaries, we mention the names of Williamson, Riggs, Pond, Fathers Galtier and Beveaux, also Father Fayolle and Rev. C. G. Ames—now pastor of a prominent Boston church—who were here at this time—and some of them much earlier. Fathers Tissot and McDermott were conspicuous in the Catholic church of the early sixties.

It has not been our intention to include all the pastors of this far-back period, but simply to mention those whose characters stand out with especial prominence, and whose names and work have become deeply impressed on our mind. We leave the “write-up” of the remainder to others who are more familiar along this line, and who have more space at their command.

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DAVID BUEL KNICKERBOCKER.

Another saintly soul, with whom we did not come in contact as frequently as with Mr. Barnes, but who made a deep impression on all who came within his spiritual atmosphere, was the Rev. David Buel Knickerbocker. It can be truly said “none knew him but to love him” for his real worth as a man. He was respected as a dispenser of holy truths and for seeking, day by day, to promote the welfare of his fellow man.

The following extract from a letter which appeared in the Boston Transcript, at the time of Dr. Knickerbocker's election to the bishopric of Indiana, and was written by Frances A. Shaw of Minneapolis, will best illustrate his character, coming, as it does from one who knew him intimately:

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"David Buel Knickerbocker, the son of a well known New York family, came here in pioneer days, and has done much for the upbuilding and uplifting of our city. Really the founder of the Episcopal church in Minneapolis he appeared among us as a youthful missionary, full of zeal and enthusiasm for his work, and in obedience to the divine injunction, he went out into the highways and hedges compelling the people to come into the Master's house.

"The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all,' is the legend he wished to see inscribed above the door of every house of worship. He would have God's sanctuary the one place where worldly distinctions are laid aside. He is opposed to rented seats in any church edifice. The wealth that has come to him almost unsought, he holds only as a steward of his Lord; his life is a model of simplicity. Untiring in labors and self-sacrifice, the good he has wrought is past all human computation. The Brotherhood of Gethsemane, an organization that has been a great power of good in this growing city, owes its existence and greatest efficiency to him. St. Barnabas Hospital, a quiet retreat where the sick receive the best care and nursing, free of charge if without means to pay, exists a monument to his piety and zeal. The latest work of beneficence which has risen through his sympathy and aid, is the 'Sheltering Arms,' an asylum for orphaned, forsaken and destitute infants. His work among the Indians of the frontier can hardly be over-estimated. As dean of his diocese he has stood in the van of its clergy.

"Multiform and absorbing outside labors have left him little time for study and for the preparation of elaborate sermons. He is not eloquent or magnetic as a pulpit orator, but his sermons are sound, sensible and practical. A zealous churchman, strict in the observance of the ritual, and fully imbued with the spirit of that body which he regards as the one Catholic and Apostolic Church—loving its grand old liturgy, its sacred feasts and solemn fasts—he is not a bigot. In the city where he lived and moved a prominent figure for nearly thirty years, he has not one enemy. Here is life, gladdened by the purest social and domestic joys, has been consecrated by the deepest sorrows. In the beautiful

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stone church now in process of erection by Gethsemane parish, and at whose altars it was hoped he would minister to the end of his days, he will place a fitting and touching memorial to his three children—his only ones—snatched away in the beauty and promise of earliest youth.

“This beloved pastor and citizen is to leave us in a few days. Called to wider, yet not higher, service—to the bishopric of a diocese in which he is a stranger—he has felt that duty urged the acceptance of the unsolicited office. But Minneapolis will remain his true home—the place where his best and happiest years have passed, where his affections have taken the deepest root. His life, intertwined 326 with the very warp and woof of the life of this people, can never be separated from it. His good deeds here are his imperishable monument; his memory will remain a lasting benediction.

“Turning to an old, old Book, I find a life like this—a life unselfish, unworldly, portrayed in words that are ‘like apples of gold in pictures of silver.’ He of whom I write has been also eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. The cause he knew not he has searched out; he has been a father to the poor. The blessing of him that was ready to perish has come upon him; he has caused the heart of the widow and orphan to sing for joy.”

Dr. Knickerbocker died December 31, 1894, aged 61 years.

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REV. DR. CHAFFEE

Rev. J. F. Chaffee was another of those bright and shining lights, with a belief different from either Mr. Barnes or Dr. Knickerbocker, but esteemed by all as a grand, good soul; he had a fine, well-balanced mind and it was supported by a physique capable of great endurance.

Dr. Chaffee was a expounder of Methodism, and we sat under his preaching in the year 1857.

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He was born November 5, 1827, in the town of Middlebury, N. Y., and when only seventeen years old came west with his parents to settle in northern Illinois. He was received into the M. E Church when but twenty-one years of age, and throughout his early career as an itinerant preacher, endured many hardships, which were cheerfully shared by his wife, who has done much to aid and encourage her husband along life's journey.

Rev. J. F. Chaffee's name is familiar, not only to pioneers in this locality, but all over the great Northwest, as he has held many positions of trust and honor in the Methodist denomination and is well known as a man possessing extraordinary financial and executive ability; he has been a successful business man, and his spiritual work has been equally a success.

At this writing, Dr. and Mrs. Chaffee, although advanced in years, are in good health and enjoying the salubrious climate of California.

Other Methodist ministers of our pioneers days who deserve especial mention, for ability and success are the following:

John Stafford, W. W. Satterlee, Cyrus Brooks, Jabez Brooks, Chauncey Hobart, Silas Bolles, J. r. Creighton, Harvey Webb, S. G. Gale, D. Cobb, Andrew J. Nelson, Robert Forbes, David Day, E. R. Lathrop and William McKinley.

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THE PAST OF MINNEAPOLIS

There are many interesting bits of history connected with this city during its formative period away back in the fifties. As my mind reverts to these days, its most vivid impressions center in conditions and occurrences on the East Side—old St. Anthony.

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The people of the present time, accustomed as they are to the quiet of the East Side compared with the bustle of the West Side, cannot possibly form any just conception of the business that was transacted up and down Main street in those pioneer days.

Main street was a continuation of the old Territorial road from St. Paul to Anoka, Elk River and St. Cloud—then small up-river towns. In the city the street started at Cheevertown, the present site of the State University, and extended to the Mississippi brewery at Twentieth avenue northeast, a distance of about three miles. It was but natural that there should be rival business centers along this long-drawn-out thoroughfare, and as might have been expected this happened.

Mr. Cheever was, of course, desirous that the most sightly place might become the center towards which all business interests around about should converge. It possessed many natural advantages, for from this elevated point there was an uninterrupted view of the falls and the surrounding country. It was also in close proximity to the boat-landing, the only artery of commerce connected with the outside world, whence it could receive the first and strongest motive power to stimulate a rapid and yet normal growth. This afforded good reason why Cheevertown should be born, flourish in a small way, and in due season be rendered doubly interesting by the erection of a tower 329 on which the legend “Pay Your Dime and Climb,” invited the new-comer to a height whence he could drink in all the scenic beauties so lavishly spread out before him in a panorama of ever increasing interest and grandeur. The great attraction when he reached terra firma was the up-to-date bar, which was supposed to furnish the very best of another kind of spiritual sustenance to such as were constituted with a longing in this direction, while the immense “dug out” near by, overflowed with aqua pura pumped from uncontaminated hidden springs that bubbled forth in many a quiet retreat, and whose liquid clearness could be seen oozing from the crevices of the rocks all along the river bank. This also furnished a satisfier of thirst for the brute creation, and included those of human kind whose temperance pledges guaranteed them a right to quaff liberally of the non-intoxicating beverage, but compelled them to pass the

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other by, however lovingly it might woo them. All this combined gave great attraction to lower Main Street.

But a goodly number of the arrivals at this view city were not of the same opinion as was Mr. Cheever, and they called a halt directly opposite the falls, believing this to be a place desirable above all others, and sure to be a winner. Thus was another business center started.

There were others of a still more independent spirit, who believed that "Upper Town" was the location of the New Northwest, and toward which would be brought the farming trade of out-lying districts. It is to this particular section of our city that I wish to call the reader's attention.

The present site of Nelson, Tenney & Co.'s lumber mill, at Fourth avenue northeast and Main street, was the center of quite an attractive business mart. Those mills are located on the old boat-landing place, where the great river traffic was carried on by steamers of no mean pretensions, which pled between this city and Anoka, Monticello, Clear 330 Water, St. Cloud and Sauk Rapids. These steamers were named to accord with the places and people; the H. M. Rice, North Star, Cutler, Gov. Ramsey, St. Cloud, and last, but by no means least, the Enterprise. Their cargoes were made up of re-shipments from the lower landing and stocks of goods purchased from our city dealers and others.

Prominent among the merchants who were grouped together in this locality were Holmes & Hollister, wholesale and retail grocers and liquor dealers; John Kiefer, wholesale liquors; Chas. F. Sims, druggist; J. L. Newman & Co., dry goods; John Dunham, grocer; L. W. Stratton, "farmers' exchange;" D. B. Dorman, banker—and right here I want to say that the old bank building is still in existence and is used by the Nelson Paper company.

Beside those already mentioned were H. O. Hamlin, notions; Mrs. Franks, confectionery; Wensinger & Grant, boots and shoes; W. H. Nudd, New England bakery; Jacob Hauser, grocer; Charles Eaton & Co., dry goods; George Pomeroy, hardware store; Mr. Hays,

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grandfather of Theodore L. Hays of the Bijou theater—bakery; R. Ball, grocer; Stites' livery and sale stable; “Alhambra” saloon; Henry Webber, grocer. The store of the latter is still in existence at the same old stand, and any one visiting that place to-day will find the widow of the good old German waiting upon customers with the same genuine courtesy as she did nearly fifty years ago.

But there were more of them: Alpheus Rowell, dry goods, and E. Talcot, groceries; while down street, a short distance from this immediate center, was John Schlener's bakery; this Mr. Schlener was the father of our respected townsman, John A. Schlener, now engaged in business on Nicollet avenue. There were also H. C. Wheeler & Sons, grocer; Blakeman & Greenleaf, jewelry; J. Molitor, gunsmith; Charles Crawford, druggist; Peter O'Connor, dry goods. “Father” Klein's place was well known to all who chose to drink “good lager” served by “Pappy” and “Mammy,” for here they could satisfy their thirst and be sure 331 of the best. It is said that prominent officers and members of the first temperance lodge started in St. Anthony, when they adjourned their meetings would make a beeline for “Pappy's” from force of habit. The situation had been explained to “Pappy,” so when they had seated themselves comfortably about the little, round tables that still contained tally marks of the game “66,” “Mammy” would come in from the kitchen, radiant with smiles and as innocent as you please, with coffee cups, empty sugar bowl and milk pitcher, plate of pretzels and rye bread, and a huge old-fashioned coffee pot of, what appeared to the outside world, “cold coffee,” but was in reality the “good old stuff.” There are but one or two of that group now living, and I will refrain from revealing their identity, partly on account of their age, shown in the gray hairs that are “honorable,” and also to preclude all possibility of their names being stricken from the rolls as charter members of—lodge No.—of St. Anthony.

Z. E. B. Nash was a dealer in hardware; Joseph Van Eman, grocer; there was Chase's millinery store; John Noble, harness maker; Elijah Grindall, meat market; R. Olson, groceries; Bonde Thompson, jeweler. Up street from this grouping was Orth's brewery, Scott & Morgan's foundry—the proprietor being afterward Gen. George N. Morgan, from

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whom Morgan post was named, and father of Mrs. S. B. Lovejoy. In due deference to the cleanliness of the city we must not omit Hechtman & Grethen's soap factory.

Among the prominent buildings were Central Hall and Stanchfield's Block, which contained three stores, occupied by parties whose names have already been given.

Hon. William Lochren had an office in this building, with his partner, J. W. Lawrence, under the firm name of Lawrence & Lochren, attorneys. Mr. Lawrence was the brilliant father of Attorney James R. Lawrence and Mr. Gen. C. McC. Reeve, of this city. It was in this building that the city's mayor, Orrin Curtis, could be found from 8 332 A. M. until 6 P. M. Attorney Isaac Crowe also had an office here.

The third was known as Stanchfield's shall, the most popular hall west of St. Paul, and it was here that Miller's string band discoursed music to please those who tripped the light fantastic toe. All who attended these early time dances were licensed to get as much fun out of them as possible, and if the Virginia reel proved too tame, they would try Tempest, or some other hilarious quickstep and keep them going until the rosy hue of morn's awakening was seen tinting the sky visible above the moss-covered roofs of the adjoining buildings that faced the east.

This hall was the one where Signor Hazazar, the accomplished and dandyfied dancing master, taught up-to-date steps to the rising generation, sons and daughters of the well-do-do pioneers. It was to him there was sent a timely note of warning by "Crazy Adams," who was about to hold a season of revivals, urging him to desist from doing evil, or depart to St. Paul or some other point where they were in league with the Evil One, but not to carry on in our midst a devil's dancing shop, where besides other more grievous results, all the brains would leave the heads of the dancers to center in their heels. The warning was not heeded, however, and the result was that a slimmer attendance was noted at the revival meetings that winter and fewer converts were reported. But Hazazar was made the

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church's target, and riddled with hot shot during the stay "Crazy Adams" in the capacity of revivalist.

It was in this hall that we listened to some of our nation's brightest political debaters, —Galusha A. Grow, Senator Doolittle, Cassius M. Clay, James H. Baker, Morton S. Wilkinson, Carl Schurz and others. We were favored with this brilliant array of talent during Lincoln's first campaign.

Many successful church festivals were held as the 333 participants had outgrown the lower-town meeting places—Zouave Hall and Edward's Hall.

Time has wrought wondrous changes in the material surroundings of this locality. As it was once known by those who were privileged to live there, it will be known no longer except as a fading memory, growing less and less distinct as the years move on.

The yearly gatherings of our Territorial Pioneers at the State Fair have been a source of much gratification to all who have been able to take part in them. To me they have proved a blessing indeed, serving to polish up my corroded memory as I have listened to reminiscences of the past by those "beacon lights" of our city's history,—Col. John H. Stevens, D. A. J. Baker, W. L. Wilson, J. S. Pillsbury, J. B. Gilfillan, President E. W. Durant and others. On these occasions scenes long vanished have been vividly brought forward and have passed before my mind in a glowing panorama that made me feel as if I were a boy again, with all old-time surroundings.

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THE FIRST CITY GOVERNMENTS OF ST. ANTHONY AND MINNEAPOLIS.

It was in 1855, that the first city council of St. Anthony, now East Minneapolis, was organized with the following officers:—

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Henry T. Wells, Major; Aldermen, Benj. N. Spencer, John Orth, Daniel Stanchfield, Edward Lippincott, Caleb D. Door and Robert W. Cummings; W. F. Brawley, Clerk; Ira Kingsley, Treasurer; Summer W. Farnham, Assessor; Benjamin Brown, Marshall; Edward L. Hall, City Attorney; Isaac Gilpatrick, Street Supervisor; Z. E. B. Nash, Collector and Lardner Bostwick, City Justice.

The west side of the river, Minneapolis, was not organized as a city until 1867, twelve years later, and the following composed the first council:—

Dorillus Morrison, Mayor; Aldermen, William H. Gaslin, Henry Oswald, Frank L. Morse, Hugh G. Harrison, S. H. Mattison, Nathan B. Hill, George A. Bracket, Richard Price, O. B. King, Isaac Atwater, F. R. E. Cornell and G. Scheitlin; Thos. Hale Williams, City Clerk; D. R. Barber, Assessor; Hart H. Brackett, Chief Police; S. H. King, City Surveyor; Charles E. Flandreau, City Attorney; A. J. McDougall, Street Commissioner.

What a contrast is the now magnificent and consolidated city at the Falls, in this year of our Lord, 1904, to those two struggling municipalities on the opposite sides of the river.

Then but four or five policemen were required to keep the united cities in order and control the exuberance of the "Lumber Jacks," who would have taken delight in running the city and the state, also.

At the present time it is found necessary with the vast 335 increase in population, to have enrolled hundreds of policemen, as all other departments of the city have kept a similar place, almost bewildering to those who have watched this phenomenal growth from its first infantile steps half a century ago.

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THE HEARTH-STONE CHEER

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The fire burns bright in our home to-night, Its blaze adds warmth to the cheer and light;
The northwind's singing is weird in tune— In key with the hounds at the waning moon.

Good reason there is why the north winds blow, For winter is here with its drifts of snow.

Agone are the years that we loved to see, With the mill-pond of ice and the leafless tree;
The snow-capped summit and trackless wild, That gave such delight to the growing child.

The reason for this, which we don't deplore, Is the stubborn fact, we are past three score.

Our minds are youthful, yet strength we lack To rustle with life—its problem attack, Our
deeds of daring with rod and gun, Are scheduled along with our boyhood fun.

The rivers may freeze and the northwind blow, Yet the time will come when the snow must
go.

No matter what comes, we will keep up cheer, While on with the tide drifts each passing
year; When weather is hot, avoid scorching rays; When weather is cold, seek the hearth-
stone blaze. The fire burns bright in our home to-night, And adds good cheer to its ruby
light.

MINNESOTA TERRITORIAL PIONEERS AND FRIENDS.

September, 1903—At State Fair Grounds—First Piano Brought to Minnesota.

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AN OCTOGENARIAN'S BIRTHDAY

A happy family reunion was held July 12, 1901, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore
O'Brien, 411 S. E. Eighth street, the occasion being the celebration of Mr. O'Brien's 80th
birthday.

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There were present about fifty relatives, among whom were his son, Henry D. O'Brien, of St. Louis, with his wife and three children; his daughter, Mrs. G. T. Eldridge, and her husband, Clarion, Iowa, and his sons Burke F. and Frank G. with their families. The only absent one was William S. O'Brien, of Lead, S. D., who telegraphed that he was obliged to forego the pleasure of being in attendance, on account of business; but remembered his father with one dollar for each birthday, and twenty dollars extra, for good luck.

Wetmore O'Brien came to St. Anthony in May, 1855, and for forty-three years has been leader of a class in the M. E. Church, two of the original members of which were present upon this occasion. Congratulatory remarks were made by at least a dozen of the guests.

The following poem, in commemoration of the day, was read by his son Frank G. O'Brien: "Life is a dream," we oft have heard it said, Yet ne'er before could comprehend it quite; But when we note how swiftly time has sped, Its meaning full presents itself to-night. Yet Father, rounded out with four-score years, Holds bravely on, and will not yield to age, Though oft his eyes have dropped the bitter tears— Nor yet is grief effaced from memory's page. 338 His sky is bright, no shadow clouds his day, No weakness makes his footsteps faint and fall; Viewing his travels o'er life's thorny way, May he forget the wormwood and the gall. For what was once so bitter to his taste, Has sweeter-grown as years have passed him by; The time was never his that he could waste— His motto was is—"to do or die." What joy he feels this Twentieth century eve, With great-grandchildren clinging to his knee; Affections strong they round about him weave—Fresh vines upon this grand ancestral tree. We of his kith and kin are here to-night, To give him cheer and loving words and smiles, To fill his soul with chastened, calm delight, Since he has traveled, lo, these many miles.

Two years later there appeared in a Minneapolis daily a notice of Mr. O'Brien's death which after giving incidents in life mentioned in these "Sketches" closed as follows:—

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Mr. Wetmore O'Brien, aged 82, died peacefully at his home November 28, 1903, of old age. He was born in Calais, Maine, July 12, 1821, and came west in 1855, since which time he has been a resident of the East Side, Minneapolis.

He was engaged in a variety of industries, chief among which was the lumber business. He was superintendent of the East Side cemetery until its absorption by Lakewood, and was always active in religious work.

Mr. O'Brien was three times married. His last wife, who was Miss Sarah A. Lovejoy of this city, with three sons and a daughter, survives him.

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THREE INTERESTING ANNIVERSARIES

Mrs. Eliza Bostwick is one of the oldest residents of Minneapolis. She has seen this magnificent city grow from a pioneer hamlet of 250 inhabitants to a population of over 200,000, and all this within the space of fifty-three years.

Though a native of Wexford, Ireland, she passed her youthful years in Liverpool, England. At the age of seventeen she embarked for America, but the roughness of the sea obliged the vessel to put back to the harbor and the voyage was for the time abandoned. Three years later she crossed the ocean, landing in Newfoundland, and settled in Toronto, Canada, where she met Lardner Bostwick, whom she married in 1843. Shortly after, they went to Chicago, the a frontier village situated in what seemed an irreclaimable swamp. In 1850 she, with her husband and two daughters, now Mrs. F. G. O'Brien of this city, and Mrs. H. A. Nott of Avon, N. Y., removed to St. Anthony—where Mr. Bostwick became a prominent citizen, serving honorably in several public offices, among them that of probate judge.

Mrs. Bostwick is remarkably vigorous for her years, her eighty-eight birthday anniversary having occurred July 14, 1902. It is no uncommon thing to see her at the counters of the

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down-town stores,,or at the bank, any pleasant day, in winter or summer, unattended. She frequently takes a trip to Lake Harriet or to the terminus of some of the other car lines, and never makes the mistake of getting on the wrong car.

Mrs. Bostwick is a woman of bright, keen intellect, and has always taken a lively interest in art, literature and current events. She is great reader, and in former years was identified with several literary clubs. She is very fond of the old poets, but has little sympathy with the present-day versifiers. Shakespeare and Burns are her favorites, although she admires Poe, Moore and Byron, and can repeat selections from these and other authors by the hour, so retentive is her memory.

In passing her home at 917 Fifth avenue south, almost any evening until ten o'clock, she may be seen with an up-to-date novel or late magazine in her hand, reading with as keen an interest as a girl in her teens.

Mrs. Bostwick has always been an enthusiastic lover of flowers; her neighbors and friends appreciating this pleasant trait, kindly remember her with frequent bouquets.

In the early years of Minneapolis she took great delight in horticulture, and had at that time the largest garden devoted to flowers and small fruit in Minnesota. There are many now living in this city and elsewhere, who will remember with the keenest pleasure the hospitality of her home with its beautiful surroundings, first and foremost among whom is the writer, who was permitted to pluck from this veritable Eden its loveliest flower.

Mrs. Bostwick's eighty-ninth and ninetieth birthdays were also pleasantly remembered by many friends who through the afternoon and evening thronged her residence bearing congratulations, flowers and other appropriate tokens of affectionate regard.

Mrs. Bostwick is a distant relative of Thomas Moore and from him may have inherited her gift of expression in both prose and verse.

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On her eighty-eighth birthday she voiced her love of nature's beauty and grandeur in an admirable poem. A year after she wrote the following lines entitled, "The Iron Tongue of Time."

The iron tongue of Time Its midnight hour has tolled; It has a sound sublime To ears that have grown old.

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It vibrates on the soul, Stirred by dream-haunted sleep, And visions grim and cold, From which it wakes to weep.

"O, cease, fond memory, cease," The hapless mourner cried; "Give to this bosom peace— All too severely tried."

Each sound brings back fair scenes From the eternal past; Too vivid for repose, Too beautiful to last.

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ITEMS FROM AN OLD ACCOUNT BOOK

How very natural it is for people to complain of their lot as the worst possible and wish that conditions could have been different, instead of selecting the good things that are contained in every human life and making the most of it!

It has come to be quite common for mankind to study the question why monopolists are permitted to exist, turning, as they seemingly do, the thumb-screws on a world already suffering, thus causing untold misery, and much valuable time is consumed regretting a state of affairs that should be bettered if possible or let alone if impossible.

There is nothing like contrast to convince those who are thus distressed on this score, that conditions have existed far more annoying than those of the present, even though the

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wheat crop is a disappointment, potatoes few and high and poor in quality, and the flour output an uncertainty.

I have written much regarding the life of the pioneer and the hardships he endured, but have never given to the public facts and figures to show the exact cost of the actual necessities of life during and immediately succeeding the closing year of the Civil war.

I can vouch for the correctness of the following statements gleaned from a small account book placed in my hands a few days since. The little book was picked up on the street, and the dim writing on the cover indicates that it was the property of C. K. Sherburne. It bears the date of June, 1864. The book was kept by Mr. Sherburne while conducting a store on Hennepin avenue, between the former Pence opera house and the drug store occupied by T. K. Gray.

The debits and credits are very interesting to the writer, 343 bringing to mind many friends who have “crossed over.” It also gives an interesting opportunity to compare the survivors as they are now with what they were thirty-nine years ago—young, active, full of hope and ambition. Now many of them are not unlike the subject of Holmes' “Last Leaf”—

“The pavement stones resound As he totters o'er the ground With his cane. And a crook in his back And a melancholy crack In his laugh.”

The first charge in the book is as follows:

C. E. Freeman—To 1 barrel of sugar, net 240 pounds, at 19 cts., \$45.60.

Mr. Freeman was at that time proprietor of the Nicollet House. The sugar mentioned in this charge was evidently brown, as we notice other charges to him of sugar at 33 1-3 cts. per pound.

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W. A. Newton is charged with 4 pounds of sugar \$1, and another charge—twenty-five pounds of sugar \$5.

John I. Black was somewhat extravagant, paying 85 cents for a can of pears. Henry Balch is also charged with a can of pears 85 cents. Tom King used “C” sugar and received four pounds for 88 cents.

W. E. Jones is charged \$2 for a pound of tea; Cyrus Aldrich \$1.20 for one gallon of kerosene; Dana E. King 35 cents for one pound of sugar and \$5 for a kit of mackerel.

Mrs. Anna H. Goheen was evidently putting up fruit, as we find charged to her: Twelve pounds of sugar, \$3.84; ten pounds of sugar, \$3; one half dozen fruit jars, \$2.25.

Mrs. M. O. Green and family were using real coffee instead of roasted peas and chickory, as we find her charged with 3 1-3 pounds, \$2.

S. C. Gale is charged with a rain barrel, \$1; E. Barnes, 2 lbs. candles, 60 cents; 1 bottle olive oil, 50 cents; 4 cans peaches, \$2.40. Mr. Turner purchased one-half gallon 344 syrup, 75 cents; one box of herring, 85 cents, and 2 lbs. of saleratus, 30 cents, which were charged to Fred Clark, per order.

A bill of groceries amounting to \$49.85 is entered up against Dr. R. T. Thrall, proprietor of the “Water Cure” established (Winslow House); one of the items appears, 123½ lbs. dried apples at 15 cents per pound. L. P. Foster pays for 162 lbs. coffee. \$85.86, at the rate of 53 cents per pound. Dr. Levi Butler is debtor to 4 gallons molasses, \$5.60; one-half gallon kerosene oil, 60 cents; one sack of flour, \$1.75. Bell Brothers, one box axle grease, 25 cents.

The above articles and prices will give an idea of the inflated condition, not only of groceries, but nearly everything, including (as we have cause to remember) dry goods and boots and shoes.

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The only exception seemed to be “garden truck,” which, since it came into daily consumption, was not estimated in dollar and cents value.

The following names not mentioned above were found in the little book as patrons of Mr. Sherburne, and their credit was, no doubt, good:—

H. G. Harrison, E. G. Merrill, J. Dutton, R. R. Smith, S. A. Jewett, G. Harris, Albert Adams, A. Strong, Frank Hill, F. R. E. Cornell, E. H. Davie, J. T. Prebble, L. W. Hoag, William LaShell, W. W. Eastman, L. W. Rohne, William Lee, W. E. Jones, W. W. Clark, W. W. Woodward, Rev. Mr. Manton T. G. Innes, Amos Hoag, E. S. Fenlasson, C. E. Vanderburgh, A. T. Hale, C. D. Davidson, H. H. Bracket, H. S. Plummer, John G. Sherburne, Dr. W. H. Leonard, O. B. King, O. S. King, “The Atlas,” Mr. Arne, J. M. Durnham, R. H. Adams, Geo. G. Wells, C. A. Widstrand, J. Brooks E. Case, C. Putnam, F. W. Pitcher, D. M. Coolbaugh, George Galpin, Paris Gibson, H. J. Ruffcorn, J. W. Wentworth, Case, Converse & Co., W. W. Mc Nair, Dr. Fletcher, H. H. Humphrey, J. C. Delemater, William S. King, George A. Brackett, J. A. Wolverton, N. Herrick and others.

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The name of R. J. Mendenhall appears as a creditor, he having sold to Mr. Sherburne 1½ bushels of beans and 1 peck of currants.

It is still an unsolved problem how we, here in Minnesota, managed to get along and supply ourselves with the absolute necessities of life during the four years of the civil war, accompanied as it was by difficulties with the Indians.

Not only was it necessary to provide sustenance for man and beast, but there was “bounty money” to be raised, soldiers' families to be cared for and general distress to be relieved, all calling for money, which was only to be obtained in limited sums. Yet we did all this, and had time, besides, to make merry and to welcome home—though not all—the

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survivors of a terrible conflict, the like of which we trust may never again be our nation's lot.

The Sherburne homestead in Minneapolis occupied the space where “The Phoenix” building and Metropolitan theater now stand. Mr. Sherburne's first wife was the daughter of Deacon Allen Harmon for whom “Harmon place” was named.

Mr. Sherburne does not find it necessary at the present time, to weigh pickled pork and codfish nor draw “black strap” molasses for a living, as the income from his Minneapolis house and lot, with other funds at his command, is ample to keep himself and family supplied with the comforts of life in his far-away home in the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers—California.

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PLAYING MARBLES IN EARLIER DAYS

In these spring days my mind reverts to the favorite pastimes of my youth. The playing of marbles was the recreation which belonged to this season, and the one in which I found an immense amount of enjoyment.

How I longed for Old Sol to get in his work at drying up the mud, so that a favorable spot could be found on the south side of the barn or house, where we could form a big ring should we become tired of playing from a small one.

When I recall those happy times, they rise before me as if the game were on no longer ago than yesterday. All the old-time experiences come back to me with a vividness that is truly remarkable. I can feel my trousers pockets bulging out to such an extent that I can scarcely walk, loaded as they are with comas, white allies, crockeries, agates and moonies, and in my jacket pocket I fumble over the “select” of the grand aggregation, those that I and all the boys considered the best shooters—those that were thought to be equal in value of then of the same material but lacking the magic charm.

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Oh, how cold my hands would get, notwithstanding the frequent breathing upon them that gave a temporary glow which lasted long enough to get a good shot from “taw”!

I can see those chapped hands, with open wounds, bleeding at the knuckles, even though advancing years oblige me to look at them through double-convex lenses. While the game was progressing, however, I was oblivious to smart or ache of any kind; in the excitement of the moment the pain and grime were forgotten, but when I went home and was sent from the supper table into the kitchen to wash those unsightly hands, I experienced tortures ³⁴⁷ which are not commonly supposed to belong to this terrestrial sphere, but to await the unregenerate in the life to come.

In the kitchen I found a sympathetic friend. The merry old teakettle was there and sang its sweetest song for me, and furnished warm water for the tin wash basin with which to dissolve and remove the accumulation of earth that had adhered to my hands.

Water alone would not produce the desired results. A slice was required from one of those long bars of home made soap which was drying back of the kitchen stove. It was by the use of this that I was expected to get my “marble-ized” hands in shape, before I could be permitted to sit down to the bowl of mush and milk that was cooling and awaiting my return.

Oh, Lord! how that plagued soap made every inch of cuticle burn and smart, composed as it was of potash and grease, in combination strong enough to penetrate to the sensitive cuticle of a three-score-year rhinoceros.

After having been sent from the table three times I was permitted to finish my supper.

When family prayers were over I got out the saucer of “mutton tallow” that contained a certain amount of beeswax, and was always on hand during the spring season to limber up the leather on our boots so as to keep out the penetrating snow-water—we did not have rubber overshoes in those days, nor in fact shoes of any kind. With this “mutton

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taller” and beeswax combine, I anointed my hands, hoping by this means to assist nature in restoring them to a normal condition. The next day, owing to this care and the control of mind over matter, I was ready for another game—yes, for as may as could be sandwiched in between the duties that belonged legitimately to “you boys.”

How plainly I can hear Tim Hunt or Jim Noble exclaim, “knuckle down tight!” “go back to base!” “fan dobs!” and 348 other similar expressions that were in touch with the game!

There was an iron-clad law in our family “not to play marbles for keeps,” as it was considered in league with gambling, and any one who gambled was placed in the same category with that vilest of sinners, “Tom Paine,” and believed to be the special property of said Tom's master, his Satanic Majesty. But, law or no law, we did play “keeps” on the sly—very sly—for, had we been caught, we would not only have lost our stock in trade, but have received a severe flogging,—this latter being expected to propitiate the above-mentioned personage.

While writing about marbles, I recall a spirited game we boys were having one Sunday afternoon in the rear of our home that occupied the beautiful and picturesque site on the bank of the river, at what is now the east end of the Great Northern viaduct bridge.

It happened in this wise:—Father was one of the official board of the First Methodist church, and on this particular Sunday a meeting was convened immediately after Sunday school to talk over matters pertaining to a revival, and we boys “caught on” that this would be an opportune time to get in a little worldly pleasure to help out a long and monotonous Sabbath, which was usually made up exclusively of iron-clad religion with not the least sprinkling of fun anywhere. We did not like Sundays any better than did Ruskin, who said he always dreaded to see Friday, because it was only two days more until Sunday.

When Sunday school was over, we were instructed to go straight home and read our Sunday school papers and memorize the quota of verses from the Bible assigned as our next lesson—all of which we did not do on this special occasion. Instead we had the game

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I have mentioned. Everything would have gone off lovely had it not been that pa come home unexpectedly.

It had occurred to this pious official board that the subject outside the revival which it had intended to consider, 349 was of too worldly a nature for "holy time," and consequently to our great discomfiture it had been adjourned until Monday evening.

Didn't our parent swoop down on the whole posse, though! We scattered, as I imagined a roomful of gamblers do, when pounced upon by a delegation from the police force. Not a single guilty urchin escaped. Our pockets were turned inside out, and every mother's son of a marble, white alley or moss agate, including all the lucky ones, were confiscated and thrown over the bank—not faro, nor yet the one where Pharaoh's daughter found Moses—but into the seething Mississippi, there to mingle with the plebeian, misshapen pebbles of the river bed, never to be used again as implements for desecrating the Holy Sabbath Day.

Never, did I say? That's mistake; when pa went to the song and prayer service that preceded the regular evening meeting, we boys, to the number of five, went down to the river's margin and stripped. Into the water we plunged, despite its icy coldness, and, strange to relate, we recovered nearly all our lost possessions, that had seemingly as surely vanished forever from mortal sight as had the mythical isle of Atlantis.

When the hour for evening service came around, five innocent and unsuspected sons of a prominent Methodist deacon might have been seen marching up the church aisle with the moisture of the swim still on their hair, to pew No. 24, there to nod and pinch and listen between times, to an hour's discourse from a text well suited to existing conditions, "Oh Absalom, My Son! My Son!"

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AN INFANT GAMBLER

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All Western pioneer towns used to be noted for gambling, and St. Paul was no exception to this rule, if one may credit a little story told not long since in our hearing by Dr. Albion Barnard, a pioneer "medicine man" to the Chippewa Indians.

In the early fifties, Third street was the business center of the Saintly City, and owners of property on this thoroughfare, felt sure that time would realize their glowing anticipations as to its future. But years came and went, and their fond hopes failed to materialize, for this street seemed to be on the downward rather than on the upward grade.

It came to be quite a common occurrence for one passing up or down this street in the early morning, to see strewn on the plank sidewalks along its entire length, a goodly supply of playing cards.

This custom of gambling with cards was universal, and not confined to any one color, age or even sex.

According to the doctor's story, a tall, well-dressed and very noted gambler was one fine day slowly sauntering down Third street, when a youngster whose age could not have exceeded six years, suddenly emerged from one of the houses, holding in his chubby little hands a pack of cards. Looking up into the face of the stranger, he accosted him in this wise:

"Captain, won't you take a hand at a game of poker with game."

"Why, my little fellow," replied the stranger, "I don't know the game."

"Don't know the game? Don't know how to play poker! Well, let me tell you, Captain, your education has been darn sadly neglected!" The look of utter disgust that settled on the tiny urchin's face as he said these words, showed that he meant every one of them.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE NEW ULM MASSACRE

Forty years! Can it be over forty years since the New Ulm massacre? How rapidly the time has flown! And, come to think of it, we old settlers are more than forty years older than when we first heard the dread alarm of an Indian outbreak.

This is forcibly impressed upon our minds as we recall the refugees flocking into Minneapolis and St. Anthony from all quarters within a radius of seventy-five or one hundred miles, but more especially from the southwestern part of the state.

These perilous times will never be forgotten by the pioneers of this state, then an infant of only four years.

Bridge Square, where the old city hall now stands, and also Center block, were thronged with teams of every conceivable description, showing full well with what desperate haste the settlers had taken flight to places of safety. A similar condition of affairs prevailed on the East Side.

The men were obliged to return to fight the Indians and protect their property, if possible, but the women and children were taken care of by aid societies, and temporary homes were found for them in vacant buildings and over stores, where four or five families were sometimes huddled in close quarters. Here coffee was served to them by the boilerful and provisions in proportion. The refugees were thankful for food and shelter until quiet should be restored, so that they might return to their homes in case they were so fortunate as to have any homes left to which they could return.

I had often wished to visit the scene of the New Ulm massacre, but a favorable opportunity never presented itself until Sunday, August 24, 1901. Then I hastily made up my mind that the opportune moment had arrived; so, purchasing an all-round fare for one-half the

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regular rate, I elbowed my way into one of the sixteen cars that made up the excursion train.

There, to my great delight, I came across three pioneers whom all old settlers hold in great respect, Simon P. Snyder, Captain John Tapper of old ferry and suspension bridge fame, and William A. Morse, one of my boyhood friends. They were all bound for New Ulm.

What a delightful trip we had through this glorious portion of our much honored state. It did our souls good to see the thrift of the farmers all along the route—a thrift evidenced by good houses with substantial barns and granaries, all surrounded by groves that, in many instances, nearly concealed their habitations. There were stacks upon stacks of grain, and corn by the hundred of acres, which in a few weeks would become hardened and proof against possible September frosts. There was also garden stuff, especially cabbage, to make glad the Teuton's heart with the thought of plenty of kraut for the winter.

Grazing in the meadows, could be seen, not scrawny mongrel breed of cattle, but sleek Jerseys and other strains that produce wealth for the state in premium butter and cheese, and prime, juicy meats. These, with fowls, sheep and porkers, which latter we just caught a glimpse of while speeding through the valleys at a forty-mile-an-hour pace, were indeed a refreshing sight.

Anticipating the arrival of the excursionists, the Cordova brass band met us at the station, and escorted the immense throng to the center of the city, where all started in different directions, intent upon finding food for the inner man. Many places, aside from the hotels, had been provided where meals could be obtained at reasonable rates.

After dinner we started out to explore this beautiful and picturesque German city, and were greatly surprised to find so many substantial blocks of stores, principally of brick, and a court house, schoolhouse and Martin Luther College, 353 all of which would do credit to a much larger town. We also visited that portion where are located the finest homes, and we can assure the reader that we could hardly believe we were not in Minneapolis and on one

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of our best residence streets, so fine were the buildings and so well kept the lawns. One beautiful house to which we were attracted, was formerly the home of our townsman, ex-Governor John Lind.

Such profusion of flowers as decorated the grounds of all the homes, no matter how humble, was delightful to look upon, and the more to be appreciated since they were of the varieties dear to the hearts of all Germans—hollyhocks, marigolds, dahlias, etc.

The streets are very broad and it is evident that the inhabitants take much pride in keeping the city at its best.

New Ulm has, no doubt, been written up in detail more than once, so I will drop this part of the subject and ask you to go with us, after taking a good look at the beautiful monument erected to commemorate the battles and incidents of the Indian war of 1862—to the picnic grounds of the Hermann Society, located about a mile back of the city on the bluffs, or table land, which skirts that part of Brown county between the Cottonwood and Minnesota rivers.

In this park is reared a magnificent monument to Hermann, the deliverer, whom all Germans revere. Its cost was about \$25,000, and it is an ornament to the grounds of which the city may well be proud.

I, among others, ascended the spiral stairway that took us to a height of nearly 100 feet, making the elevation about 200 feet above the town. From this dizzy height, on a clear day, one has a view of places from twenty to thirty miles distant. Many exceedingly interesting relics are to be seen about and in this monument. The inscriptions on these relics would, doubtless, be equally interesting, but my linguistic education having been sadly neglected, I could not decipher them.

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The scalp of "Medicine Bottle" was exhibited by one of the visitors. The spirit of Gambrinus was in evidence all about the grounds and in the city, but not in a single instance did we come across an intoxicated person among the many thousands present. Good nature prevailed, and this in abundance, enlivened by the fine music of the Second Regiment State Militia Band. Some of this music was of such a "catchy" nature that it got the better of Captain Tapper's heels and toes, and we could not see but he was as nimble as when he used to "shake his foot" in Stanchfield's or Edwards' hall in the early fifties.

Captain Snyder proved himself a good entertainer upon this occasion, as he was full of reminiscences relating to the Sioux war. Will Morse was equally so until he began to take from the pigeon holes of memory his laid-away German knowledge, and engage in conversation with two dear old ladies of that nationality who were unable to speak a word of English, and I was not "in it."

The Second Regiment State Militia was encamped at New Ulm, and the many thousands of visitors witnessed some of its military maneuvers in the field. They were a credit to the boys and officers in command.

Seven o'clock found two full train loads of excursionists safely aboard and homeward bound, having bidden New Ulm—patriotic New Ulm—good night and given a promise to come again next year, when the "Welcome" banner will be once more unfurled to the breeze.

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THE BEGINNINGS OF MINNESOTA AGRICULTURE

The future of Minnesota as an agricultural State was more than dubious in the early days when the raising of wheat and oats was looked upon as a remote possibility, though it was generally believed that early varieties of corn and potatoes might be grown. The one thought—the all-absorbing interest of the pioneers was lumber, and their ambition

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for this commodity had become insatiable. The states of lower Mississippi had thus far been relied on to furnish all necessary provisions, and this order of things was expected to continue until others than "Maineites," who were accustomed to lumber and believers in it, should flock to this outer rim of civilization and also become companions of the buffalo and the untutored red man. It needed men who could feel the pulse of the soil, measure the length and take the temperature of the growing season—men could weigh intelligently the probabilities of gaining a living in other and better way than in those lumber camp, which were rapidly multiplying along the many streams that in serpentine windings traversed the whole upper country.

When this other experiment came experiment came to be made, the experience of these pioneer tillers of the soil were varied. A few were optimistic, but the many were "of little faith."

Mr. Thaddeus Smith, of St. Louis, conceived the idea that Minnesota must not be given up wholly to pine, but should provide something in addition, whereby she might claim and receive recognition, from the rest of the world, even through it be but slight. He cherished the common belief that this State had no minerals not yet climate suitable for much vegetable growth, but he thought there might possibly be clay of the desired quality to encourage the establishment of a plant for the manufacture of brick, which, when ready for shipment could be floated down the Mississippi in barges to the growing cities long its banks, where they would find a ready market.

While seeking this favored clay locality, he was dropped from one of Burbank's stage at Monticello, and was very soon accosted by J. N. Stacy, a tripling adventurer of that embryo village, as follows:

"From whence have you come, and whither are you bound?" When the brick-making plan had been unfolded with its "reason why," Mr. Stacy at once proceeded at disabuse the

mind of his new-made acquaintance as to his error regarding the growth of vegetables and cereals on Minnesota soil.

"Why," said Mr. Stacy, "when I came to Minnesota, which was in the early fifties, I took up claim, and in this identical spot built me a shanty. After ploughing all around it I put in good lot of seed potatoes, with wide-open eyes. You may not believe it, but during the growing season we were kept awake nights and deprived of needed rest by the potatoes 'hollering' to each other to 'lay over.' They were growing so fast that room was at a premium."

This story soon spread a like a prairie fire and it was not long before the praises of Minnesota soil were heralded far and near. In a remarkably short time it became an established fact that this State was justly claiming other resources than her pine, brick-clay and ice.

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MEMORIES OF A FIRE IN THE EARLY DAYS

In the early days of this city the residents thereof had their hands full in subduing the fires which, every little while, would blaze forth in the lumber yards or among the lightly constructed frame buildings that were numbered by hundreds, for at this time the word "fire-proof" was almost unknown. It was also before the advent of even the hand engine, and we were forced to rely wholly on the "bucket brigade."

I remember a destructive conflagration that swept down Main street, St. Anthony, now East Minneapolis, in 1857, if my memory serves me right, and consumed the row of stores occupied by T. F. & G. H. Andrews, Crandall & Co., Isaac Moulton, H. M. Carpenter and others.

The first intimation I had of the fire was about 1 o'clock in the morning when my father came to the foot of the stairs and called out lustily, "Boys! Boys! Rouse up quickly, the whole town is on fire.!"

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There were only five of us “kids,” the oldest being about fifteen, while the ages of the remaining four might be easily determined by a nearly regular subtraction of fourteen months, thus leaving the youngest of responsible age. Father, according to the system usually in vogue, called upon Henry as the eldest to pull on his trousers, skip to the fire and return as speedily as possible to make known its extent. If father's services were needed he would at once hasten “to the rescue.”

Father was usually alert on any and all occasions, but at this particular time, he was physically on the shelf, as there had been a season of protracted meetings at the little white church, and in these he had taken an active part—in fact he had been working at such high pressure, that he 358 was not in a condition to cope with literal fires, having expended his vital force in the endeavor to rescue souls from pending fires of another sort, which were under the supervision of the Evil One and were supposed to be of eternal duration.

A full half hour had elapsed but Henry did not put in an appearance; the bells continued to clatter, and father could not withstand the energetic appeal any longer, so from the foot of the stairs came again his ringing voice: “Frank! Frank! Are you awake? Pull on your trousers quickly, go and find out where the fire is and bring Henry home with you!” Off I skipped, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes as I trotted along.

Father again crawled into bed, while the bells kept up their ringing. After another half hour had slipped by and I failed to report, the same program was successively gone through with the three remaining boys, Robert, Will and Burke—but not one of the five came back according to instructions.

“Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” had not been able to wing father's busy brain into the haven of unconsciousness, that it might recuperate for the coming day of toil and the evening's encounter with the hosts of sin. Noise, curiosity and an anxiety bordering close on anger, kept him wide awake.

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As day began to dawn he again peered from the window and saw huge volumes of smoke arising, so dense as almost to hide everything from sight, while "The bells, the bells!" kept up their deafening volley of sound, ringing away as though mad. He could stand this combination of circumstances no longer; in fact, if his system had not been so deeply drawn upon by religious zeal, it would long ere this have been not only "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees!" but also "Woe unto you small boys who have gone astray!"

Father was running a lath machine in those days, and one might naturally expect there would be a goodly supply

TYPICAL GROUP OF PIONEERS. Standing—Left to Right —E. W. Durant, Stillwater, Minn.; Wm. Pitt Murray, St. Paul, Minn.; H. R. Wells, Preston, Minn.; Joseph H. Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Rev. D. J. Higgins, Hamline, Minn.; Mrs. J. H. Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn.; H. W. Stone, Morris, Minn.; Geo. H. Hazzard, St. Paul Minn. Sitting—Left to Right —Edwin Clark, Minneapolis, Minn.; A. A. Kelly, Minneapolis, Minn.; H. K. Terrill, Lake City, Minn.; A. L. Larpenteur, St. Paul, Minn.; Capt. John Tapper, Minneapolis, Minn.; Frank G. O'Brien, Minneapolis, Minn.; E. F. Berrisford, St. Paul, Minn. 359 of laths in the wood pile. These he found as convenient for bringing unruly boys to time, as for the plasterer's use; so before going to hunt for the boys and at the same time locate the fire, he provided himself with about half a dozen regulation laths and at a double-quick step hastened on his way to the scene of destruction, thinking at one time that an accident might possibly have befallen the boys, and then again planning how he should contrive to corral the whole posse and mete out to them just punishment. He finally concluded to let the emergency provide for itself.

After skirmishing all about the burned district, tumbling over boxes, barrels, household goods of all descriptions, and making inquiries of nearly every one he met, he was on the verge of despair or curiosity, when suddenly a frowsy head emerged from a sugar hoghead. It had a familiar look, and coming nearer, he was enabled to locate the truants,

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one and all, for it was evident they had obeyed the injunction to find each other, though they had forgotten the one to return.

In those days the pioneers considered themselves fortunate if they had brown sugar for “sweetening,” and the kind used was Cuba or, as some called it, “West Indies” sugar. It came in immense hogsheads, and every one contained more or less of the cane. Several of these had come under the influence of the flames, and open-mouthed, had formed a center of attraction for the human flies, who became so intoxicated with delight and sweetness as to render them oblivious to all that was going on around them and totally unconscious of the lapse of time.

When we spied, “Dad,” you should have seen us get a hump on for home, while at every leap we made the unfriendly lath was getting in its work. When we reached home, father ushered us all into the “front room”—there were no parlors in those days—and issuing through the key-hole could be heard sobs and more sobs, that ought to have melted the most hardened heart; but father felt 360 that he had a duty to perform, and had made up his mind that, both for his own good and theirs, his boys should be obedient and that if prayers and muscle were the factors necessary to accomplish the desired end, prayers and muscle should be used unsparingly.

While we were being given a half hour in which to meditate on our sinfulness, he was bracing up on a lemonade, so that he might be enabled to mete out to us, in the final wind-up, thrashings that would be free from passion and not transcend the bounds of Christian duty.

Minutes to us “kids” were as hours, while waiting for the long-delayed summons to appear before the “executioner.”

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"Click" went the bolt in the lock, and as the door swung wide, it gave in opening a taunting squeak, as much as to say, "You're going to catch it!" This door really seemed possessed of an intelligence which justified its being let into the secret.

We five disconsolate specimens of humanity were ordered into the dining room, which we entered with slow and unwilling steps, and each one with his jacket sleeve covering his eye, while copious streams of tears flowed down the faces besmeared from unlimited use of melted sugar and chewing of the juicy sugar cane.

Father was always proud of his boys, but at this time, his pride must have had a severe fall. In those days, the lawnmower now so popular for the removal of hair, was not dreamed of, and we had to be satisfied with a simple "straight around" cut, which still left a prodigious growth upon the head. This being naturally curly, had become woefully tangled up in our restless sleep before we went to the fire, and after we had spent two or three hours in a steaming sugar hogshead, the reader can well imagine that our appearance was anything but prepossessing.

Entering the dining room I made up my mind we were going to receive a methodical and wholesale "licking," something we were not familiar with, as never before had we all been caught at once in the same unruly act. I was 361 really in hopes that this would be an improvement on the old established method that had been in vogue ever since Solomon, the wise, had written in regard to sparing the rod and spoiling the child. The newly painted yellow floor revealed a prominent crack which we were ordered to "toe." This could be done literally as we were all bare-footed, excepting adhesions to our feet of such sundry articles as had been attracted and gathered up by the melted sugar with which they were coated in our rapid transit home.

The oldest was stationed at the head of the line, and the others were placed in order of age and size down to the youngest of the sinners who stood at the foot of the class. This being duly accomplished father unceremoniously absented himself for a moment and

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brought from the kitchen a bundle of switches that had undergone careful inspection. When they hove in sight, up rose howls that could be heard several blocks away—not from all of us, as two of the five were possessed of “grit” and would die rather than yell. So nearly all of the switches were used upon these two stubborn ones, much to the gratification of those who did the howling, of whom I stood pre-eminent.

Henry, being the oldest, was ordered four paces to the front, and there made to display his knowledge of dancing steps before a small unappreciative audience. Then I was instructed to advance, and when the music of the withe started up, I put in some fancy licks with my legs and also my lungs that I am sure would have secured me a position as a star actor in after life, had my accomplishments only been known. Not a guilty one escaped, but each took his medicine under compulsion, and when the ordeal was over, the bark was stripped not only from the willows, but from our legs as well.

This unpleasant, though Christian duty having been performed, we were escorted to the kitchen and each took his turn at the tin wash basin and roller towel to clean up for breakfast and family prayers.

I do not know whether the property destroyed by that 362 fire was fully covered by insurance or not, neither do I care; but I do know that our jacket pockets contained enough sugar to keep us in chewing for a month, and that the memory of this fire and its aftermath will abide with me as long as I am an inhabitant of this planet.

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OLD TIME HALLOWEEN DOINGS

In the early days of our city the Hallowe'en festival developed a spirit of mischief that often led to extremes which would now seem incredible. Then rights of none were deemed sacred. For a time the leaders of the fun took matters into their own hands and the whole town was at their mercy.

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There was at this time in our embryo city a dare-devil element which defied law and order and gave the rather laxly constituted authorities no end of trouble and worry. Those who composed it were known as the "red-shirters," and were the sons of Down East lumberman who had cut loose from home environments, and the restrictions of an older civilization, and were reveling in the freedom of Western pioneer life.

This freedom did not mean downright viciousness, but for unbridled, don't-care-for-expense fun, especially on days and nights when fun and frolic predominated, these "red-shirters" had no equals.

It would take more space and time that are at my disposal or yours, to enumerate half the snapshot Hallowe'en incidents which now present themselves. A few will suffice as types of the whole.

An eye witness to a considerable number of these exploits, could not well avoid being a participator in them to a certain extent, but he need not be charged with being a promoter of these schemes or responsible for their results.

During the whole of the afternoon proceeding Hallowe'en, all the tins shops in town were busily engaged manufacturing horns of assorted sizes, so selected that they might give forth every especial note that savored of pandemonium. These 364 horns came up to expectation, when fully tested later on.

Secret meetings were held in lumber offices or some convenient livery stable, to formulate plans for carrying out the program that was to be adopted, so as to preclude all possibility of a missing number.

In those days we were not metropolitan enough to have elevators, but the well-developed muscles of about two hundred sturdy, pork-and-bean fed lumbermen could elevate almost anything without the aid of modern appliances.

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This was evidenced by the fact that the next morning the plank sidewalk on a business thoroughfare was found to be at least five feet from the ground and as securely braced and nailed as if it had been placed there by order of the city council, R. B. Graves, mayor, and attested by W. W. Wales, city clerk.

This "elevation" would often extend for nearly a block at different locations in front of business houses, and necessitated considerable work on the part of the proprietor and clerks to get matters in shape to receive the morning customers.

The Mississippi river, could it tell tales, might give us many reminiscences of those Hallowe'en nights when she was compelled, willy-nilly, to float to the gulf a load of hay or wood that had been left on the banks over night by some unsuspecting farmer who had not been successful in making a trade the previous day, and had left it sufficiently out of the road not to impede travel. But while he was dreaming sweet dreams in a comfortable bed at the "Union House," and his horses were munching from their mangers in the boarding stable not far away, the sweet and fragrant "timothy" that had been doled out to them, brains and hands had been at work upsetting not only his plans but his load as well. But no little friendly sprite had whispered to him of the impending calamity. The coming of daylight found him minus the proceeds of the farm which he had thought available as exchange for molasses, sugar, 365 tea, coffee, calico, cough mixture or spavin liniment. Instead of having means to his credit, he must place himself on the debit side, and get help to rescue the nearly submerged wagon and place it once more on terra firma, there to find out, by careful examination, what was missing in the way of nuts and bolts, and then secure the services of the wagonmaker and blacksmith to make needed repairs before taking his homeward trip, a wiser, if not a better man.

This unsophisticated farmer was not the only one to be disturbed in his mind when he awakened and started on a tour of inspection, just as the innocent orb of day was climbing the hills, and smiling Luna was fading from sight. She had been a silent witness of the

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mischievous and did not propose to remain and be compelled to give testimony that should incriminate the boys who were such friends of hers.

When the physician visited his office at 9 A. M., he found upon reading the sign suspended over his door, that his name, instead of appearing with "M. D." attached, indicated that he was an "Undertaker and Practical Embalmer;" the "barber" was representing himself as a "Fashionable Milliner," and the "milliner" as a "Tonsorial Artist;" the "Bible Depository" was, for the time being, occupying quarters in a prominent saloon, while the saloon had changed its base of operations to that of the "Bible Depository," an even exchange being considered no robbery. The "banker" had exchanged his legend of "Notes and Discounts" for that of "Plow Manufacturer," a full-grown breaking-plow being in evidence at the top of the building to attest the reality of this change.

It was no uncommon thing to see "beautiful gates ajar" and "up a tree," while many staid and solid accessories to the house or out-buildings were found to have fallen down as though from a "spree," or to have gone a-journeing to parts unknown.

Many more examples could be cited, but enough have been given to let this "circumspect present" into the undignified doings of the past.

The town marshal, assisted by swornin deputies, was successful in capturing a few of those who had overstepped the "limit," superinduced by numerous "jags" from a beverage that would not be sanctioned by the Maine liquor law. These were brought before the "squire" in the justice court, there to answer for their misdemeanors, and if found guilty to be escorted to the city calaboose to serve out a week's sentence. It was a rare thing, however, to find them within the enclosure the following morning, as their numerous friends were ever ready to unloose the shackles and set open the doors, that the imprisoned might once again breathe the air of freedom. Prison walls had no great terrors for the Hallowe'en wrong-doer, as he well knew that a little effort on his own part

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from the inside, and considerable more from his friends on the outside, would soon gain for him that "bliss for which he sighed."

History repeats itself year after year, wherever these old-time customs are observed; but in this respect operations have become considerably modified since the gentler influences of the staid communities of the East have intermingled with the crude and lawless ones of the "wild and wooly West." These tendencies have become milder in character, so much so, that the observers of Hallowe'en are now satisfied with out-of-door Jack-o'-lantern parades, to the accompaniment of ear-splitting and discordant music, while within doors they engage in the mirth-provoking games that were inaugurated in the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

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A PIONEER PRINTER

The following item of interest from the Washington Post of August 9, 1903, will, no doubt, be greatly appreciated by all Minneapolitans of nearly forty years ago. It relates to Mr. Whitmore, a nephew of Mrs. Cyrus Aldrich, of this city, and is as follows:

"W. S. Whitmore, president of Stereotypers' Union No. 19, Washington D. C., has had quite a remarkable career. He is a native of Indiana, and has been twenty-six years in the government printing office. He worked fifteen years as a printer before deciding to become a stereotyper. For over twenty years he was a resident of Minnesota, and established the Minneapolis Tribune, now a great and prosperous daily. It began as the Chronicle in Mr. Whitmore's time, but he and William S. King, former postmaster of the house of representatives and editor of the Atlas, joined forces and merged their two papers into "The Tribune." Mr. Whitmore was also at one time publisher of the Stillwater (Minn.) Republican, and a veteran of the Civil war."

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THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

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In the early times, as at present, Minnesota enjoyed long successions of clear, sunshiny days as well as cloudless, starry, moonlit nights, the northern sky in the winter months being illuminated with gorgeous displays of the Aurora Borealis.

But our artificial lights were of the most primitive sort, as petroleum and electricity still lay in their crude state in Nature's laboratory, and their adaptation to illuminating purposes was to be an event of the remote future.

When the portals of the East closed behind us early pioneers, and we entered those of the West, we bade adieu to the round punched tin lantern and the tallow dip. We also left something more to be regretted—the old home fireplace with its cheerful ruddy glow and its hallowed associations.

First among the lights of those bygone days, we recall the lamps of thick, dingy glass filled with rank whale oil—doubly rank because it was considered too precious for daily use,—the lamp being lighted only when company chanced “to drop in.”

“Taller” candles were all the go, and fortunate indeed was the family that looked well to the stock on hand, and kept its molds filled.

This filling was a most particular piece of work. The wicking must be so adjusted as to pass directly through the center of the candle, since it was very annoying to have the wick, when lighted, near the outer edge. When this happened, as it often did, the tallow dripped, to the great side and the candle required frequent snuffing, to the great annoyance of the master of the house, who, if the snuffers happened to be mislaid, had to perform with his thumb

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and index finger, what was regarded as a religious duty by every well-regulated family,

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The introduction of star candles was a decided advance on the tallow dip, but these were considered expensive luxuries, one of which sufficed to light the family living room. Reading was not much indulged in after dark, and was usually limited to the psalm at evening devotions and a consultation of the almanac to determine the day of the month, the time of sun-rising and the new moon, or to look over the “guesses” of the weather prophets.

Don't you, old-timers, recall the dingy darkness of the schoolroom, lighted by these oil lamps, when it was used for the singing class? Not sufficient light was furnished for the pupils to tell whether “do” was “do” or “sol.” Let us believe that this alone was responsible for the jangle of discordant notes.

Don't you, old-timers, remember the dingy tin reflectors, sometimes placed back of the light (?) to throw rays on the blackboard? There was about as much “reflection” from them as could be furnished at the present time by an up-to-date pair of patent leathers.

The church fared the same as the singing school, and, in fact, worse—for, come to think of it, the preacher would have to halt at the “fifthly” in his discourse while the sexton went on his rounds raising the wicks to prevent the lamps going out. It was all the more advisable to provide against such an occurrence, since the boys on the back seats would hold high carnival till the renewal of light revealed a row of the most innocent faces imaginable. Watch-meeting nights required an extra filling of the lamps, on account of the lengthy session. During this interval the time was taken up in social chat, which proved of benefit, bodily and mentally, if not spiritually.

When “fluid” and “camphene” were introduced for illuminating purposes, it was thought that the lighting problem had been solved for all time. So manifest was the improvement, 370 that in spite of the danger, all felt that the climax of perfection must have been reached.

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Besides these new triumphs of illumination, we had Masonry with its “three great lights,” the church with its light, as well as “intellectual lights”—enough, it seemed, to satisfy the physical, mental and moral demands of a pioneer community.

But it was not so. News came from the East that some one had “struck ile,” and the various substances that had furnished the light of other days were to be superseded by “rock oil,” or kerosene. This rock oil, as it was called, bore small resemblance to the kerosene of to-day. Previous to this time I had sold “rock oil” over the counter of the drug store, in bottles containing two ounces, at 15 cents each, and it was considered an infallible remedy for rheumatism.

In these early days this oil was obtained from the surface of the quiet Pennsylvania waters by the use of flannel. When the cloth had absorbed its fill of the oil, it was wrung out into the receptacle awaiting it, and it was considered very precious, as the price would indicate.

About the year 1859, the leading citizens of the little town of St. Anthony demanded “more light,” and a way was soon provided to satisfy this demand.

Two enterprising firms put their heads together, and concluded to respond to this call for better light, even if it should prove to themselves a disastrous financial venture. Messrs. H. C. Wheeler & sons, grocers, agreed to send to Pittsburg for a barrel of the oil, while Charles Crawford, the druggist, was to order from Boston a dozen lamps. In due course of time, which, by the way, was a long time, they arrived, and were almost immediately placed in the stores, hotels, mills, public halls, and, later on, found their way into the homes. Before all this was done, the first order had to be duplicated and increased several times.

The first gallon of what we now know as “kerosene,” used 371 at the Falls was bought by Charles Sandhoff, he paying 75 cents for it, and the purchase of the first lamp was also made by him.

Not long ago Charlie called our attention to his fact, and stated that he had the identical "first lamp" used at the Falls. The writer of this sketch had the honor of selling him that lamp.

A detailed account of Charlie's death in a recent issue of the Tribune, recalled these incidents of pioneer days.

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MEMORIES OF YOUTH

When we were young, What visions bright Passed panoramic in our view; Entrancing bliss!
We could not miss The scenes unfolding, ever new.

We had no doubts; No thought of age; For life had only just begun; Our sky was clear, No
cloud of fear From rising until setting sun.

Those early years— Years bright and gay, Full to the brim and running o'er, Have passed
away. What once was May, Finds cold December at our door. Sweet memories come To
bless us now, As sinks life's sun to peaceful rest; "Twill soon be dark, Yet there's a spark
Beyond the portals of the West;—

A spark to glow Into a flame Resplendent with celestial light; What once was dear, Will
reappear, Effulgent from the shadowed night.